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RERUM BRITANNICARUM MEDII ÆVI SCRIPTORES,

OR

CHRONICLES AND MEMORIALS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

DURING

THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE CHRONICLES AND MEMORIALS

OF

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHORITY OF HER MAJESTY'S TREASURY, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

On the 26th of January 1857, the Master of the Rolls submitted to the Treasury a proposal for the publication of materials for the History of this Country from the Invasion of the Romans to the Reign of Henry VIII.

The Master of the Rolls suggested that these materials should be selected for publication under competent editors without reference to periodical or chronological arrangement, without mutilation or abridgment, preference being given, in the first instance, to such materials as were most scarce and valuable.

He proposed that each chronicle or historical document to be edited should be treated in the same way as if the editor were engaged on an Editio Princeps; and for this purpose the most correct text should be formed from an accurate collation of the best MSS.

To render the work more generally useful, the Master of the Rolls suggested that the editor should give an account of the MSS. employed by him, of their age and their peculiarities; that he should add to the work a brief account of the life and times of the author, and any remarks necessary to explain the chronology; but no other note or comment was to be allowed, except what might be necessary to establish the correctness of the text.

The works to be published in octavo, separately, as they were finished; the whole responsibility of the task resting upon the editors, who were to be chosen by the Master of the Rolls with the sanction of the Treasury.

The Lords of Her Majesty's Treasury, after a careful consideration of the subject, expressed their opinion in a Treasury Minute, dated February 9, 1857, that the plan recommended by the Master of the Rolls "was well calculated for the accomplishment of this important national object, in an effectual and satisfactory manner, within a reasonable time, and provided proper attention be paid to economy, in making the detailed arrangements, without unnecessary expense."

They expressed their approbation of the proposal that each chronicle and historical document should be edited in such a manner as to represent with all possible correctness the text of each writer, derived from a collation of the best MSS., and that no notes should be added, except such as were illustrative of the various readings. They suggested, however, that the preface to each work should contain, in addition to the particulars proposed by the Master of the Rolls, a biographical account of the author, so far as authentic materials existed for that purpose, and an estimate of his historical credibility and value.

Rolls House,
December 1857.

POLITICAL POEMS AND SONGS

RELATING TO

ENGLISH HISTORY,

COMPOSED DURING THE PERIOD

From the Accession of EDW. III. to that of RIC. III.

EDITED

BY

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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

	Page
Introduction	vii
1. Complimentary Verses on King Henry IV.; by John Gower	1
2. Address of John Gower to Henry IV. .	4
3. Jack Upland	16
4. The Reply of Friar Daw Topias, with Jack Upland's Rejoinder	39
5. On the Execution of Richard Scrope, Archbishop of York	114
6. On the Death of Henry IV.; by Thomas of Elmham	118
7. On the Battle of Azincourt . . .	123
8. Epigram on the Battle of Azincourt . .	127
9. The Frenchman to the Englishman . .	127
10. On the Lollards	128
11. On the Death of Henry V.	129
12. Epigram on the Assumption of the Arms of France	130
13. On the English Title to the Crown of France	131
14. To King Henry VI. on his Coronation . .	141
15. On the Coronation of Henry VI. . . .	146
16. On the Duke of Burgundy	148
17. Philippe of Burgundy and James of Scotland	150
18. On the Siege of Calais	151
19. The Libel of English Policy . . .	157
20. Lament of the Duchess of Gloucester . .	205
21. On the Prospect of Peace	209

Page

22. On the Truce of 1444 215
23. On the Popular Discontent at the Disasters in France 221
24. On the Arrest of the Duke of Suffolk . 224
25. On Bishop Boothe 225
26. A Warning to King Henry 229
27. Verses against the Duke of Suffolk . . 231
28. On the Death of the Duke of Suffolk . 232
29. On the Corruptions of the Times . . 235
30. On the Corruptions of the Times . . 238
31. Against the Lollards 243
32. To the King 248
33. A Political Prophecy 249
34. Against the Friars 249
35. On the Corruption of Public Manners . 251
36. Epigrams on the Public Extravagance . . 252
37. On the Times 252
38. On the Times 253
39. On the Procession to St. Paul's of the Reconciled Parties 254
40. Epitaph for Richard Duke of York . . 256
41. On the Civil Wars 258
42. A Political Retrospect 267
43. On the Recovery of the Throne by Edward IV. 271
44. On England's Commercial Policy . . . 282

Glossary and Index of Medieval Latin Words . 291
Glossary and Index of Obsolete English Words 301
Index 346

INTRODUCTION.

INTRODUCTION.

JOHN GOWER was the principal political poet of the reign of Richard II. His writings of this class are nearly all in Latin verse, and ostentatiously designed for the most educated classes of society, and he was no advocate of the popular cause, but was evidently guided by his personal partialities to the nobles who led the opposition to the court; yet the changes in his political views were coincident with those which agitated society during Richard's reign. In its earlier period he had written in praise of the young monarch, and sought court favour; but, as we have seen in our former volume, he subsequently took part warmly with the opposition, and attached himself to the party of Henry of Lancaster, and the last of his Latin poems written before the accession of that prince to the throne are bitterly hostile to the person and government of king Richard. The present volume opens with the latest known of these Latin poems, and probably the latest which ever came from his pen. They were professedly written to glorify the new monarch, by commemorating the ruin which had threatened the kingdom under his predecessor, the patriotism and courage Henry had displayed in saving it, and his just title to the crown. We have, however, another poem by the same author, addressed also to Henry IV., but written in English. In this

John Gower.

Complimentary Verses on King Henry IV.

Address of John Gower to Henry IV.

Gower begins by pointing out the manifest interposition of God in promoting that prince to the sovereignty of his country, and he urges this circumstance, whereby the people had been no less evidently saved from tyranny and oppression, as one of the strongest proofs of his right to the crown, and at the same time as a substantial ground for the hope that the new government would be prosperous and beneficial to the country. England was still at war with France, but this had been carried on without honour to our country, and Gower expresses the strong feeling of the people in general, in his earnest desire for the establishment of peace. He recommends the king to petition heaven for wisdom in ruling his own people, rather than for the faculty of conquering others. Solomon, who had his choice, chose the former, and his reign was one of peace and glory. Alexander chose the other alternative, and was enabled to carry his conquering arms over the whole world; but, says our poet, the world was then all heathen, and full of sin and confusion, but now, under Christ's faith, everybody is bound to eschew war and to seek peace. The advantages of peace are contrasted in some rather vigorous lines with the injustice and tyranny of war; and the poet advises the king against taking to his councils any partizans of the latter. Christ, he says, came into the world to establish peace, so that war is contrary to our faith; and yet, at this time war prevailed throughout Christendom, and even in Christ's church itself, which was then disputed between two rival popes. Where there was disease in the head, the body must needs suffer; and under these circumstances it behoved the Christian kings to promote peace among themselves for two causes; first, for the protection of the church against internal division; and, secondly,

to defend Christendom against the infidels, who at this time were making dangerous attacks upon it. These blessings were to be hoped from the known character of Henry of Lancaster.

The only manuscript of this poem with which I am acquainted is contained in a volume in the library of the duke of Sutherland at Trentham in Staffordshire, which was made well known by Wharton as containing Gower's French sonnets.[1] There appears sufficient reason for believing this manuscript to have been presented to king Henry, after his accession, by the poet, who seems to have been rather vain of his French verses, and the two pieces here printed were probably written on the occasion. They are accompanied by a shorter piece, in Latin elegiacs, here given at the end of the English poem, in which Gower states, that at this time, which was the first year of Henry's reign, he was struck with blindness; and he complains of old age (*torva senectus*), and announces his resolution to write no more, but to leave literature to a younger generation. In fact, there are reasons for supposing that he must now have been considerably advanced in years—perhaps not far short of eighty; he died in 1408.

Gower, though, as a layman, conscious of many abuses in the ecclesiastical state, and wishful for their reform, was still a staunch catholic, and no favourer of what he considered as innovations in religion, and he urged the king above all other things to give the whole support of the secular government to the church. Henry's father, John of Gaunt, had been notoriously a favourer of the Wycliffites; and Henry himself, previous to his accession to the throne, had not been considered a very zealous son of the church;

[1] These were printed by the late duke of Sutherland, when carl Gower, as a contribution to the Roxburghe Club.

so that, at the opening of his reign, the religious reformers took courage, imagined that they were at least sure of toleration, and employed themselves with extraordinary activity in spreading their doctrines. But, to their great disappointment, they soon found their mistake. Henry is accused of having deliberately purchased the support of the Romish clergy in his designs upon the crown by at least a verbal engagement to suppress the sect of the Lollards, and all other heretics; and, be this as it may, the clergy began immediately to display an active spirit of persecution which rendered it not improbable, and the commencement of his reign was marked by a statute against the religious reformers of a severity then unexampled. By the Act of the 2nd Hen. IV., chapter 14 (A.D. 1400), heretics were ordered to be punished by burning at the stake, and this cruel law was immediately carried into effect in the case of William Sautrey, a parish priest convicted of heretical opinions. These proceedings naturally carried consternation among the Wycliffites, but, as is usually the case, persecution on the one hand only increased and embittered the zeal of the persecuted, while some acts of severity on the part of the crown against a few Romish ecclesiastics who had engaged in treasonable conspiracies encouraged them still to hope for a change in their favour. Under these circumstances the Wycliffites slackened nothing in their activity, but they united more warmly with those who were struggling for social and political liberty; and the popular dislike to the Romish priesthood, and especially to the four orders of friars with whom people came into closer communication, was greatly increased. The watchword of this party was still the same which had been raised with so much vigour in the poem of Piers Ploughman, and which demanded the emancipation of the oppressed peasant. But the name of Piers Ploughman had been

New Act against the Lollards.

exchanged for that of Jack Upland, which was exactly equivalent, as it signified simply Jack the countryman, or Jack of the country, in contradistinction from the town. About the date just mentioned there appeared a poem under this title in alliterative verse, intended evidently to be circulated among the populace, in which the popular character, Jack Upland, is introduced propounding the various heads of the complaints of the Wycliffites against the Romish church in a series of questions addressed to the friars, who were the most active agents against the professors of the new opinions. This poem appears to have given great alarm, or offence, to the friars, one of whom, whose real name, it is intimated, was John of Walsingham, but who wrote under the assumed and more popular name of Daw Topias, put forth a reply to these questions, compiled in exactly the same style, but sprinkled here and there with rather violent abuse of Wycliffe and the Lollards. A Wycliffite took up the cudgels immediately, and retorted in a similar style, and this last writer alludes to an event as then recent which seems to fix the date of all these pieces to the year 1401. Of the first of these no manuscript appears now to be known, but a copy had been found in the sixteenth century by Stow, and was inserted, without any reason, in the folio black-letter edition of the works of Chaucer. The other two, which may be considered among the most remarkable of the popular records of the history of the religious movement during this period, are preserved in a contemporary manuscript in the Bodleian Library, in which the friar's poem occupies the page of the vellum, and the reply of the Lollard is written in a smaller hand in the margins above and below. It was the common practice to write the alliterative poetry as prose, with a slight stroke of the pen to mark the divisions of the lines. Such is the case with the manuscript in the Bodleian Library,

Jack Upland.

Popular controversial writings.

where the divisions of the lines are very distinctly marked. But the copyist of the first poem for the edition of Chaucer, who evidently understood the English of his original imperfectly, and was not at all acquainted with the principles of the old alliterative verse, had really mistaken it for prose, and not only copied it for such, but substituted for the obsolete words with which this class of poetry abounded others which were then better known, and often paraphrased the language in the belief that he was making it better understood. Thus in some parts all traces of its metrical character is lost, and we may judge in many cases how much it is corrupted by comparison with the quotations from it in the strictures of "Daw Topias." At the same time it must also be remarked that with the beginning of the fifteenth century the alliterative verse began already to be written very loosely, and, the rhythm being preserved, the alliteration was often left imperfect, or entirely neglected.

JACK UPLAND.

To begin with Jack Upland, the popular satirist commences with stigmatizing the church of Rome as Antichrist and his disciples, and complains that the worst of these "diverse sects" were those last brought in, the different orders of friars, who neither showed obedience to the prelates of the church nor allegiance to the crown, but sought only to indulge their own selfishness, while they pretended to have the power of selling heaven and earth to whom they liked. After taunting the friars with their great pretensions to knowledge, he proceeds to put certain questions to them, requiring that the answers should be grounded "in "reason and holy writ." His first question is a very simple one—if there be so many different religious orders on earth, one must be supposed to be better than another, or there need have been no more than one; and if these orders are not better than the order

which Christ himself founded, namely the Gospel, why should they choose any one of them in preference to it? Moreover, for which should a friar be more severely punished, for breaking the rules of his order or for breaking God's commandments? He asks further, why should a friar be considered an apostate for leaving one order for the purpose of joining another, where they were all considered to belong to Christ's church? In a number of consecutive questions, the friars are accused of placing their religion in their habit, and of furnishing themselves with clothes of rich materials for no other cause but vain-glory; of placing undue importance in vain things, such as particular colours of cloth and particular places; of obtaining dispensations from duties which were uneasy to them; and of pretending to embrace with their profession a life of mortification—to be as dead men; whereas they were the most active beggars alive, and, instead of graves, which were appropriate to dead men, they affected to live in mansions which exceeded in extent and splendour the palaces of the greatest nobles. As proofs of the selfish motives of the orders of friars, it is stated that fixed districts were farmed out to certain limitors, or begging friars, as the name intimates, and that they were not allowed to trespass within each others' limits; that they were exempted from the visitations of the bishops; that they sold for money, and never gave in charity, letters of brotherhood, by which people were entitled after death to a share in their merits; and that they induced people to give them large sums of money for their prayers, on the assurance that these would bring them out of purgatory or hell, while they were ignorant where they should go themselves. Jack Upland asks, with some reason, why, if they had this power, they should not employ it out of love for their fellow men as well as for gain. They are accused also of

Pretensions and motives of the friars.

"stealing" men's children in order to bring them up in their order, a charge which is proved to be true by a collective force of contemporary evidence. They sought only to perform the two sacraments, shrift and burial, which brought in most money; and only, therefore, to those who could pay, rejecting the poor. "According to your own doctrine," says the reformer, "holiness consists in poverty, and why, therefore, do "you refuse to receive for burial those who are "poor?" The friars, we are told, disapproved of preaching, and condemned the secular priests who practised it; they sold God's mass for a penny, and therefore set that sum either on "God's body," which was worse than the crime of Judas, who sold it for thirty pence, or sold their labour, which was bribery and covetousness, or sold the service of the church, which was simony; they entered in their table books the names of those who purchased their pardons, as if God was not likely to remember them; and they justified their system of mendicity by the example of the Saviour, who, they pretended, had gained his living on earth by begging. In some further questions these particular charges are dilated upon; the reformer complains that the multiplication of friars and other ecclesiastics was an unnecessary and unjust burthen upon the people, and alleges that when Christ had but twelve apostles and a few disciples his work was done much better than since the number of workmen had been so greatly increased. Just as a man works better with four fingers and a thumb to his hand, than he would if the number were doubled; so the superfluity of workmen in the church only encumbered it and made it inefficient. These unworthy workmen locked up the bible from those who were able and willing to read and preach it, and persecuted as heretics those who sought to make its doctrines public. The reformer again repeats the charges that

Their simony.

the friars only sought riches and self-indulgence; that one of them who brought home most money to his house received full absolution for whatever error he might have committed in obtaining it; that they neglected the poor, and chiefly sought out rich men, who could afford to pay them well for their religious consolations; and that these consolations were of such a kind that they encouraged lords and ladies to sin worse than before, instead of amending their lives; and he then again puts some home questions to the friar as to the superiority of one religious order over another. If the friar replied that his own order was the best, he assumed that the other orders were inferior to it; whereas each friar of one of the other orders would give him the lie and say that his own order was best; yet one only could be the best, and therefore three must be false, while there was no means of knowing which was the true one. And this contradiction between the orders was so great that a friar who left his own order to enter another was looked upon as an apostate. Also these orders and rules were assumed not only to be superior to one another, but to be superior also to that rule which had been given by Christ, otherwise why did they not follow Christ's order in preference to all others? Thus it was assumed that St. Francis or St. Dominic was superior in power and knowledge to God himself, an evident blasphemy. "Canst thou, "friar, point out any default in Christ's rule of the "Gospel, with which he gave all men the certain "power to be saved, if they kept it to their ending? "If thou sayest it was too hard, thou accusest Christ "of untruth; for he said of his rule, 'My yoke is "'soft and my burthen light.' If thou sayest that "Christ's rule was too light, that cannot be alleged "as a fault, for it only made it the easier to keep. "If thou findest no fault in Christ's rule of the

Their contradictions and presumptuousness.

" Gospel, since Christ himself said it is light and " easy, what need was there for the founders of " orders of friars to add other rules to it, and so " make a harder religion to save friars than the re- " ligion of Christ's apostles by which his disciples " obtained salvation?"

REPLY OF FRIAR DAW TOPIAS, AND JACK UPLAND'S REJOINDER.

These questions of Jack Upland are put simply, and in a form to be easily understood by minds not accustomed to abstruse reasoning. His opponent, Daw Topias the friar, shows far less temper, and an inclination to browbeat rather than to convince or persuade. He begins by lamenting the degraded state of society which rendered it necessary to reply to such questions, and he reproaches the Lollards in rather abusive language, alleging that Jack Upland's questions were ignorant and foolish, and proclaiming his readiness to answer them, although himself only a "lewd" or uneducated friar. It was, in fact, an attempt on the part of the Romish clergy to encounter the reformers in their own popular field. Daw Topias denies that the friars were other than liege subjects to the king; and asserts that they professed obedience to the bishops, though not in the same degree as the secular priests, inasmuch as holy church had given them exemption. Jack Upland, who repays the friar with language as rude as his own, replies that their non-allegiance to the crown—meaning thereby disobedience to the laws of the realm—was notorious; for when a friar lay under the charge of any crime or vice, his prior took him out of the hands of justice, without the king's authority, and thus, however guilty, he escaped punishment. "Oft," says he, "ye seduce men's wives, " and are put in the stocks, but your captains, or " superiors, lay claim to you and ask no leave of " kings." In reply to the charge of laziness brought against the friars, Daw alleges that each class of society had its particular province, and that, as in a

Disloyalty and laziness of the friars.

man's body, the hands were made to work for the support of the head and the feet and the eyes, so the common people were made by God to labour for holy church and the aristocracy. To this it is answered, that St. Paul and the apostles gained their living by the labour of their hands, and that yet at the same time they performed the duties of the ministry much better than the clergy of modern times, and hated above all things such "bold begging" as was practised by the friars. "You accuse us," says the popular advocate of the old religious system, "of being con-
"founders of prelates and lords . . . . but give
"us any examples of prelates or lords thus confounded.
"But since that wicked worm named Wycliffe began
"to sow the seed of schism in the earth, sorrow
"and ruin have made their appearance everywhere, Attacks upon Wycliffe.
"and are bringing disgrace equally upon lordship and
"prelacy." On the question of selling the sacraments by simony, the friar endeavours cunningly to throw this charge upon the parish priests, alleging that the only sacrament the friars had to dispense was the absolution of sins; and in retaliation for the charge of interfering unduly in families, he accuses the Wycliffites of seeking to make converts of women, with an evident intimation of something further, which is not declared openly. We know how many women embraced the opinions of the Wycliffites, and suffered martyrdom for maintaining them. In reply, the advocate of the reformation repeats the charge of incontinence against the friars, and offers to forfeit a hundred pounds if the friars can fix a similar charge on any member of the sect of Lollards. Daw justifies Splendid buildings of the friars. the splendour of the ecclesiastical buildings by the example of Solomon's temple, and passes on to a long string of more abuse of the reformers, who, he says, were the plagues sent upon earth by the "blastes" of the seven angels in the Revelations. "The third

" angel sent down a star from heaven, fiercely burn-
" ing as a brand, it was called wormwood; this truly
" was Wycliffe your master; he shone brightly in
" appearance at his beginning, but by his false
" doctrines afterwards he created much trouble, and
" by his rash presumption fell from the church . . .
" The heretics Maximinus and Manichæus never
Wycliffe defended. " caused more mischief." This attack on Wycliffe roused the indignation of the reformer, who replies: " I wonder, Daw, thou darest thus to lie on so great " a clerk, who was known well in his time by rich " and poor as a vertuous man, but thou, as blind as " Bayard, barkest at the moon, like an old miller's " dog when he begins to doat. But I know well " that thy barking, however loud thou liest, will not " diminish this saint, who lived and taught so truth-" fully." After several pages of general abuse, the apologist of the friars returns to the questions of the reformer. He justifies the number and diversity of the religious orders by alleging the various orders of angels in heaven, and he proceeds to give an explanation of the former, which was certainly not calculated to satisfy one of the reformers. His own order, he says, was that of Christ, who taught
Vices of the friars. obedience, chastity, and poverty. "Nay," is the reply, " there is hardly an individual in thy order who can " boast of possessing these three virtues, in regard " to which ye rather follow Antichrist than our " Lord Jesus. As to chastity of body, ye break it " continually; and ye have no chastity of soul, for " ye forsake Christ your spouse, and are become " apostates from his church. In respect to true " poverty, ye are the most covetous men in the " world, for what with simony, and with begging, " and with selling absolutions, you plunder both " great and small." Daw alleges further, that Christ ordained two manners of life, the one con-

templative, the other active, to the former of which the monks belonged, while the latter was represented by the friars. He represents their begging as the collecting of alms, and refuses to tell what they themselves gave to the poor, on the plea that charity should be exercised in secret. He defends the richness of the cloth worn by the friars, and explains the different parts of the costume symbolically, retaliating upon his opponent by sneering at the Lollards for affecting to dress in plain grey, which, he pretends, was intended to imply simplicity, while the wearers were ravenous wolves in Christ's fold. Others of the peculiar observances of the friars are explained in much the same manner, or defended in general terms, mixed with a large amount of abusive language addressed to the Lollards; to which his opponent replies with not much more temper, and utters a prophecy, not unlike that which has been so often remarked in the older poem of Piers Ploughman; "and yet," he says, "the time shall come when Josiah "shall reign, and make an end of such fiends, and "restore Christ's rule."[1]

Prophecy of the downfall of the friars and monastic orders.

The friars were celebrated for the splendour of their conventual buildings, and this circumstance furnished a never-failing ground of attack to the reformers. It is one to which both the advocate and the opponent recur; and the former finds a rather singular reply to the charge of lavishing money on these great

[1] The passage in Piers Ploughman is as follows:—

"Ac ther shal come a kyng,
"and confesse yow religiouses,
"and bete yow as the Bible
"telleth
"for brekynge of youre rule;
"and amende monyals,
"monkes and chanons,
"and puten to his penaunce
"ad pristinum statum ire.
. . . .
"And thanne shal the abbot of
"Abyngdone,
"and al his issue for evere,
"have a knok of a kyng,
"and incurable the wounde."

Piers Ploughman, p. 292.

edifices instead of expending it in charity to the poor. "Jack," he says, "is not a man better than "a rude beast? Yet you"—of course, addressing him in his assumed character of the uplandman or ploughman—"make a shed for your sheep, and a "stable for your horse; and meanwhile there is "many a man who has no roof over him, but the "open air only is his house, and the beasts stand "covered. Why dost thou not house the poor man as "well as thy beasts?" The reformer finds a ready answer to this "monkey's argument," as he calls it, by which, he says, it might be proved that "he that "drinks a quart of wine, must needs drink a gallon. "But I grudge no reasonable house; and, though you "speak scornfully of it, I have a sheep-house, for "which I have better warrant in God's law than you "have for your Cain's castle. I thank God, I built "it with honestly gotten goods; but you built yours "with the produce of begging, contention, and rob-"bery." It is curious enough that the friar here—for there can be no doubt that it was the *bonâ fide* composition of one of the order who chose to encounter the popular preacher on his own ground—not only uses arguments which are in general very easily demolished, but he loses few occasions of displaying a feeling of spiteful hostility, which is known from other sources to have existed, towards other orders of the Romish clergy. In an earlier part of his writing, when accused of selling the sacraments, he attempts to throw this charge upon the parish priests; and now, in reply to the charge of farming out the country in districts to the limitors, he asserts that this was not done by the regular friars, but suggests that it was probably done by the pardoners, and the friars of some less regular orders. The clergy claimed a general exemption from secular taxes, and, when reproached with the example of Christ, who caused his disciples

The splendid buildings defended.

Hostility of the friars to the parish priests.

to pay the tribute to the emperor, our Daw Topias pretends that the Saviour did not do this as a duty, but merely as a matter of policy, that it might not be made a charge against him in his trial before Pilate. At length we come to the grand charge of kidnapping the children of people of property in order to bring them up in their order, with a view, of course, to future profit. The existence of this practice is notorious, for it was a subject of complaint not only with the Lollards, but with the commons assembled in parliament, who proposed an act forbidding the reception into the orders of friars of any men under twenty-one years of age; but the king, ruled by his fear of the clergy, gave only a partial assent; and it was enacted that in future no boy under the age of fourteen should be received into an order. Daw Topias, therefore, does not attempt to deny the fact, but he justifies it in rather a singular manner by the example of Christ. "Thou accusest us," he says, "of felony, for stealing "children to draw them to our sects. I hold it no "theft to draw people towards God, unless you call "Christ a thief, who did the same, saying to the rich "man (Matt. xix. 21): 'Go and sell thy goods, and "'give them to the poor, if thou wilt be perfect; "'and afterwards follow me, and be my disciple.' "And, in the same gospel, see what he saith also "(Luke xiv. 26): 'Whoso forsaketh not his father and "'his mother, his son and his daughter, his sister "'and his brother, his land and his tenements, and "'himself also, he is not worthy to be my follower.' "And again he said to his twelve chosen (John xv. "16): 'Behold, from the world I have chosen you all, "'that ye go and bear fruit, and your fruit may "'remain.' And thus to plunder the world, and spoil "it of its subjects, it is no robbery, but theft "approved by Christ." In regard to the keeping of prisons by the clergy, Daw Topias argues that they

Kidnapping of children.

Defended by the friars.

have the same right to have prisons as the secular authorities. For, he says, if we take the Gospel literally, neither emperor nor king would have the right to imprison or put to death, but only to reprimand offenders, and then set them at liberty; whereby murderers, robbers, and all kinds of malefactors would go unpunished. The pope, the archbishop of Canterbury, and the bishops in general had, he says, their prisons, with the king's permission; and it would be a bold thing to pretend that this was contrary to God's law. But his opponent replies that the two cases were very different, that the sentences and punishments of the bishops were arbitrary and unjust, and generally directed against the innocent; whereas the king caused the law to be executed by judges who were bound to administer justice with impartiality, "as he did now "lately, when he hanged you traitors." Some friars had been hanged for treason in the course of the year 1401.

Right of the clergy to keep prisons and hold courts.

The remainder of this very curious poem is chiefly occupied with a defence of the various means by which the friars obtained money, and of the use they made of it. Daw Topias justifies the style of preaching of the friars, and the character of their sermons, which had become a subject of ridicule to the reformers, by urging that the means are justified by the end; and that if the people were taught the right faith, it mattered not how they were instructed in it. On the other hand, he accuses the Wycliffites of having conspired to destroy Christ's church and turn it to idolatry; and adds that he considers it more "wholesome" to pursue a heretic to prison, or to the fire, than even to consecrate a church. In answer to the charge of selling the sacraments, he pretends that the friars administered them freely, and that they also received freely the offerings of those who partook in them, and argues that there was no more simony

in being paid in this way, than in the payment of a certain annual salary to a parish priest for his exercise of the ministry. To which Jack Upland replies sneeringly, comparing the friars to tapsters, or innkeepers, who, instead of beer, "tap" out and serve their absolutions from Rome, and their preachings, prayers, and burials, to the deluded people. The begging of the friars is justified as a literal imitation of the example of Christ, who did not disdain to obtain his sustenance in this manner, and by the favour shown by the Saviour to mendicants; and here the popular advocate of Romanism, believing that his display of learning might betray his assumption of the character of a "lewd" friar, pretends that he had learnt to speak Latin when he was once a manciple, or servant employed in collecting the provisions, at Merton Hall, in Oxford. Another practice which had been ridiculed, that of writing in their books the names of those who give them money, or in other words making lists of benefactors, is justified on the ground that such lists were not made to remind God of those who had done good actions, but to assist their own memory as to those for whom they were bound to pray, inasmuch as, according to the opinion of the clergy, such special prayer was most conducive to the salvation of the souls of those for whom they prayed, a position which of course the reformers in a great measure denied. The practice of going about preaching in couples, when the apostles only went singly, is again explained symbolically, as Daw pretends that they went partly to bear one another company, "but more for the mystery contained in the "number"—for the law was written on *two* tables, and there were *two* cherubim in the temple, and *two* in the tabernacle. Jack replies that they did not adhere strictly to the symbol in this case, but that they sometimes went three together, one of the two

Replies to other charges.

being of the other sex; for the immorality of the friars is constantly insisted upon.

In regard to the complaints of the increase in the number of friars, who were made "against God's "will," and the comparison with the hand and its fingers, Topias alleges that it would apply equally, and even in a greater degree, to the priests, who are again sneered at and represented as being more numerous and more burdensome to the people than the friars. Moreover, he proceeds to argue: "You say "that God made all things in measure, weight, and "number, and you cannot deny that every friar is "something, and yet you assert that friars are made "against God's will; thus you pretend that God hath "made something which he would not make, so that "his sovereign goodness is contrarious to himself." Jack Upland replies to this notable argument: "Though "God made all things in measure and weight, it does "not follow that he made you, for ye are out of "measure, and so the devil and Cain and Judas are "your fathers." The apologist of the friars remarks, with more reason, in regard to the hand, that nature had determined the number of its fingers, and if that number were passed, it was looked upon as a monstrosity; but that God or holy church had fixed no definite number of priests or friars. The question relating to Christ's presence in the sacrament is brought forward last, and becomes the ground for a good deal of personal reproach, with which both the poem itself and the reply to it close.

ON THE EXECUTION OF ARCHBISHOP SCROPE.

The resentment of the Wycliffite party, no doubt, told against the house of Lancaster in the turbulent reign of Henry VI., and raised a strong prejudice against the memory of Henry IV. in the minds of the older protestant historians, while the latter monarch gained but a partial advantage by his yielding policy towards the church, for the clergy

took an active part in nearly all the treasonable conspiracies of his reign. The plot for murdering the king, at the beginning of his reign, was arranged in the lodgings of the abbot of Westminster, where the conspirators held their secret meetings. In the spring of 1401 several priests and friars were, as we have seen before, executed as traitors, some, as was presented, having likewise plotted to murder the king. In the year following the friars appear to have been especially active in spreading abroad the report that king Richard was still alive, and that he was preparing to make an effort for the recovery of his kingdom, and some of them suffered the penalties of treason. They encouraged the same reports two years later, on the occasion of Serlo's rebellion, and some of the higher clergy had been compromised in the great insurrection of the Percies. Among these stood conspicuous the archbishop of York, Richard Scrope, or Le Scrope, who still claimed the title of primate of England. In 1405, this prelate, in conjunction with Thomas de Mowbray, earl marshal, the son of one of Richard the Second's great favourites, but at this time little more than a boy, placed himself at the head of a considerable armed force, and raised the standard of rebellion at Shipton-on-the-Moor. The insurrection was soon suppressed, and the archbishop and his youthful ally fell into the hands of the king, his friends said, through the treachery of the earl of Westmoreland, and they were immediately tried, condemned, and executed for high treason, being the first instance in this country of the execution of a prelate of the church by the sentence of a lay court. These proceedings, as it is well known, provoked a feeling of great indignation among the clergy, and the Latin ballad on the occasion, here printed, is evidently a clerical composition. It expresses the grief which must be felt by the church in general on so great an

Hostility of the clergy to the government.

event, and points out the circumstance that the execution of archbishop Richard occurred on the same day as the martyrdom of archbishop St. William, who died, as the Romish church which canonised him pretended, by poison, on the 8th of June 1154. This Latin ballad complains of the haste and unfairness of archbishop Scrope's trial, without any regard to his rank as a peer, or to his quality as a dignitary of the church who claimed exemption from lay jurisdiction; and tells how the sentence was passed in his own episcopal palace at Bishopsthorpe, and how he was led to the place of execution (between that place and York) on a mare (which was regarded as disgraceful), without a saddle, and with a halter instead of a bridle. The archbishop there encouraged the young earl to submit courageously to his fate, and then bowed himself to the sword. The virtues of the martyred primate are dwelt upon with great earnestness, and his sanctity is insisted upon. The writer then laments the other victims who perished on account of this rising, and tells how his palace was plundered, how his body was buried without the decencies becoming his station, and no attention was paid to the poor, to his creditors, or to his household. Even the common people of York were punished with him, and were subjected to unbearable exactions. Not only did York, he says, suffer, but the kingdom was deprived of its noblest chiefs, and the army was denuded of its choicest warriors; and the ballad concludes with the expression of regret for the good old times which were passed. The clergy, indeed, pretended that archbishop Scrope was a holy martyr, encouraged the belief that miracles were performed at his tomb, which became a place of pilgrimage to the disaffected, and went so far as to declare that it was in punishment for his enormous sin in putting to death the archbishop of York, that Henry was struck with a loath-

some disease, said to be the leprosy, which shortened his days.

We find no more political poems of this reign, unless we reckon under that head Occleve's Poem, *De Regimine Principum*, of which an edition has been recently printed by the Roxburghe Club; but the death of Henry IV. is commemorated in a curious little Latin poem by a now rather well-known writer of that period. Two works by Thomas de Elmham have been published recently, but neither of the editors appears to have been aware of the existence of the poem on the death of Henry IV., which is printed in the present volume. Elmham was in the first place a Benedictine monk of Canterbury, and subsequently entered the Cluniac order, and became prior of Lenton, in the county of Nottingham. He evidently held some position at court under Henry IV., and the poem here printed seems to have been composed no long time after the death of that monarch; but the object of the writer is not very evident. In the prefatory verses, which the rubric seems to intimate were written after Elmham became prior of Lenton, it is addressed to Henry V., who is exhorted to attend to the domestic happiness of his kingdom, as well as to the prosecution of his foreign wars. Elmham warns the king (not unprophetically) of the fleeting and uncertain character of human life, and urges him to consult the welfare of his own soul by correcting errors in his government, which are not very clearly intimated. He tells him that he would weep if he knew the true feelings of his subjects, to all whom his coming home was a subject of sorrow, while his departure from his country was looked upon with joy. In explanation of this he intimates that when the king was at home in his kingdom a host of overbearing warriors and chiefs, and their greedy followers, committed all sorts of violence and oppression, from which his subjects were released when he carried

Poem of Thomas de Elmham.

the oppressors away to the wars. In time of war, he says, the priest and the monk, the merchant and the cultivator of the land, received protection, and why should they not be protected in time of peace. Elmham reminds him of the fate of king Richard, and of the shortness of his father's reign, whose example, however, he recommends him to follow. These introductory lines are followed by a series of supposed exhortations addressed by king Henry IV. to his eldest son on his personal conduct, and on the government of the kingdom, which is called in the rubric a "letter," composed by the king when dying. This, differing in this respect from the introductory lines, is a curious specimen of the pedantic and obscure style of writing in which Thomas de Elmham indulged. In the conclusion the king is made to give his blessing to prince Henry, and to his three other sons, Thomas (duke of Clarence), John (duke of Bedford), and Humphrey (duke of Gloucester). The dying king is then introduced offering his thanks to heaven for the favours which he had received thence during his life. This is followed by a brief account of his death, which occured, we are told, on St. Cuthbert's day (the 20th of March), in the year 1412, meaning, according to our present calculation, 1413. But this account is particularly interesting, as containing the only contemporary notice of a story, probably legendary in great part, which made much noise in after times, chiefly from the way in which it has been used by Shakespeare. It seems probable that Henry IV. entertained at some period of his reign a notion of entering into a crusade against the Turks—the language of Gower, in the poems printed in the present volume, would lead us to suppose that such designs had been talked of. According to the ordinary story, some one endued with the spirit of prophecy had told him that he would die in Jerusalem; and when suddenly struck with his last

Story of the Bethlehem Chamber.

illness in Westminster Abbey, and carried thence into what was called the Jerusalem Chamber, on being told the name of the apartment, he recognized the fulfilment of the prophecy, and prepared for death. But as told by Elmham, the story is more simple and less wonderful. He informs us that a false prophecy had been current during his life that he would take the cross, and win the Holy Land; and that by an unforeseen occurrence he unwittingly gained admission to the Holy Land by being carried when dying into the Bethlehem (not the Jerusalem) Chamber in Westminster. In the latter part of this poem Elmham has given his own name, as well as those of the king and queen, in acrostics. Its exact aim is not very clear, but it shows that the domestic policy of Henry V. was not altogether popular.

Poems on the Wars of Henry V.

We have no other poems on the domestic affairs of England under the reign of Henry V., but Henry's foreign wars appear to have been celebrated in a considerable number of contemporary poems and ballads. The short and simple song which carried the tidings of the victory of Azincourt through the towns and villages of England is preserved with the music to which it was chanted in a manuscript of the Pepysian Library in Cambridge, from which it was printed in bishop Percy's "Reliques," and, I believe, in a still more interesting form among the manuscripts in the Library of Trinity College, in the same University. The expedition into France, which was crowned by this great victory, is related in a very detailed manner in a much longer poem in the balled form, which also was evidently intended to be sung or chanted about the country, and which, preserved in a manuscript in the Harleian Collection in the library of the British Museum, was printed not very correctly by Sir Harris Nicolas, in his "History of the Battle of Agincourt." Another poem of some length, written by one who

was present at the events he relates, gives a circumstantial and most interesting account of the siege of Rouen in 1418–19. There is no early complete copy of it known, but the first and larger part of it is found in an imperfect manuscript in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and was published very inaccurately by Professor Conybeare, in the twenty-first volume of the Archæologia of the Society of Antiquaries. It was subsequently discovered that the author of one of the continuations of the English Brut Chronicle had used this poem as the material for his account of the siege of Rouen, and, after going on for some time paraphrasing it, had at last copied the text verbatim, thus preserving the whole of the latter part of the poem which was wanting in the Oxford manuscript. This supplementary text was edited from two manuscripts in the British Museum by Sir Frederic Madden in a subsequent volume of the Archæologia. A complete copy of the whole has since been met with in a manuscript in Balliol College, Oxford, containing a collection of pieces, chiefly in verse, made at the close of the fifteenth century by a citizen of London named Hill, which is, of course, of too late a date to be of much value as a text. The manner in which the latter part of this poem was preserved is of particular interest, as showing how much the narratives of events given by our old chroniclers were founded upon the ballads of the time, and upon other such popular materials. Another very curious example will be found in a shorter ballad or song on the battle of Azincourt, printed from a manuscript in the British Museum, in the present volume. The compiler of a contemporary, or nearly contemporary, chronicle of London has taken his account of the battle of Azincourt entirely from this ballad, turning the first part of it into prose, in which, however, the lines and rhymes of the original may still be traced, but transcribing the latter part of

ON THE BATTLE OF AZINCOURT.

it without any alteration. It is a plain straightforward account of the battle, without any poetical embellishment. A Latin epigram on this same battle completes the number of our poems and songs of the French wars of King Henry V. They are followed in the present volume by another Latin epigram, in two parts, in the first of which the Frenchman reproaches the Englishman with the injuries he had inflicted on France, to which, in the second part, the Englishman replies. Even these short epigrams throw light on the feelings by which the contending parties were actuated.

EPIGRAM ON THE BATTLE OF AZINCOURT.

THE FRENCHMAN TO THE ENGLISHMAN.

The next short piece included in the present collection, consisting of a few lines of Latin verse composed by a Lollard, and a parody upon them by a churchman in reply, are curious only as illustrating the bitterness of the hostile feeling between the Romanists and the church reformers. Each charges the other with crimes which were to be sufficiently punished only by the sword or the faggot. It has been said that the clergy encouraged Henry in his warlike plans, in order that his attention might be taken away from the religious persecution they were carrying on against a numerous portion of his subjects, which they supposed might have received a check from his sentiments of patriotism, or from the interference of the lay aristocracy; and the support he received from the clergy led him to pursue in regard to the church the policy which had been adopted by his father. He was not, however, destined to enjoy long the military glory which he had gained. In the December of the year 1419 was concluded the treaty of Troyes, by which the crown of France was confirmed to the king of England; and it was ratified in the spring of the year following by the English parliament. Henry V. died on the 31st of August 1422. A few Latin verses, here printed from a

ON THE LOLLARDS.

Treaty of Troyes.

On the Death of Henry V.

manuscript in the Bodleian Library, were probably written immediately after Henry's death, and seem to picture the feelings of the moment when the great warrior king had died so suddenly and so prematurely, and left his kingdom and his conquests to an infant less than a year old. The writer begins by boasting of the glory of the treaty of Troyes, and declaiming on the great qualities of the departed monarch. By his death, he says, the English were filled with sorrow and their enemies with joy, for the smiles of fortune in war, it was feared, would desert the former and pass over to the latter. The apprehension is intimated that Henry's queen, Catherine of France, would be guided by her partiality for her native land, and the young king, as he grew up, might be educated by her in French sentiments. Gloomy anticipations are the subject of a few concluding lines in prose, but expressed more mysteriously even than in the verse. These lines convey no distinct evidence of their dates, but the closing paragraphs seem to intimate that they were written before the death of the queen's father, Charles VI.

This latter event took place in the month of October, 1422, upon which the young king of England, Henry VI., became, by the terms of the treaty of Troyes, king of France, and he was proclaimed accordingly. But a counter-demonstration was made at the same time by the friends of the dauphin, who had been disinherited by the treaty, but who was, nevertheless, proclaimed king in Auvergne, where he had sought a refuge, and crowned subsequently at Poitiers as Charles VII. These rival claims are the subject of an epigram printed here from a manuscript in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, in which the claim of the French heir and the answer of the English heir are duly set forth, but which otherwise has no great importance. This question of inheritance continued to be

Epigram on the Assumption of the Arms of France.

debated, the more so as the English affairs in France, neglected by the home government, began to decline. A Frenchman named Laurence Calot, who was clerk of the council to the regent Bedford, had been employed by that prince to draw up in French verse a genealogical statement showing the superiority of the claims of the king of England over those of the dauphin, considering it as merely a question of legitimacy, in order that the nature of these claims might be made familiar to all who were capable of understanding the French language. It appears, however, to have been considered necessary that this justification of the English claims should be made known to the English also; and in the year 1426, while the duke of Bedford was absent in England, occupied in pacifying the troubles already displaying themselves in the English court, the earl of Warwick, who had been left in Paris as his lieutenant, employed the well-known poet, John Lydgate, monk of Bury, who was then in the French capital, to translate Calot's composition into English verse. Warwick had just then returned from a successful expedition into Maine against the duke of Brittany. Lydgate states in his prologue that the object of this composition was to "set troubled hearts "at rest," and put a stop to the talk of "many "folks," who disputed or threw doubts upon the legitimacy of king Henry's claims. Henry VI. was then, he tells us, nearly five years of age. In the text of the poem itself we are reminded of the great troubles which had been caused by the disputed claims to the French crown, that is, of course, by the resistance to the claims of the king of England, in punishment for which the English seem to have thought that God had visited France with all its domestic misery; and of the murder of the duke of Burgundy, Jean-sans-Peur, at Montereau, by the duke of Orleans, now Charles VII., but of whom the English still

John Lydgate. On the English Title to the Crown of France.

only spoke by his old title. The latter, he says, had by this treacherous and sanguinary deed rendered himself incapable of "succeeding to any dignity of "knightly honour," and much more, therefore, "to "reign in any land," and he in consequence had abandoned his claims by his own oath and under his own seal. In consideration of all this, and to put an end to the troubles of France, God had provided a young heir to the crown of France in the person of Henry VI. of England, whose right could not be disputed. He then proceeds to declare how Henry, as eighth in direct descent from St. Louis, was the nearest heir to the French throne, and how his right was allowed and confirmed by the treaty of Troyes. In conclusion, Lydgate specifies in an affected style of learning, then fashionable among poets, the day on which he concluded this "translation," which was the 28th of July 1426; and he adds a roundel in praise of the infant prince.

To King Henry VI. on his Coronation.

Somewhat more than three years after this, on the 6th of November 1429, Henry, who was then only nine years of age, was crowned in England, and a poem on his coronation, the style of which seems to show that it also was composed by Lydgate, urges again the claim of the young king to the inheritance of the two crowns, as being the direct descendant on one side of St. Edward, and on the other of St. Louis.

On the Coronation of Henry VI.

A second poem, on the same occasion, gives a more particular account of the ceremony, the solemnity and splendour of which seem to have produced a great impression on contemporaries, and they are described at length by the London chronicler Fabian. Our rhymester tells us of the display of mitred bishops and abbots who attended at the coronation, among whom were two archbishops and a cardinal (Beaufort). After the coronation the king and his great courtiers went in procession to the hall of Westminster, preceded by

three dukes carrying the three swords, that of mercy, that of estate, and that of empire. The king was led by two bishops and six earls; his "pall" was borne by the Cinque Ports, and the earl of Warwick carried his train. Then followed in order the barons of the land, the judges, the knights of shires, and the city of London. At the feast which followed, the young king sat at the head table, having cardinal Beaufort on his right hand and the chancellor (Kemp, bishop of London,) on his left. The archbishop of Rheims sat at the same table; while, on the right side, the earl of Huntingdon knelt, holding the sceptre; and, on the left, the earl of Stafford, holding the sword of state. The earls of Norfolk and Salisbury were on horseback, the first as lord marshal, the other as constable in the place of the duke of Bedford. The Cinque Ports occupied a table on the right hand; another table was occupied by the prelates of the church, bishops and abbots; and at a table on the other side sat the representatives of the city of London. "Many other lords" occupied different tables. When the king and his lords were thus seated, the hereditary champion, Philip Dymmok, rode into the hall in complete armour, and publicly challenged all who had anything to say against the right of Henry VI. to the two crowns.

Henry was again crowned in Paris on the 17th of December 1430, and on the 21st of February 1432, on his return to England, he made his ceremonious entry into the city of London, an event commemorated in a poem by Lydgate, which has been printed in the collection of Lydgate's Minor Poems, edited by Mr. Halliwell for the Percy Society. Lydgate tells us how, after a succession of gloomy mist and rain, the weather suddenly became bright and smiling for the reception of the young king. The lord mayor, clad in red velvet, the sheriffs and aldermen in scarlet furred clothes, all well horsed, went forth to meet the king

Henry crowned in Paris.

His return to London.

at Blackheath. They were followed by the citizens in their liveries, and by the foreign merchants in the following order :—Genoese, Florentines, Venetians, and Easterlings. The king was conducted in great state to London Bridge, where the pageantry began. A giant with a drawn sword stood at the entrance to the bridge, and other devices followed. Similar pageants were erected at different points in the line of the royal procession, which are rather minutely described. At St. Paul's the king dismounted from his horse, and was received by the archbishop, a number of bishops, and the clergy of the church ; and he was thence accompanied, as before, by the mayor and citizens to Westminster, where he was received into the minster by the abbot and his monks. Lydgate addresses his description of the splendid pageantry exhibited on this occasion to the lord mayor of London and the citizens.

Defection of the duke of Burgundy.

The next event which produced a strong political excitement was the defection of the duke of Burgundy from the English alliance. After the failure of Philippe-le-Bon in his attempts to effect a peace between England and France in 1435, and the death of the duke of Bedford, that prince allowed himself to be persuaded by the French party, and, after extorting very considerable concessions from Charles VII., he abandoned his alliance with England, and became reconciled with the king of France. The news of this event were received in England with such furious indignation, that the populace of London rose and plundered the foreign merchants who came from his dominions. At the beginning of March 1436 the duke of Burgundy declared war against England, and made no secret of his intention to wrest from the crown of this country its old conquest of Calais, which he laid claim to as belonging to his own county of Artois, and which he seems to have looked upon as

an easy enterprise, encouraged, no doubt, by a mistaken estimate of the weakness and discouragement of the English at this moment. His subjects, and the men of Ghent especially, embarked in this enterprise with great zeal, and the siege of Calais began on the 19th of July 1436. The result is well known; the Flemings abandoned the siege early in August, and the duke of Gloucester, who arrived with reinforcements from England, invaded the dominions of the duke of Burgundy almost without resistance, burnt several towns, and returned to Calais laden with plunder. Siege of Calais.

We gather from the allusions in contemporary historians that these events caused not only great indignation, but great exultation in England, and that they were the subject of many popular songs and ballads, most of which, unfortunately, have perished. One of these, copied into a contemporary manuscript in the Sloane collection in the British Museum, but left imperfect by the transcriber, is a song on duke Philippe, composed, perhaps, if we may judge from the first lines, after the siege of Calais and the invasion of his dominions by the duke of Gloucester, when he was unable to take the field against the English. Duke Philippe is accused of falsehood, of being a public disturber of the peace, and of cowardice, and is challenged to come into the field and fight in defence of his character. The writer of the song reminds him of the kindness which he had experienced from Henry V., and of the assistance which in his own distress he had received from the English; of the murder of his father at Montereau; how he had sworn allegiance under Henry V. to the crown of England; and how, through the duke of Bedford, he had renewed his fealty on the coronation of Henry VI. at Paris. On the Duke of Burgundy.

Another short but curious piece, in Latin verse, alludes to some communication between the duke of Burgundy and the king of Scotland, which appears to Philippe of Burgundy and James of Scotland.

have provoked considerable indignation in England, but which is not noticed in our histories. It also has probably some reference to the siege of Calais, as Philip is introduced boasting to James of his irresistible power in reducing fortresses. It is little more than a string of reproaches, directed especially against the duke of Burgundy.

A chronicler of England, preserved in a manuscript in the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth, speaking of the satirical ballads composed by the English on the failure of the duke of Burgundy's attempt upon Calais, has inserted one in his narrative as a sample. It was copied from the manuscript, and communicated to the Society of Antiquaries by Mr. Benjamin Williams, and is printed in the thirty-third volume of the Archæologia. The writer begins by jeering the Flemings on their expectation of conquering Calais, and he reminds them of their great exploits on "the "first day," when the earl of Mortaign, with a party of the garrison of Calais, carried away their plunder openly in view of the town of Gravelines, although the townsmen sallied out upon them as fierce as "lions of "Cotswold," which was in England a burlesque name for sheep. After ridiculing their dress and arms, he tells how the men of Gravelines fell upon the English with much fury; but how they left three hundred of their men dead, and the rest were glad to gain a refuge within their own walls, while the English continued their way without further interference. The Flemings are reminded how they came before Calais with a hundred and fifty thousand men, when the garrison of Calais were so much afraid of them that they left their gates open; and how they brought ships filled with stones to block up their harbour, which the English broke up and carried off at low water. They are reminded of Goby, the water-bailiff's dog, which "skirmished" with them

Satire on the Flemings.

twice at sea, and many times on the sands. The men of Bruges are reminded how they came out one afternoon to give battle on the plain of St. Pierre, and how many of them were carried into Calais, "tied fast by the fist." The men of Gaunt are reminded how their bulwark was captured, and how they fled from the siege, leaving their ordnance behind them. The Picards fared no better, and behaved just as disgracefully as the others. A song on the siege of Calais, printed in the present volume from a manuscript in the British Museum, is written in much the same tone, but is considerably longer. After a commencement, much in the style of the old English metrical romances of chivalry, as though intended to usher in some notable exploits, we are told how the duke of Burgundy, in his great pride, had made a great assemblage of his power and chivalry from Flanders, Brabant, Burgundy, Picardy, Hainault, and Holland, to the number of more than a hundred thousand men, to make war upon Calais. Their great preparations for the siege are described in the same mock-heroic style; and we are told that, among other things, they had brought nine thousand cocks to crow in the night, and eight thousand cressets to give them light. In Calais, meanwhile, the earl of Mortaign, Sir John Ratcliff, lieutenant of the town, and the baron of Dudley, who commanded the castle, made valiantly their preparations for defence, and did everything to encourage the defenders. The Lord Camois had the charge of Boulogne-gate, and Sir John Aston and Sir Geoffrey "Warbulton" of Milk-gate, but the gates themselves were kept continually open, as an act of defiance to the besiegers. Nevertheless, the soldiers, burgesses, and merchants of Calais posted themselves on the ramparts and in every position in which they could do good service in fighting; and even the women assisted by carrying

On the Siege of Calais.

stones and other missiles to the men on the ramparts, and preparing boiling cauldrons, in case of assault, "all hot to give drink" to the assailants. The duke threatened the south-west corner of the town, and shot "many a great stone" into the place, but without doing much damage; and the French and Flemings were finally obliged to retreat to their camp, closely pursued. The exploits of an Irishman in this pursuit are especially commemorated, as furnishing "a sportful sight;" and the courage of the water-bailiff's dog appears to have furnished matter of especial exultation; he is here said to have played "heigh-go-bye" in every skirmish, and to have spared neither man nor horse. One Thursday the earl of Mortaign fought the Flemings at St. Pierre, in the plain, drove them to their tents, and brought into Calais many prisoners. Next day came the duke's navy, with the "bulged ships," to block up the harbour, but this stratagem failed, and his "castle" was soon afterwards taken and destroyed. Next day, after this mishap, the duke fled with the men of Ghent, and was followed by those of Bruges and Ypres. "Little knows the fool," says the songster in conclusion, "who might choose, what harm it were to "the crown of England good Calais to lose."

THE LIBEL OF ENGLISH POLICY.

The danger of Calais, indeed, seems to have created as much alarm in England as the defeat of the besiegers gave joy, and not only the chance of losing it, but the great importance of England's maritime policy, began more and more to occupy people's minds. It was in the middle of the political agitation of this period, apparently soon after the defeat of the Flemings before Calais, that a writer, whose name is unknown, but who was evidently very intimately acquainted with the commercial affairs of the time, published the remarkable poem entitled "The Libel of "English Policy." The author was a friend of one of

the great warriors and statesmen of the day, Walter baron Hungerford, to whom he showed his book, and whose warm approval of it he received before it was published; and he seems also to have enjoyed the favour of cardinal Beaufort, and to have been intimate with the other great lords of the court. He quotes, as his authorities for facts he states, on one occasion the earl of Ormond, on another, "a good "squier in time of parliament," who in one of the manuscripts is called Hampton, and at another a merchant named Master Richard Barnet. The grand political principle of this writer is that England's power lay on the sea more than on the land, and that she might make her commercial and maritime influence so great as to be able to impose peace on the nations of western Europe. He considers the importance of Calais as an English possession to consist in giving to England the undisputed command of the straits. When, in the year 1416, the emperor Sigismund visited England, to endeavour to effect a peace between Henry V. and the king of France, he had been especially struck with the importance of Calais in this point of view, and advised the king to value the two cities, Calais and Dover, as the two eyes of his maritime power. Taking this anecdote as his text, the author shows how, as the straits of Dover were at that time the only passage for the commerce of western Europe, of which Flanders was the chief mart, England, having the power to forbid the passage and put a stop to the commerce, could compel the countries whose wealth arose from that commerce to keep the peace with her in their own interests. This had been the policy of Edward III. and of Henry V., but now, under Henry VI., it had been neglected, and the English began to be despised by foreign nations. The English coin called the noble, he says, first issued by Edward III., was significant of this

policy, because it bore on one side the king and a sword, and on the other a ship, intimating especially maritime power; but now, he says, the courage and influence of the English on the sea had fallen so low, that the Bretons, Flemings, and others, punning upon the word, said that the English ought to take the ship from their noble and put a pusillanimous sheep in its place. With this introduction, he proceeds to examine, in a most curious and interesting manner, the commercial relations of England with the continental states.

Commerce of Spain and Flanders;

The principal exports of Spain at this time were figs, raisins, the wine called bastard, liquorice, oil of Seville, grain, Castile soap, wax, iron, a coarse cloth called wadmotte, the skins or leather of goats and kids, saffron, and quicksilver. These were shipped to the port of Sluys, for the great commercial mart of Bruges, and in return the Spanish merchants carried home the fine cloths manufactured in the Low Countries. Here, then, we are told were two ways in which the influence of England might be exerted on Flanders and Spain. In the first place, if she shut up the passage of the straits, the trade between the two countries would be stopped entirely. In the second place, although the English weavers had not yet learnt the art of making fine cloths themselves, yet the English wools were so much superior to those of every other country, that the Flemings could not make fine cloths without them; and if England stopped the exportation of her wools, the manufacturers of Flanders would be utterly ruined. Flanders, therefore, could not permanently be at war with England without the entire ruin of her population, and that would ruin equally the commerce of Spain, so that peace with England would be absolutely necessary to both. It is true that wool was also one of the great articles of Spanish produce, but not only were the Spaniards

obliged to carry their wool to Flanders to be made into cloth, but it was in itself of so poor a quality, that it was good for little unless mixed with English wool. The Flemings could not live without this foreign trade, of which their country was a sort of central and general mart; for the agricultural produce of Flanders in a year was not sufficient to keep its population alive one month. The commercial intercourse between England and Portugal was very intimate and friendly. The chief exports of Portugal were wine of different kinds, oil, wax, grain, figs, raisins, honey, cordewain (or shoe-leather), dates, salt, and hides. They, however, like the others, were not to be allowed to pass through the straits freely in time of war; for the duke of Burgundy seems to have been considered as the arbiter of the wars in western Europe at this time; and it is assumed that, by stopping all commerce with Flanders in time of war, either by foes or friends, England would compel that prince to be her ally. The commerce of Britany also was of some importance, consisting chiefly in salt, wines a fine linen cloth known by the name of creste-cloth, and canvas, but it was carried on principally through Flanders, and might, therefore, be easily stopped if England were master of the sea. But the Breton navigators, and especially those of St. Malo were notorious at this time for their piracies, and had little claim upon English sympathies, for they had not only plundered our merchant shipping at sea, but they landed unawares on our coasts, and burnt and plundered the coast towns with impunity. Former kings had taken energetic measures against such insults, and an anecdote is told of the maritime policy of Edward III., in whose time the piratical propensities of the Bretons were equally notorious. Edward and the duke of Brittany were at war, but a peace having at last been concluded, the English merchants

of Portugal;

of Britany.

repaired to Britany, expecting the due protection given to the ships of friendly states, but, to their dismay, they were attacked by the Breton navy, and taken and plundered as in time of war. King Edward, we are told, loved his merchants, and he expostulated with the duke of Britany, who, in reply, alleged somewhat deceitfully that the people of Mont St. Michel and St. Malo were disobedient subjects, and that he could neither restrain them nor be answerable for them. Edward said no more, but enabled the three towns of Dartmouth, Plymouth, and Fowey to fortify themselves, and to send their sailors to make war upon the Breton rovers. They not only defeated these at sea, but they landed in Britany, and committed such ravages that the duke was now obliged to complain, and, as he received an answer similar to that which he had before given, he found himself placed under the necessity of acting with honesty, and he undertook to put a stop in future to the depredations of all his subjects. In proof of the care of Edward III. for the interests of his English merchants, we are told that he passed a statute for the Lombards, compelling them to discharge the merchandise they brought, and charge that which they were to take, within forty days. The importance of this regulation is alluded to afterwards.

Edward III. and the Breton pirates.

Commerce of Scotland;

The exports of the Scots were chiefly fells, or skins, hides, and wool-fleeces, which were carried to Flanders, and the Scottish merchants carried home mercery, haberdashery, cart-wheels, and barrows. The chief marts of the Scots in Flanders were Belle and Popering, which had been recently burnt in the invasion by the duke of Gloucester. Scotland would herself be greatly distressed if England, master of the sea, held a check upon her navigation. From the Germans of Prussia and the Easterlings the Flemings derived their beer, which was one of their great articles of con-

of the Germans and Easterlings;

sumption. The author of this poem takes the occasion of making some rather coarse satirical remarks on the drunken habits of the Flemings, on their cowardly conduct before Calais, and on the punishment they received from the duke of Gloucester. The articles of commerce brought from Germany to the marts of Flanders were very numerous, and comprised, among other things, beer and bacon, a preparation of iron known by the name of osmond, copper, steel, bow-staves, wax, peltry-ware, or skins of wild animals, grey (badgers' fur), pitch, tar, boards, flax, thread of Cologne, fustian, canvas, card-board, buckram, silver plate, and wedges of silver and other metal. The German merchants carried back woollen cloth, and they ventured to the "Bay" in search of salt, so that they too would be affected either by our stopping this branch of commerce at sea, or by our cutting off the supply of fine wool to Flanders. The Italian merchants followed rather a different course of traffic. The Genoese, for instance, came to England with great carracks, laden with cloths of gold, silks, black pepper, woad, and woad-ashes, wool, oil, cotton, rock-alum, and "gold of "Genoa." They took from England the English wools, but instead of carrying them home, they conveyed them to the markets of Flanders, and carried on a second traffic there. The Venetians and Florentines brought to England what our writer calls "things of compla- "cence," meaning mere articles of luxury, under which head are included spicery and grocers' ware, with sweet wines, apes and marmosets (or monkeys), and what he calls "nifles and trifles," things which "blere the eye," and are of no substantial use or profit to the buyers. These merchants also brought in their galleys the foreign drugs which were used in medicinal receipts, which our author thinks might easily be dispensed with, as he suspects that our good English medicinal plants were more efficacious remedies.

of the Genoese;

of the Venetians and Florentines.

Indeed, he was evidently of opinion that the commerce with Italy was rather injurious than otherwise, for, in exchange for wares which were of no substantial use, they carried away some of our most valuable commodities, such as cloth, wool, and tin, which we might keep with more advantage at home. Moreover, there was so great a balance in their favour, through our foolish love for these luxuries, that they carried away our money as well as our merchandise. He complains, too, that these Italian merchants followed a system of trading which was as dishonest as it was injurious to our interests. For instance, they obtained the wool and other materials in England on credit, going to Cotswold and other districts where they were produced to buy them up at first hand, and then carried them to Flanders, where they sold them for ready money at a loss of as much as five per cent. on their purchase. This money they lent out on heavy usury, and thus realized a considerable profit out of the money before the term at which they were obliged to pay their debts in England. Practices like these, we are assured, were commonly resorted to, and were very injurious to honest English trade, to remedy which it was desirable that the old law should be resorted to, and that they should be compelled to discharge their merchandize and complete their transactions within forty days. Our author intimates that by thus allowing so much of our commerce to be carried on in foreign bottoms, we had allowed our navy to decline until we were no longer in a condition to repel foreign invasion. In illustration of this part of his subject, he tells us how Denmark, by neglecting her merchants and merchant navy, had fallen entirely from her former prosperity; and he introduces incidentally a few words in praise of the great London merchant, then not very long dead, Richard Whittington, "thrice lord mayor of London." Our writer

complains further, that the indulgence given in England to foreign merchants was not reciprocated to English merchants in other countries. Thus Englishmen, trading to Brabant, were compelled to dispose of their merchandise in fourteen days, and to take within the same space of fourteen days their return cargo, on pain of forfeiting all they had. Nevertheless, it was commonly reported that the English merchants were the great supports of the marts of Brabant, which were frequented by most nations, and that if the English absented themselves the trade would be "full "feeble."

Commerce of Brabant, Zeland, and Hainault.

The merchandise derived from Brabant consisted chiefly of madder and woad for dyers, garlic, onions, and salt fish; while the Dutch procured through Brabant from Calais our skins and wools. This commerce of Brabant was carried on, from Hainault, Burgundy, France, and other parts, by land-carriage, and not by sea; yet, though we had thus not the same means of interrupting it, our merchants were the great support of it, and could always exert a serious influence over it. As an example of the remissness of England in exerting the influence which thus naturally belonged to her, he speaks of the ravages committed on our commerce at that time by the arch-pirate Hankin Lyons, who was suffered to rob on the sea with impunity. The Lombards, he assures us, were themselves a sufficient injury to this land, without any others, and he complains that they obtained impunity by means of gifts and presents bestowed on those in power. It is intimated, somewhat obscurely, that the Lombards promoted secretly the depredations of the sea-rovers, and that people in power connived at them from interested motives.

Ireland, and the necessity of conquering it.

Ireland was rich in products of various kinds, and among the articles of commerce derived thence the author enumerates hides and fish, especially salmon,

hake, and herrings, Irish linen and woollen cloths, a rough cloth called falding, the furs of martens, the hides of deer and other animals of the chase, skins of the otter, squirrel, Irish hare, sheep, lambs, and foxes, as well as of kids and rabbits in great plenty. With such numerous and valuable articles of merchandise, the author argues that there must be a community of interests between Ireland and England, and that the Irish ought to assist us in keeping the command of the sea, which they were bound to do, seeing that the king of England was by inheritance from his forefathers lord of Ireland. He speaks of the great havens and goodly bays of the sister island, such as that of Waterford, and many others, than which English merchants said that there were none better in the world for ships to ride in or for protection against enemies; of the great fertility of the soil; and, further, of its richness in gold and silver ore, which the "wild Irish" were unable to turn to account. A jeweller of London, who had brought gold ore from Ireland, had informed him that, when refined, he had obtained from it pure gold of the most excellent quality. He urges, therefore, that the English government should take care that Ireland were not lost by its negligence, for it was a "buttress and port" to support England, as Wales was another. "God for-"bid," he adds, "but they were all as brothers, and "faithful in one allegiance to the king." He expresses, however, great fears that our power in Ireland was in imminent danger, and declares that it could not be lost without the ruin of England. At the same time he announces his intention of composing a separate book on Ireland and the English policy with regard to that country, which he either never wrote, or it is unfortunately lost. Our possessions in Ireland, he continues, were then so ineffectually defended, that the wild Irish had recently gained upon us as

much as two or three English shires, so that the English ground was but as a small corner compared with the rest. If this were lost, Wales must go too, and then both would become our enemies and form alliances with Scotland, Spain, and other countries, against us. The earl of Ormond had assured him that the expenses of one year in the wars in France, if properly employed, were sufficient to reduce the whole of Ireland to obedience within twelve months, and that the money would soon be repaid by the commercial advantages which would be derived from it. Wales also required to be watched with the utmost vigilance, if we would not leave it to be a cause of weeping to our children's children. Men who knew the people were in continual apprehension of their rebellion. Wales.

The mariners of Scarborough had long been in the habit of visiting the "coasts cold" of the north, and had monopolized a trade in stockfish with Iceland, of which island this seem to have been the only export; but within twelve years before this treatise was written, that is, about the year 1424, the merchants of Bristol had found their way thither, "by nedle and by stone," or, in other words, by the guidance of the mariner's compass, and had shared in this trade, and so many ships had visited Iceland during the season in which the author compiled his book that they could not obtain cargoes sufficient to clear their expenses. Commerce with Iceland.

Having thus described the products and commercial position of the different countries with which England was in relation, the author of the Libel of English Policy returns to the question of keeping possession of the passage of the straits. He dwells at some length on the importance of securing Calais, quoting the same lines which conclude the song we have printed on the siege of that town, which seem to have been then proverbial. He fears that the ears of men Importance of Calais.

then in power were not sufficiently open to warning, and laments over the losses of Harfleur and Rouen. In further proof of the care with which our wisest kings had provided for retaining the superiority over other nations on the sea, the story of king Edgar and his fleet is given from the old chronicles, and the writer quotes the examples of Edward III. and Henry V. King Edward, who won Calais, was able by the strength of his fleet to beleaguer it on all sides, by sea as well as by land; whereas the duke of Burgundy, in his late siege, had been obliged to leave it open to the sea, through the insufficiency of his naval force. As to Henry V., he says, what was the object of all the great ships he caused to be built at Southampton, so much larger than any of the ships of the merchant navy, such as the "Trinity," the "Grace," the "Holy Ghost," and others which are now lost? What was the king's intention with these but to make himself master of the sea? When Harfleur was attempted in his time, and the enemy brought a great fleet to attack it by sea, this fleet was destroyed by the English navy under the duke of Bedford. These reflections lead the writer into a warm eulogy of the greatness of character of the late king, Henry V. Had he lived, his great ships would not have been built in vain, but England would at this time have been undisputed mistress of the sea, instead of lamenting over the successive losses of his conquests. In conclusion, the lords of the king's council are urged to unite together in devising measures for the establishment of our supremacy on the sea, not only on account of the importance of that supremacy in a commercial point of view, but because it would prove the surest means of establishing an honourable and permanent peace with other countries. Such, in a brief abstract, is the poem entitled the "Libel of English "Policy," published at a very interesting period in

our national annals, and remarkable both for the sort of information it gives us, and for the political views entertained by its author.

At the moment when this poem was published, the personal dissensions were showing themselves at the English court, which afterwards took a more definite form, and inundated the kingdom with blood. The quarrel between the duke of Gloucester and cardinal Beaufort had compelled the duke of Bedford to quit his government in France at a very critical moment, in order to return to England to pacify their feuds. Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, the fourth son of Henry IV., and now, since the death of the duke of Bedford, heir-apparent to the crown, was a great favourite of the people, and was called popularly the "good duke Humphrey." He had been appointed, under the regency of the duke of Bedford, protector of England during the king's minority. He had greatly embarrassed our foreign relations by an impolitic marriage with Jacqueline, countess of Holland, who was already married to the duke of Brabant, but, when the countess's second marriage was declared void by the pope, duke Humphrey married a lady who had already lived with him as his mistress, Eleanor, daughter of Reginald lord Cobham, to whom he appears to have been much attached. The timely relief of Calais in 1436, and the subsequent invasion of the territory of the duke of Burgundy, had increased the "good duke's" popularity, to the great disappointment of the party opposed to him, who looked forward eagerly to an opportunity of revenging themselves. Their vengeance was first wreaked upon his duchess, Eleanor, his marriage with whom had been a cause of considerable scandal. Duke Humphrey was a patron of literature, and especially of science; he was the founder of what was afterwards the Bodleian Library; and he maintained an intimate intercourse

Humphrey duke of Gloucester

with learned men. Among those whom he thus patronised was a clerk or ecclesiastic named Roger Bolingbroke, a man very learned in astronomy, or, as it was then called, astrology, and other sciences, who was permanently established in the duke's household as his chaplain. The ill-feeling between Gloucester and cardinal Beaufort had never really ceased, and it broke out with violence in 1440, in a quarrel relating to the delivery of the duke of Orleans from his long imprisonment, in which Humphrey was obliged to yield.

Pretended conspiracy to bewitch the king.

Soon after this an accusation was brought against his duchess of having employed witchcraft to compass the young king's death, and she and Roger Bolingbroke were placed under arrest. Three other persons were thrown into prison at the same time, as accomplices in the conspiracy, a priest and canon of Westminster, another priest, named John Hum, and a person named Margery Jourdain, better known as the witch of Eye. The duchess was examined before a council of the English prelates, in St. Stephen's chapel in Westminster, on the charge of having had an image in wax made by these necromancers, as they were all judged to be, by which the king's death was to be effected. Dame Eleanor was an ambitious woman, and she, perhaps, superstitiously consulted some of these supposed magicians, to know how long the king would live, and whether she were destined to become queen of England; but the evidence against her seems to have been of a very unsubstantial character. Yet both she and her reputed accomplices were found guilty; and, while most of them were publicly executed, the duchess of Gloucester was condemned to a humiliating penance, and to imprisonment for life in the Isle of Man. The duchess Eleanor does not appear to have shared the popularity of her husband, yet her misfortunes can hardly have failed to excite some degree of public sympathy. The only monument of it with

which we are acquainted is the ballad printed in the present volume, which, though preserved in a manuscript perhaps written nearly half a century later, has all the appearance of a contemporary composition. The duchess is introduced lamenting over her fall, and ascribing it to her pride and vain-glory. She regrets her high estate, and the reverence she had once commanded, tells how she was carried before the council at Westminster, where the king himself was present to hear her case; and, though according to the law she had incurred sentence of death, and "some men sought to "have it executed," he took pity on her, and prevented it. She was then examined before the two cardinals (Beaufort and Kempe), five bishops, and others of the spirituality, who, on her confession, enjoined her penance, in accordance with which she went barefoot through the principal streets of London. She takes her leave sorrowfully of London, of Greenwich (where the duke had a noble palace), and of other fair places "on Thames' side;" and of all her worldly wealth—her robes of damask and cloths of gold, and other rich dresses, her minstrels and music, and "all joy "and lustiness." The duke of Gloucester is said to have borne this injury with patience, but his enemies were not pacified, and there were other persecutions in store for him.

Lament of the Duchess of Gloucester.

There had been frequent rumours of negotiations for peace, and some vain attempts had been made to treat, for all became wearied by these long and costly wars, but the peace party was not altogether the popular one. The people, however they complained of the burdens of the war, felt too much the humiliation of the recent reverses to give up the hope of recovering the brilliant conquests of Henry V.; while the men who now directed the measures of the court, conscious of inability, and perhaps of neglect, dreaded the continuation of disasters, the effect of which was

Negotiations for peace.

to make them every day personally more unpopular.

On the Prospect of Peace.

Two poems by Lydgate, here printed, seem to have been intended to promote the feeling in favour of peace thus desired by the ministers. The first consists chiefly of a general eulogy of peace, and concludes in wishing for a speedy peace between England and France.

On the Truce of 1444.

The second is equally indefinite in its language, though it contains more general allusions to the condition of the country; it appears to have been written at the time of the truce with France in 1444, and it contains something like an intimation of distrust at the treaty then in agitation. The year following saw the conclusion of this treaty, and the marriage of the young king with Margaret of Anjou, whose favouritism and spirit of political intrigue hastened the crisis which the disputes and jealousies of the feudal aristocracy of England were already preparing. One of its first results was the death of the duke of Gloucester, while attending the parliament at Bury St. Edmund's, in 1446, under circumstances which justify a strong suspicion that he was murdered, and the popular party did not hesitate in laying the crime to the charge of the queen and her favourite Suffolk. Gloucester's old rival and opponent, cardinal Beaufort, followed him to the grave in 1447. The great chiefs who had continued to labour with some success in keeping together the remains of the English power in France were now nearly all dead or unemployed, and disasters followed one another in rapid succession in that country, and increased the exasperation of the popular party at home. Normandy was invaded, and Rouen, Caen, and the other places held by English garrisons in that duchy, fell into the hands of the French. Amid the agitation caused in England by these events, songs and poetry, as a means of promoting the general discontent and spreading the spirit of resistance to the government which was then

beginning to manifest itself, were used more largely, and assumed a bolder character. A few of these have been accidentally preserved, and afford extremely interesting illustrations of the history of the turbulent reign of Henry VI., though they are full of minute allusions which it would require very extensive research, and would, perhaps, now be hardly possible, to explain.

There is, among the charters in the Cottonian Library in the British Museum, a roll of vellum, marked ii. 23, which has belonged to a partizan of the popular cause at the time of the proceedings against the duke of Suffolk and Cade's rebellion, that is, in the years 1450 and 1451. This individual, whoever he was, has copied into his roll a great variety of political matter, such as a copy of the articles against the duke of Suffolk, the written demands of the commons of Kent assembled under Jack Cade, lists of persons involved in some of the events of the time, the duke of York's declaration to the king, one or two rather long metrical prophecies, and interspersed with the others a few political songs, which are printed in the present volume. The earliest of these, which may be as old as the year 1449, is a sort of lament over the state of our foreign affairs. The writer tells with regret how the old warriors who had established our continental power were dead, and how the work they had raised was falling to pieces; how the king was led by courtiers who cared not for the interests of their country; and how the duke of York, who was now becoming the popular hero, had been obliged to retire into Ireland to consult his own safety. In these political troubles it was customary to speak of the leaders by their signs or badges, which were as well known as their names or titles, and which had the advantage of being more comprehensive, as they were worn by their followers, who were thus recognized at a glance. The song of

ON THE POPULAR DISCONTENT AT THE DISASTERS IN FRANCE.

which I am speaking has a peculiar interest from the circumstance that, while the badges only are given in the text, an interlinear gloss in the manuscript has placed over them the name of the individual to whom each belongs. The next of these songs is a chant of joy on the committal of the duke of Suffolk, here designated as the fox, and as Jack Napes, the popular name for a monkey. Suffolk is accused of having "tied Talbot our dog," meaning, I presume, that he had designedly left him without the means of carrying on the war effectually. He is further charged with the murder of the duke of Gloucester; and it is recommended that his enemy, the earl of Salisbury, should be his confessor, and that he should be forthwith hanged at Tyburn. Some rather obscure lines at the end contain another allusion to the retreat of the duke of York to Ireland.

On the Arrest of the Duke of Suffolk.

On Bishop Boothe.

The third of the songs from the Cottonian Roll is directed against the unpopular prelate, bishop Boothe, who had been promoted entirely by court favour during the time that Suffolk was the favourite. William Boothe had been originally a jurist, but he subsequently embraced the clerical profession, and in 1447 obtained the bishopric of Coventry and Litchfield. The first Norman bishop of Litchfield had removed the see to Chester, and hence, although his successor carried it back (or, at least, took it to Coventry, from whence it was half restored to Litchfield), it continued long to be popularly called the bishopric of Chester. In these popular songs Boothe is always called bishop of Chester, and he is spoken of by that title in documents of a more serious character.[1] In this song

[1] As in the following list of unpopular persons "endited" at Rochester, which is given in the same Cottonian Roll, ii. 23, from which these songs are taken :—

"These ben the namys that were enditede at Rowchestre afore the cardynalle of Yorke, bysshoppe of Canturbury, and the duke of Bokyngham, etc., in the feste of the

Boothe is accused of having obtained his bishopric by simony; and the writer of it seems also to charge him with ignorance, for he tells him to leave "prac- "tising on the privity of prince's power," to follow the plough, or to become a carter. The bishop is charged with usury, as well as simony, and of paying little attention to his clerical duties. The covetousness of men in power, he says, was the ruin of ancient Rome, and such was likely to be the case in England also. The bishop is spoken of in this song as an old man, suffering from palsy, and as nevertheless sacrificing his duties to his personal interest, in "praying for

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Assumpcioun of oure lady and (?) festo Laurencii, anno r. r. Henrici xxix°.

Johan Suttone de Duddeleye in com. Stafforde, alias dictus Johan Suttone miles de Londone, 2.

Johan Trevyliane, nuper de Londone, armiger, 2.

Johan Say, nuper de Londone, armiger, 2.

Alicia de la Poole, nuper uxor Willelmi Poole ducis Suffolciæ, nuper de Newelme in comitatu Oxon., 2.

Johannes Polsforde, nuper de London., armiger, 2.

Thomas Kent, de London., gentyllmane, alias dictus T. K. clericus consilii domini regis, 2.

Johan Penycole, nuper de London., armiger.

Thomas Hoo, de Hastynge in comitatu Sussex., miles, of, 2.

Reginaldus abbas Sancti Petri Gloucestriæ, of, 2.

Jacobus Ffynys, dominus de Say, j.

T. Stanley, miles, of, j.

Edmundus Hongurforde, of, j.

Willelmus Minors, armiger, j.

Edmundus Hampdene, miles, j.

John Halle, armiger, j.

Thomas Danielle, armiger, j.

Thomas Thorppe, gentilman, j.

Johan Blakeney, gentilmane, j.

Dominus Johannes Fforstkew, of, j. miles.

Johannes Gargrave, j.

Walter Liarde, episcopus Norwic., j.

Ricardus Wodvile, dominus de Ryvers, j.

Robertus Manselde, armiger, j.

Maister Johan Somers, j.

Edwardus Grymstone, armiger, j

Willelmus Booth, episcopus Cestriæ, j.

Johannes Stanley, armiger, j.

Palmere.

Tressame.

Faumpage.

Gryswolde.

2. Hamptone essquiere, rest.

2. Hargrave in the Towre."

" the party that all the world cried out on." The voice of the oppressed, we are told, complained of the prince, " and of the priest eke," and he warns them of approaching vengeance. As an example of how little was gained by the givers of false judgments, he reminds him of the case of Trevilian. After some further reflections on the evil-doing and treasonable designs of the bishop's "sect," or party, and an appeal to God to guide the king better than he had been guided, and to rescue him from the influence of men like the earl of Suffolk, " and from all his foes," the writer of the song calls upon Boothe to bridle himself and not be too bold, and above all things to " cast away covet- " ousness." In 1453 Boothe was further promoted to the archbishopric of York, and he died in 1464.

A WARNING TO KING HENRY.

The next of these popular compositions is addressed to the lords of the court, and contains a warning for the king himself. The courtiers who ruled the king are called upon to restore the grants they had obtained from him, for they had reduced him to such poverty that he was obliged to " beg from door " to door " through his tax-gatherers. The lord treasurer Say and Daniel are exhorted to set the first example of this good work. Untruth, oppression, and evil-doing prevailed throughout the land much more than the king knew; but vengeance was at hand. The " traitors " believed that they were too cunning to be caught, and that their opponents had not the power to punish them; but, says the writer, " we " swear by him that harrowed hell that they shall " remain no longer in their heresy and false belief." So poor a king and such rich nobles were never seen before; while the commons could support their burdens no longer, in spite of the resolution of the lord Say to tread them under foot. The earl of Suffolk had sold Normandy, and now sought to make the king take upon himself the blame of his treason. It

was evident that Suffolk was taking advantage of the king's innocence, and, unless the commons of England came to the assistance of their liege lord, that nobleman would usurp the crown. The king would do well to let these traitors no longer go loose, for they were all sworn to hold fast together. The writer concludes with a condemnation of the conduct of the late chancellor Wainflete, bishop of Winchester, and a strong assertion of the truth of what he states concerning the wrongs of the people. This is followed by a short but more direct attack on the duke of Suffolk; and those who support him are warned that, if they did not abandon him and seek popular favour, punishment would overtake them within three months.

VERSES AGAINST THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

The spirited ballad which follows, taken from another manuscript in the British Museum, has for its subject the death of the favourite, the duke of Suffolk. It commemorates the accident by which, in the pleasant month of May, Jack Napes, as the favourite is here termed, who had gone to sea to be a mariner, was arrested by death on the way; and how Nicholas, which was the name of the ship which stopped him, and was possibly taken by the writer for the name of a person (unless it were the name of the ship's commander), volunteered to be his confessor. The principal ecclesiastics and laymen are introduced taking different parts in the exequies of the deceased favourite. Among the ecclesiastics thus introduced are two who appear to have been especially unpopular, the bishops of Coventry and Litchfield (already mentioned) and of Norwich. It is worthy of remark that the latter is here called Walter Liard, instead of Walter Hart, which is the name by which he is known in all our lists of bishops. Nevertheless he is also undoubtedly named Liarde in the list of persons indicted at Rochester, given in the note on page lvii. of

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

this Introduction. In some lists of the bishop of Norwich he is called Hart or Le Hart.

In the present volume these songs are followed by a few short poems, more general in their satire, most of which appear to have been written just before the civil wars between the rival houses of York and Lancaster. They are found scattered through contemporary manuscripts in different collections. The first of these complains in general terms of the absence of wisdom and truth from the state, and the prevalence of falsehood and guile. So completely was the just order of things overthrown, that, the writer says, it might be well said, that the blind man was guided by him who could not see, or, in the language of the time, "the "bysom ledys the blynde," and this proverb is made the burden of the song. The writer complains, among many other griefs, that poor men were raised to be peers of the land, and that maintainers, or men who supported their dependants in doing wrong, and men ignorant of the laws, were made the dispensers of justice; that robbers and men who only looked to their private gain were established in the place of righteousness; that in the consistory courts the officials and deans sold their judgments for money; that friars, contrary to nature, were made confessors to the chief ladies of the land; that the prelates made a traffic of holy church, selling their pardons and absolutions; that the holiness which prevailed among them "came out of hell;" and that the commons loved not the great. Sin thus reigned supreme, and it was to be feared that evils would fall upon the land such as those which had been brought by sin upon France and Flanders. The next of these pieces is similar to the other in purpose and tone. It professes to show "how mischance (or misfortune) reigns "in England;" and in the same way ascribes it to the sins of all ranks and of all classes of society.

ON THE CORRUPTIONS OF THE TIMES.

All this time the persecution of the Lollards continued, though we hear perhaps less of them in consequence of the preoccupation of men's minds with the political crisis. The first piece here given is curious as being a ballad against the religious reformers, and belongs probably to the earlier part of the reign of Henry VI., or perhaps to that of Henry V. The writer pretends that, till lately, he did not know what "Lollards" were, but now that he did know it, he was astonished that anybody should be so unwise as to incur the risk of being burnt by meddling with questions which they did not understand. Above all things, he says, it was contrary to nature for a knight, whose business it was to defend castles for his king, to "babble" about the Bible day and night. It is hardly necessary to say that the allusion is to Sir John Oldcastle, the martyr, whose name was long a sort of watchword among the persecuted Wycliffites. The allusion becomes more pointed as we go on. It is not worth the wages, he continues, to remain with such a captain, who is but an "old castle," all in ruin, and who secretly laboured to raise tumults against the king and his clergy. After representing the Lollards as wolves who had introduced themselves treacherously among the sheep, he proceeds again with his punning sarcasm. The castle, he pretends, the walls of which were overthrown, was not fit for a king's residence, especially when the captain had fled, and forsaken bow and spear, in order to "creep from "knighthood into clergy." "For I trow," he adds, "there is no knight alive who would have done so "open a shame, for it is no gentleman's game to "study or dispute in that craft." The writer calls for the execution of the law upon men who, he intimates, only sought riot and robbery under pretence of religious reform; and he blames their contempt for images, their want of reverence for the saints who

AGAINST THE LOLLARDS.

had been canonized by the church, adding an allusion to some recent occurrence in Kent, where the Wycliffites had beheaded the image of St. James. In some rather obscure Latin rhyming verses, preserved in a contemporary manuscript belonging to the library of Merton College, Oxford, the king is called upon to protect the clergy againgst the attacks of the laity, and the people are blamed for their ingratitude towards their sovereign. A short metrical prophecy follows, which is more obscure in its English than the Latin verses which precede. We are informed that certain disastrous occurrences are to take place, and among them a battle on the banks of the Humber, "when "Rome shall be removed into England, and every "priest shall have the pope's power in hand." Another short poem, from a manuscript in Trinity College, Cambridge, is written in alternate lines of English and Latin, and presents a very violent attack upon the friars. They are accused of leading people to hell, and of being themselves possessed by the seven mortal sins. They were, according to this account, false and deceitful, and extremely immoral, so that it was dangerous for a man who had wife or daughters to let them enter his house. No lord could afford to build such a house as these men, who pretended to live by begging, erected for themselves, so that you might imagine them to be coiners, and therefore traitors to the king. Another short English poem of the same age, after exclaiming against the extravagant apparel of the courtiers and "proud gallants," again attacks the church and the "pope-holy" priests, whose conduct was the reverse of their preaching, who obtained advancement by simony, and who were as proud and extravagant in dress as the courtiers. They are admonished to keep within their monasteries, instead of wandering about; and not to reprove other people till they set a better example themselves. If

To the King.

A Political Prophecy.

Against the Friars.

On the Corruption of Public Manners.

they did their duty as they ought, they might restore peace to the land. Two or three shorter scraps in English verse may be classed under the head of epigrams. One makes love complain of being exiled by envy, and ascribes it to the long beards which people wore hanging down to the breast. Another states that England had been ruined by extravagance in dress, great oaths, bribery, flatterers, and false deeds. A third describes England as in a state of universal contention, and says that the land contained much people of light consciences; many knights, who had little power; many laws, with little justice; many acts of parliament, and few of them properly kept; little charity, but much flattery; many a penniless gallant; great show of living, upon small wages; and many gentlemen, but few pages or servants. A few lines in Latin, on the same subject, follow.

EPIGRAMS ON THE PUBLIC EXTRAVAGANCE.

ON THE TIMES.

When we return again to the poems on political events, we meet with an almost solitary example of a ballad, the subject and tone of which are of a more cheering character. The first battle of St. Alban's had been fought, and had added family feuds to the political divisions, and everything announced the approach of a sanguinary civil war. But suddenly an outward pacification was effected, and it was arranged that the great lords of the rival factions should mutually forgive each other, and that there should be a public reconciliation. This took place on the 25th of March 1458, when the king and queen and the reconciled chiefs walked in procession to St. Paul's to celebrate so joyful an event. The ballad here printed was written to celebrate this reconciliation. "Charity," it was believed (as we here learn), had at length driven wrath out of the land, and had paved the way for wealth and prosperity. The foreign enemies, who had rejoiced at our divisions, were now "quaking"

ON THE PROCESSION TO ST. PAUL'S.

with fear at the report that peace at home had succeeded division. Sorrow had fled with shame into France, "as a felon that hath forsworne this land," and love had driven out "malicious governance." The great lords had laid aside their feuds, so that England might now enjoy concord and unity. The king and queen, and the great lords, went in friendly procession to St. Paul's on Lady-day, and showed to one another "lovely countenance," which France and Brittany would have cause to rue. It was the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of Winchester who had brought about this "love-day." The ballad ends with an eulogy of the city of London. The contending factions had now become those of York and Lancaster.

The songs from the Dublin manuscript.

A manuscript preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, of a few years' later date than the Cottonian roll, has, like it, a few very interesting political songs, which, with one from another MS. in the same library, were published by Sir Frederic Madden in the twenty-ninth volume of the Archæologia of the Society of Antiquaries. They commence with the date of the public reconciliation just described. The first in date is the single song from the last-mentioned manuscript, where it is stated to have been written in the year 1458, and is the work of a Lancastrian partisan. Henry VI. is represented under the form of a ship, with the young prince Edward for a mast. The ship's light was a blazing cressett, representing the duke of Exeter, and its strong stern was the duke of Somerset. The sail-yard was the earl of Pembroke, the stay the duke of Buckingham; and the shrouds consisted of the lords Devonshire, Grey, Beauchamp of Powik, and Scales. The earl of Northumberland, with Ros, Clifford, and Egremont, formed the sail; the earl of Shrewsbury was the top-mast; and the ship had three good anchors, the lords Beaumont, Welles, and Rivers. St. George is appealed

to for protection for this stately ship. The other Dublin manuscript has belonged, most certainly, to a Yorkist, and it was evidently written during the years 1460 and 1461. The earliest of the songs contained in it, written about the month of May in the former year, gives a list of the Yorkist leaders, and enumerates their qualities. Another commemorates the battle of Northampton, fought on the 10th of July 1460, and appears to have been composed between that time and the month of September. The Yorkists were now again the victorious party, but intrigue was soon active against them, and another of those poems in the Dublin manuscript, composed in the month of December, is a warning to them to be on their guard. A song, printed in the same volume of the Archæologia, from a manuscript in the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth, celebrates the entry of Edward IV. into London, at the beginning of March 1461. The last of the songs in the Dublin manuscript commemorates Edward's decisive victory at Towton.

EPITAPH FOR RICHARD DUKE OF YORK.

To return to the poems printed in the present volume, the death of Richard duke of York, the hero of the earlier period of the wars of the roses, is here commemorated, and his titles and qualities and great actions enumerated, in an epitaph in French verse, stated to have been composed by "Chester the herald."

ON THE CIVIL WARS.

A Latin poem, composed by a rather well known monk of St. Alban's, John de Wethamstede (called sometimes in Latin *Johannes Frumentarius* or *de Loco Frumenti*), soon after the battle of Towton, in not very elegant Latin, gives an account of the previous civil wars as far, chiefly, as they concerned the town and abbey of St. Alban's, and the object of the writer seems to have been to protest against the predatory propensities of the northern troops who formed the army of Margaret of Anjou. He gives his name at the end under the affected concealment of puns, and informs us that when

it was written he was an aged man, and that he was both deaf and blind. His poem begins with an account of the first battle of St. Alban's, in which the Lancastrians were defeated, and their chiefs, the earl of Northumberland and the duke of Somerset, slain. The Lancastrians, the writer tells us, fled like children from the rod and many of them sought refuge in the abbey, and, in their terror, concealed themselves under the stalls of the church, or in any other hiding-places they could find. After the battle the victorious troops of the duke of York fell to plundering the town, and the monk who wrote these verses looks upon it as a miraculous intervention of his patron saint that the king, instead of flying to the abbey, sought refuge in a house in the middle of the town, and thus the abbey escaped plunder. A brief account of the battle of Wakefield, in which the duke of York was slain, follows, and we have then a description of the second battle of St. Alban's, in which the abbey was less fortunate. The monk speaks indignantly, and no doubt feelingly, of the barbarous conduct and rapacity of the northern troops, and narrates with evident joy the arrival and triumph of Edward, and the sanguinary punishment which he inflicted on the northern plunderers on Towton field. The poem concludes with a statement of Edward's claims to the English crown, and a comparison between him and the feeble monarch to whom he had succeeded.

A Political Retrospect.

A poem, in English, written at the commencement of the reign of Edward IV., gives a sort of retrospect of the history of the Lancastrian dynasty, composed in a strongly Yorkist point of view. The author praises highly the prosperous reign of Richard II., and speaks of the base usurpation of Henry of Lancaster, who had dethroned "this righteous king, God's true knight," and thrown him into prison. "The blessed confessor," archbishop Scrope, took his death "full patiently" in

that quarrel. The "said Henry," for his tyranny and usurpation, was struck with leprosy, of which he died. The glory of his son, Henry V., was still too recent, and his name too popular, to allow of his being spoken of with disrespect; and, although he "reigned unright-" fully," he had held up the honour of England. But no language was too strong to describe the bad qualities of his ill-fated son, and more especially of his consort queen Margaret, whose reign had been one of continuous misrule. In speaking of the sanguinary struggle which had paved the way of the house of York to the throne, and which had proved so fatal to the English nobility, the writer of this poem compares England to a garden which had been many years overgrown with weeds, and which required to be "mown down plain" before the "pleasant sweet "herbs" could have a chance of growing. He quotes Edward's victories, and his constant good fortune, as an acknowledgment from heaven of his worthiness and right, and praises highly the earl of Warwick, "the "load-star of knighthood, born of a stock that ever "shall be true."

On the Recovery of the Throne by Edward IV.

Edward's fortune, however, was destined to change once, and Warwick's trueness to be put to a trial in which it failed. The next poem in the present volume, a longer English poem than the preceding, commemorates Edward's return from exile in 1471 to recover his crown.

After at least warm praise of king Edward, the writer tells how, when he landed in Holderness, the people were unwilling to join him, and showed him unkindness. He, however, made his way to York in spite of his enemies, and when the people of that city had a sight of his person, "their malice was "quenched," and they joined him. He proceeded thence to Pontefract, to the great chagrin of the marquis Montague, who durst not meet him. At Coventry

Edward was in want of meat, drink, and lodging for his army, yet he prepared to give battle to the earl of Warwick. He was here reconciled with his brother the duke of Clarence, but he remained long without being able to bring Warwick to fight, until "want of lodging and victual" obliged him to change his quarters, and he proceeded to London. At Daventry, a miracle—"an image which was closed "brake open suddenly"—was manifested in the abbey as a token of victory. The citizens of London received him with great joy, and he there took prisoners "a king and a clerk." He went by water from London to Westminster, where he resumed the crown and sceptre, and offered his devotions at the shrine of St. Edward. The meeting between Edward and his queen and children was very tender, but he was soon called away to meet his enemies in the field. The night before the battle of Barnet witnessed another miraculous sign in Edward's favour, for a bright star was seen to shine over his head. The battle is described at some length, after which the king returned to London, where his presence was very desirable. The bastard Falconberg had collected a multitude of fighting men, with whom he plundered the country round, and attempted to force his way into the capital, but he was successfully resisted by the citizens at London Bridge, the outer gate of which was burnt by the assailants. In another assault they applied gunpowder, as well as fire, and destroyed all the buildings up to the drawbridge, but they could get no further. They also attacked Aldgate, and burnt fair houses there, but the earl of Essex and the aldermen, with the citizens, went out at Bishopsgate, and, falling upon them, put them to flight. The earl of Rivers, too, happening to be in London, did great service, and, placing himself at the head of the citizens, attacked the Kentish men, and defeated and pursued them with great slaughter.

After this defeat the Kentish men dispersed, while king Edward came to London with his forces. The duke of Gloucester, "that noble prince,"—"grace him "followeth, fortune, and good speed,"—with the earl of Pembroke, and the lord chamberlain and others, rode in the king's advanced guard of eight thousand men, and was joyfully received by the citizens. King Edward knighted eight aldermen on the field of battle. The king, accompanied by the duke of Clarence, followed with a smaller division of his army, and was received and welcomed by at least twenty thousand men. They rode through the city to St. Paul's, to offer up thanks for their success. The ballad ends with some lines in praise of Elizabeth, Edward's queen. It is rather curious that the author of this poem, who was evidently a contemporary, and probably a Londoner, should make the bastard Falconberg's attack upon London follow immediately after the battle of Barnet.

On England's Commercial Policy.

The last poem in the present collection is somewhat similar in subject to the Libel of English Policy, from which the first lines are taken, but it is much shorter. Like that poem, its theme is the supremacy which England ought to secure by her navy and commerce. There was no man, the writer says, of whatever degree, who had not absolute need of three things, meat, drink, and clothes. England, he said, possessed all these three articles in abundance, and of one there was a great superfluity, but the people neglected to make the most of this advantage. Other countries produced meat and drink for their inhabitants, but it was clear that they depended upon England for clothing, for merchants from them all came here to purchase either the raw material or the cloth that was made of it. The writer here gives a list of the countries which then traded with England, adding that there were doubtless many others with the names of which he was not

acquainted, for he conjectured that all the nations under heaven, whether Christian or heathen, had need of our English commodities. He recommends that none but wool of the worst quality should be exported; because, as the coarse cloth could only be sold at a low price, while the various processes of making the cloth were nearly as expensive as in the fine cloth, so the profit of this coarse cloth to the makers was very small. The next point to which this writer calls attention makes us acquainted with rather a curious fact. A custom had, he says, been recently introduced among merchants and cloth-makers, which was very unjust and oppressive to the poor workmen, whom they compelled to take half of their wages in merchandise. This plan further enabled the employers to cheat those they employed, by giving them merchandise at a nominal value, which was double its true worth, so that it was an indirect manner of considerably diminishing their wages. Thus, "the poor had the labour, and the rich the gain." The writer demands an ordinance, or act of parliament, to compel the employers to pay the wages of their workmen in money. This system of paying wages in goods seems to have prevailed very extensively, and is represented as not only creating much misery among the poor, but as being in many cases a disadvantage to the employers themselves, and generally to the country, as it prevented the development of the national industry. This, the writer tells us, was especially the case in the mines, and he proposes a rather singular remedy. He asks for the establishment of a mint near the mines, and an ordinance that all the silver brought up should, as soon as it was refined, be coined on the spot, and that the men should receive their pay in this newly-coined money before any of it was carried away. If this were the case, he says, people would be glad to work, and the number of workmen

would be increased tenfold, and necessarily the more workmen were employed in the mines the greater quantity of silver would be derived from them; thus the king himself, and through him the whole kingdom, would be enriched. In the same way, by making all the fine wools into cloth at home, and paying the workmen fairly, money would be brought into the country, and a great source of national wealth transferred from our enemies to ourselves. The suggestions contained in this poem furnish a very interesting illustration of the social condition of the English workman and of the state of English manufactures in the fifteenth century.

This is the last poem of a political character with which I am acquainted which comes within the limits of the present collection. It is hardly necessary to state that the texts in the present volume have been edited, from the original manuscripts, on the same principles which were observed in the former. It may perhaps, however, be right to state that the plan adopted in the first volume was to collect together all the songs and short poems of a political or historical character, belonging to the period, which have been preserved, whether they had been previously printed or not; but as it has been since decided that poems which have previously been printed in works generally known and easy of access, such as the Archæologia, should not be re-edited here, that plan has, to a certain degree, been abandoned in the second volume, and such only have been re-edited as have previously appeared in books less likely to be generally known. I have thought it well at the same time, to prevent any inquirers who may be using this book from overlooking poems which have been printed elsewhere, to notice in the present Introduction all those which have been omitted.

The Glossary of English words given at the end of

the volume has no further pretensions than to assist the reader in understanding the texts. The English poems belong to periods scattered over a century and a half; and they are just of that popular class which present the varying peculiarities of the language, and which contain a great number of words of a popular or trivial character, which perhaps only occur once in the writings with which we are acquainted, and to the exact meaning of which we have hardly any clue. It would be almost impossible, under such circumstances, to attempt anything like a systematic philological dictionary of the English language, as exhibited in these various examples; and I have contented myself with giving an index of the obsolete words or less intelligible forms, and explaining as many of them as I can.

POLITICAL POEMS.

VOL. II.

COMPLIMENTARY VERSES ON KING HENRY IV.[1]

By John Gower.

Sequitur carmen unde magnificus rex noster Henricus prænotatus apud Deum et homines cum omni benedictione glorificetur.

Rex cœli Deus et Dominus, qui tempora solus
  Condidit, et solus condita cuncta regit;
Qui rerum causas ex se produxit, et unum
  In se principium rebus inesse dedit;
Qui dedit ut stabili motu consisteret orbis,
  Fixus in æternum mobilitate sua;
Quique potens verbi produxit adesse creata,
  Quique suæ mentis lege ligavit ea;
Ipse caput regum, reges quo rectificantur,
  Teque tuum regnum, rex pie, quæso regat.
Grata superveniens te misit gratia nobis,
  O sine labe salus, nulla par ante fuit.
Sic tuus adventus nova gaudia sponte reduxit,
  Quo prius in luctu lachryma major erat.
Nos tua milities pavidos relevavit ab imo,
  Quos prius oppressit ponderis omne malum.
Ex probitate tua, quo mors latitabat in umbra
  Vita resurrexit claraque regna regit.

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[1] From MS. Cotton. Tiberius A. iv. fol. 166, r°. It is found in most of the manuscripts of Gower's Latin poems; and has here been collated with a copy in the MS. of Gower's poems in possession of the duke of Sutherland, now preserved at Trentham.

Sic tua sors sortem mediante Deo renovatam
Sanat et emendat, quæ prius ægra fuit.
O pie rex, Christum per se laudamus, et ipsum
Qui tibi nos tribuit terra reviva colit.
Sancta sit illa dies, qua tu tibi regna petisti,
Sanctus et ille Deus qui tibi regna dedit.
Qui tibi prima tulit, confirmet regna futura,
Quo poteris magno magnus honore frui.
Sit tibi progenies ita multiplicata per ævum,
Quod genus inde pium repleat omne solum.
Quicquid in orbe boni fuerit tibi summus ab alto
Donet, ut in terris rex in honore regas.
Omne quod est turpe vacuum discedat, et omne
Est quod honorificum det Deus esse tuum.
Consilium nullum, pie rex, te tangat iniquum,
In quibus occultum scit Deus esse dolum.
Absit avaritia, ne tangat regia corda,
Nec queat in terra proditor esse tua.
Sic tua processus habeat fortuna perennes,
Quo recolant laudes sæcula cuncta tuas.
Nuper ut Augusti fuerant præconia Romæ,
Concinat in gestis Anglia læta tuis.
O tibi, rex, ævo detur fortissime nostro
Semper honorata sceptra tenere manu.
Stes ita magnanimus quod ubi tua regna gubernas,
Terreat has partes hostica nulla manus.
Augeat imperium tibi Christus et augeat annos,
Protegat et nostras aucta corona fores.
Sit tibi pax finis, domito domineris in orbe,
Cunctaque sint humeris inferiora tuis.
Sic honor et virtus, laus, gloria, paxque, potestas,
Teque tuum regnum magnificare queant.
Cordis amore boni, pie rex, mea vota paravi,
Corpore cum nequii servio mente tibi.
Ergo tuæ laudique tuo geniflexus honori
Verba loco doni pauper habenda tuli
Est tamen ista mei, pie rex, sententia verbi,
Fine tui regni sint tibi regna poli.

H. aquilæ pullus quo nunquam gratior ullus,
Hostes confregitque tyrannica colla subegit.
H. aquilæ cepit oleum quo regna recepit,
Sic veteri juncta stipiti nova stirps redit uncta.

Epistola brevis unde virtutes regiæ morales ad sanum regimen ampliori memoria dirigantur.

O recolende bone, pie rex Henrice, patrone, — Nota de justitia.
Ad bona dispone quos eripis a Pharaone.
Noxia depone quibus est humus hæc in agone
Regni personæ quo vivant sub ratione.
Pacem compone, vires moderare coronæ,
Legibus impone frænum sine conditione,
Firmaque sermone jura tenere mone.
Rex confirmatus licet undique magnificatus, — Nota de regimine.
Sub Christo gratus, vivas tamen immaculatus.
Est tibi prælatus, comes et baro, villa, senatus,
Miles et armatus, sub lege sua moderatus.
Dirige quosque status, maneas quo pacificatus,
Invidus, elatus, nec avarus erit sociatus.
Sic eris ornatus, purus ad omne latus.
Hæc ut amans quibit Gower, pie rex, tibi scribit; — Nota de pietate.
Quo pietas ibit, ibi gratia nulla peribit,
Qui bone describit, semet mala nulla subibit,
Sed pius exibitque Dei pietate redibit.
Sic qui transibit, opus et pietatis adibit,
Hunc Deus ascribit, quod ab hoste perire nequibit;
Et sic finibit, quia pia vota bibit.
Quanto regalis honor est tibi plus generalis, — Nota de contemplatione.
Tanto moralis virtus tibi sit specialis.
Sit tibi carnalis in mundo regula qualis
Est tibi mentalis in Christo spiritualis.
Si fuerit talis, tua chronica perpetualis
Tunc erit æqualis perfectaque materialis.
Rex immortalis te regat absque malis.

Address of John Gower to Henry IV.[1]

Electus Christi, pie rex Henrice, fuisti,
Qui bene venisti cum propria regna petisti;
Tu mala vicistique bonis bona restituisti,
Et populo tristi nova gaudia contribuisti.
Est mihi spes lata quod adhuc per te renovata
Succedent fata veteri probitate beata.
Est tibi nam grata gratia sponte data.

O worthi noble kyng Henry the ferthe,
In whom the glade fortune is befalle
The poeple to governe uppon erthe,
God hath the chose in comfort of ous alle,
The worschipe of this lond, which was doun falle,
Now stant upriht thurgh grace of thi goodnesse,
Which every man is holde for to blesse.

The high God, of his justice allone,
The right which longeth to thi regalie
Declared hath to stonde in thi persone;
And more than God may no man justifie.
Thi title is knowe uppon thin ancestrie,
The londes folk hath ek thy riht affermed;
So stant thi regne, of God and man confermed.

Ther is no man mai seie in other wise
That God him self ne hath the riht declared,
Whereof the lond is boun to thi servise,
Which for defalte of help hath longe cared;
But now ther is no mannes herte spared,
To love and serve, and wirche thi plesance,
And al is this thurgh Godes pourveiance.

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[1] This poem was inserted in the old black-letter editions in folio of the collected works of Chaucer. It is here printed from a contemporary manuscript in the possession of his grace the duke of Sutherland.

In alle thing which is of God begonne,
Ther folwith grace, if it be wele governed;
Thus tellen thei whiche olde bookes conne,
Whereof, my lord, y wot wel thou art lerned.
Axe of thi God, so schalt thou noght be werned
Of no reqwest, which is resonable;
Ffor God unto the goode is favorable.

King Salomon, which hadde at his axinge
Of God what thing him was levest to crave,
He ches wisdom unto the governynge
Of Goddis folk, the whiche he wolde save,
And as he ches it fel him for to have;
Ffor thurgh his wit, whil that his regne laste,
He gat him pes and reste unto the laste.

Bot Alisaundre, as telleth his histoire,
Unto the God besoghte in other weie,
Of all the world to winne the victoire
So that undir his swerd it might obeie;
In werre he hadde al that he wolde preie,
The myghti God behight him that beheste,
The world he wan, and had it of conqweste.

Bot thogh it fel at thilke time so,
That Alisandre his axinge hath achieved,
This sinful world was al paiene tho,
Was non which hath the hihe God believed,
No wonder was thogh thilke world was grieved,
Thogh a tiraunt his pourpos mihte winne;
Al was vengaunce and infortune of sinne.

Bot now the feith of Crist is come aplace
Among the princes in this erthe hiere,
It sit hem wel to do pité and grace;
Bot ȝit it mot be tempred in manere;
Ffor as thei finden cause in the matiere,
Uppon the point, what aftirward betide,
The lawe of riht shal noght be leid aside.

So mai a kyng of werre the viage
Ordeigne and take, as he therto is holde,
To cleime and axe his rightful heritage
In alle places wher it is withholde;
Bot other wise if God him silve wolde
Afferme love and pes betwen the kynges,
Pes is the beste above alle erthely thinges.

Good is teschue werre, and natheles
A kyng may make werre uppon his right;
Ffor of bataille the final ende is pes.
Thus stant the lawe, that a worthi knyght
Uppon his trouthe may go to the fight;
Bot if so were that he myghte chese,
Betre is the pees, of which may no man lese.

To stere peace oghte every man alyve,
Ffirst for to sette his liege lord in reste,
And ek these othre men that thei ne stryve,
Ffor so this world mai stonden ate beste.
What kyng that wolde be the worthieste,
The more he myghte oure dedly werre cesse,
The more he schulde his worthinesse encresse.

Pes is the chief of al the worldes welthe,
And to the heven it ledeth ek the weie;
Pes is of soule and lif the mannes helthe
Of pestilence, and doth the werre aweie.
My liege lord, tak hiede of that y seie,
If wer[illegible]y be lefte, tak pes on honde,
Which may not be withoute Goddis sonde.

With pes stant every creature in reste;
Withoute pes ther may no lif be glad;
Above alle othre good pes is the beste;
Pes hath him self when werre is al bestad;
The pes is sauf, the werre is ever adrad;
Pes is of al charitie the keie,
Which hath the lif and soule for to weie.

My liege lord, if that the list to seche
The sothe ensamples that the werre hath wroght,
Thou schalt wiel hiere of wise mennes speche,
That dedly werre turneth into noght.
Ffor if these olde bokes be wel soght,
Ther myght thou se what thing the werre hath do,
Both of conqueste and conquerour also.

For vein honour, or for the worldes good,
Thei that whilom the stronge werres made,
Wher be thei now, bethenk wel in thi mod;
The day is gone, the nygth is derk and fade,
Her crualté, which mad hem thanne glade,
Thei sorwen now, and yit have noght the more;
The blod is schad, which no man mai restore.

The werre is modir of the wronges alle;
It sleth the prest in holi chirche at masse,
Fforlith the maide, and here flour tofalle;
The werre maketh the grete citee lasse,
And dothe the lawe his reules overpasse.
There is no thing wherof meschef mai growe,
Which is noght caused of the werre, I trowe.

The werre bringth in poverte at hise hieles,
Wherof the comon poeple is sore grieved;
The werre hath set his cart on thilke whieles,
Wher that fortune mai noght be believed.
Ffor whan men wene best to have achieved,
Fulle ofte it is al newe to beginne;
The werre hath no thing siker, thogh he winne.

Forthi, my worthi prince, in Crists halve
As for a part, whos feith thou hast to guide,
Leie to this olde sor a newe salve,
And do the werre awei, what so betide;
Pourchace pes, and sette it be thi side,
And suffre noght thi poeple be devoured;
So schal thi name ever after stonde honoured.

If eny man be now, or ever was,
  Azein the pes thi prevé counseillour,
Lete God been of thi counseil in this cas,
  And putte awei the cruel werreiour.
  Ffor God, which is of man the creatour,
He wolde noght men slowe his creature,
Withoute cause of dedly forfeture.

Wher nedeth most, behoveth most to loke;
  Mi lord, how so thi werres ben withoute
Of time passed, who than hiede toke,
  Good were at hom to se riht wel aboute,
  Ffor evermor the werste is for to doute;
Bot if thou myghtest parfit pes atteigne,
Ther schulde be no cause for to pleigne.

Aboute a kyng good counseil is to preise,
  Above alle othre thinges most vailable;
Bot zit a kyng withinne him self schal peise,
  And se the thinges that ben resonable;
  And theruppon he schal his wittes stable,
Among the men to sette pes in evene,
Ffor love of him which is the kyng of hevene.

Ha! wel is him that schedde never blod,
  Bot if it were in cause of rihtwisnesse.
Ffor if a kyng the peril undirstod,
  What is to sle the poeple, thanne y gesse
  The dedly werres and the hevynesse,
Wherof the pes distourbid is ful ofte,
Schulde at som time cesse and wexe softe.

O kyng, fulfilled of grace and of knyghthode,
  Remembre uppon this point for Cristes sake;
If pes be profred unto thi manhode,
  Thin honour sauf, let it noght be forsake.
  Though thou the werres darst wel undirtake,
Aftir reson zit tempre thi corage,
For lich to pes ther is non avantage.

My worthi lord, thenke wel how so befalle
Of thilke lore, as holi bokes sein,
Crist is the heved, and we ben membres alle,
As wel the subjit as the sovereign;
So sit it wel, that charité be plein,
Which unto God him selve most accordeth,
So as the lore of Cristes word recordeth.

In tholde lawe, er Crist him self was bore,
Among the ten comandementz y rede
How that manslaghtre schulde be forbore;
Such was the wille that time of the Godhede;
But aftirwards, whanne Crist tok his manhede,
Pes was the ferste thing he let do crie
Azein the worldes rancour and envie.

And er Crist wente out of this erthe hiere,
And stigh to hevene, he made his testament,
Wher he beqwath to his disciples there
And ȝaf his pes, which is the foundament
Of charité, withouten whos assent
The worldes pes may never wel be tried,
Ne love kept, ne lawe justefied.

The Jewes with the paiens hadden werre,
Bot thei among hem self stode evere in pes;
Whi schulde thanne oure pes stonde out of herre,
Which Crist hath chose unto his oghne encres?
For Crist is more than was Moises,
And Crist hath set the parfit of the lawe,
The which scholde in no wise be withdrawe.

To ȝive ous pes was cause whi Crist dide,
Withoute pes may no thing stonde availed;
Bot now a man mai sen on everi side,
How Cristes feith is every dai assailed,
With the paiens destruied, and so batailed
That for defalte of help and of defence,
Unethe hath Crist his dewe reverence.

The righte feith to kepe of holy chirche,
The firste point is named of knyghthode;
And everi man is holde for to wirche
Uppon the point which stant to his manhode.
Bot now, helas! the fame is sprad so broode,
That everi man this thing compleigneth,
And ȝit ther is no man which help ordeigneth.

The worldes cause is waited over al,
Ther ben the werres redi to the fulle,
Bot Cristes oghne cause in special,
Ther ben the swerdes and the speres dulle;
And with the sentence of the popes bulle,
As for to do the folk paien obeie,
The chirche is turned al another weie.

It is to wonder above any mannys wit,
Withoute werre how Cristes feith was wonne;
And we that ben uppon this erthe ȝit,
Ne kepe it noght as it was first begonne.
To every creature undir the sonne
Crist bad him self, how that we schulden preche,
And to the folk his evangile teche.

More light it is to kepe than to make;
Bot that we founden made tofore the hond
We kepe noght, bot lete it lightly slake.
The pes of Crist hath al tobroke his bond;
We reste our selve, and soeffrin every lond
To slen ech other, as thing undefendid;
So stant the werre, and pes is noght amendid.

Bot thogh the heved of holy chirche above
Ne do not al his hole businesse
Among the men to sette pes and love,
These kynges oughten of here rightwissnesse
Here oghne cause among hem self redresse;
Thogh Peters schip as now hath lost his stiere,
It lith in hem that barge for to stiere.

If holy cherche after the dueté
Of Cristes word ne be noght al avysed
To make pes, acord, and unité
Among the kinges that ben now devised,
Ȝit natheles the lawe stant assised
Of mannys wit to be so resonable,
Withoute that to stonde hem selve stable.

Of holy chirche we ben children alle,
And every child is holden for to bowe
Unto the modir, how that ever it falle,
Or elles he mot reson desalowe.
And for that cause a knyght schal ferst avowe
The right of holi chirche to defende,
That no man schal the previlege offende.

Thus were it [good] to setten al in evene,
The worldes princes and the prelatz bothe,
Ffor love of him which is the king of hevene;
And if men scholde algate wexe wrothe,
The Sarazins, whiche unto Crist be lothe,
Let men ben armed aȝein hem to fighte,
So mai the knight his dede of armes righte.

Uppon thre pointz stant Cristes pes oppressed;
Ffirst holy chirche is in her silf divided,
Which oughte of reson first to be redressed,
Bot ȝit so highe a cause is noght decided.
And thus whan humble pacience is prided,
The remenaunt, which that thei schulden reule,
No wonder is though it stonde out of reule.

Of that the heved is sick, the limes aken;
These regnes that to Cristes pes belongen,
Ffor worldes good these dedly werres maken,
Which heliples as in balance hongen.
The heved above hem hath noght undirfongen
To sette pes, bot every man sleeth other,
And in this wise hath charité no brother.

The two defaltes bringen in the thridde,
Of miscreantz, that sen how we debate,
Betwene the two thei fallen in amidde,
Wher now al dai thei finde an open gate.
Lo, thus the dedly werre stant algate;
Bot evere y hope of king Henries grace,
That he it is which schal the pes embrace.

My worthi noble prince and kyng enoignt,
Whom God hath of his grace so preserved,
Beholde and se the world uppon this point,
As for thi part, that Cristes pes be served;
So schal thin highe mede be reserved
To him which al schal qwiten ate laste,
Ffor this life hiere mai no while laste.

See Alisandre, Ector, and Julius,
See Machabeu, David, and Josué,
See Charlemeine, Godefroi, Arthus,
Ffulfild of werre and of mortalité,
Here fame abit, bot al is vanité;
Ffor deth, which hath the werres under fote,
Hath made an end of which ther is no bote.

So mai a man the sothe wite and knowe,
That pes is good for every man to have;
The fortune of the werre is evere unknowe,
Bot wher pes is, ther ben the marches save.
That now is [up], to morwe is under grave,
The mighti God hath alle grace in honde,
Withouten him pes mai noght longe stonde.

Off the tenetz to winne or lese a chase,
May no lif wite er that the bal be ronne;
Al stant in God, what thing man schal pourchace,
Thende is in him er that it be begonne.
Men sein the wolle, whanne it is wel sponne,
Doth that the cloth is strong and profitable,
And elles it mai never be durable.

The worldes chaunces uppon aventure
Ben evere sett, bot thilke chaunce of pes
Is so behoveli to the creature,
That it above alle othre is piereles ;
Bot it mai noght begete natheles
Among the men to lasten eny while,
Bot wher the herte is plein withoute guile.

The pes is as it were a sacrement
Tofore the God, and schal with wordes pleine,
Withouten eny double entendement
Be treted, for the trouthe can noght feine;
Bot if the men withinne hem self be veine,
The substance of the pes may noght be trewe,
Bot every dai it chaungeth uppon newe.

Bot who that is of charité perfit,
He voideth alle sleightes ferr aweie,
And sett his word upon the same plit,
Wher that his herte hath found a siker weie;
And thus whan conscience is trewly weie,
And that the pes be handlid with the wise,
It schal abide, and stonde in alle wise.

Thapostle seith, ther mai no lif be good
Which is noght grounded uppon charité,
Ffor charité ne schedde nevere blod;
So hath the werre as ther no proprité.
Ffor thilke vertu which is seid pité
With charité so ferforth is acqweinted,
That in here may no fals semblant be peinted.

Cassodre, whos writinge is auctorized,
Seith, wher that pité regneth ther is grace,
Thurgh which the pes hath al his welthe assised,
So that of werre he dredeth no manace.
Wher pité dwelleth in the same place
Ther mai no dedly cruelté sojorne,
Wherof that merci schulde his wei torne.

To se what pité forth with mercy doth,
The cronique is at Rome in thilke empire
Of Constantin, which is a tale soth;
Whan him was levere his oghne deth desire
Than do the ȝonge children to martire,
Of crualté he lafte the querele,
Pité he wroghte, and pité was his hele.

For thilke mannes pité which he dede,
God was pitous, and mad him hol at al;
Silvestre cam, and in the same stede
ȝaf him baptisme first in special,
Which dide awai the sinne orginal,
And al his lepre it hath so purified
That his pité for ever is magnified.

Pité was cause whi this emperour
Was hol in bodi and in soule bothe;
And Rome also was set in thilke honour
Of Cristes feith, so that the lieue of lothe,
Which hadden be with Crist tofore wrothe,
Resteined were unto Cristes lore;
Thus schal pité be preised evermore.

My worthi liege lord, Henri be name,
Which Engelond hast to governe and righte,
Men oghten wel thi pité to proclame,
Which openliche in al the worldes sighte
Is shewed, with the help of God almighte
To ȝive ous pes, which longe hath be deleated;
Wherof thi pris schal nevere ben abated.

My lord, in whom hath ever ȝit be founde
Pité, withoute spot of violence,
Kep thilke pes alwei withinne bounde
Which God hath planted in thi conscience;
So schal the cronique of thi pacience
Among the seintz be take into memoire,
To the loenge of perdurable gloire.

And to thin erthli pris, so as y can,
Which everi man is holde to commende,
I, Gower, which am al thi liege man,
This lettre unto thin excellence y sende,
As y which evere unto my lives ende
Wol praie for the stat of thi persone,
In worschipe of thi sceptre and of thi throne.

Noght only to my king of pes y write,
Bot to these othre princes cristene alle,
That ech of hem his oghne herte endite,
And sese the werre er mor meschiefe falle.
Sette ek the rightful pope uppon his stalle,
Kep charité, and draugh pité to honde,
Maintene lawe, and so the pes schal stonde.

Explicit carmen de pacis commendatione, quod ad laudem et memoriam serenissimi principis domini regis Henrici quarti suus humilis orator Johannes Gower composuit.

Henrici quarti primus regni fuit annus
Quo mihi defecit visus ad acta mea.
Omnia tempus habent, finem natura ministrat,
Quem virtute sua frangere nemo potest.
Ultra posse nihil quamvis mihi velle remansit,
Amplius ut scribam non mihi posse manet.
Dum potui scripsi, sed nunc, quia torva senectus
Turbavit sensus, scripta relinquo scholis.
Scribat qui veniet post me discretior alter,
Amodo namque manus et mea penna silent.
Hoc tamen in fine verborum quæso meorum,
Prospera quod statuat regna futura Deus.

Explicit.

JACKE UPLAND.[1]

1401.

I, Jacke Upland, make my mone to very God,
and to all true in Christ,
that Antichrist and his disciples,
by colour of holines,
walking and deceiving Christs church
by many false figures,

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[1] This violent attack on the friars by one of the Wycliffite party has been preserved by being inserted in the early printed black-letter folios of the works of Chaucer, from whence it is here printed. The old editor was quite ignorant of the fact that it was composed in alliterative verse, and either he, or some one from whom he had it, has altered it so much, with the view apparently of removing the obscurity which seems to a certain degree inseparable from this class of old English poetry, by using common words for obsolete ones, and adding words and phrases to explain the meaning, that much of the alliteration and rhythm is lost. I give it verbatim from this printed text, except that I have arranged it in lines as nearly as I can make them from a knowledge of the rhythm of this class of versification. A comparison with the alliterative poem which follows will enable us to restore a good deal of it to its original form. The poem alluded to is a reply by a friar to the attacks of Jack Upland, and this latter is accompanied by a rejoinder which contains an allusion which enables us to fix the date of all three. The writer throws in the teeth of his opponent a recent act of justice of Henry IV., who had hanged certain traitorous friars :—

" And the kyng by his juges trwe
" execute his lawe,
" As he did now late,
" Whan he hanged ȝou traytours."

There can be no doubt that this refers to the event thus recorded in Capgrave's Chronicle, p. 278: " About the fest of Pentecost that " same ȝere [May, 1401], certeyn " men whech had conspired the " kyngis deth, &c. . . . a prest . . . " was take at Ware . . . . The " prest for his laboure was hang and " drawe. So was a chanon priour " o Lawne, whech mite a lyved " but for his tunge. So were cer- " teyn religious men, and specialy " of the menouris order, endited of " treason and hanged." It is most probable that all these poems were composed during the year 1401; the last in date of them must have been written very soon after the event just mentioned.

where through (by Antichrist and his) many vertues
been transposed to vices.
But the felliest folke
that ever Antichrist found,
been last brought into the church,
and in a woonder wise;
for they been of diverse sects of Antichrist,
sown of diverse countries and kindreds.
And all men knowne well that
they bee not obedient to bishops,
ne leege men to kings;
neither they tillen ne sowen,
weeden ne reapen,
wood, corn, ne grasse,
neither nothing that man should helpe,
but onely themselves,
their lives to susteine.
And these men han all manner power
of God, as they seyn,
in heaven and in yearth,
to sell heaven and hell
to whom that them liketh;
and these wretches weet never
where to been themselves.
And therefore, freer, if thine order and rules
been grounded on Goddis law,
tell thou mee, Jacke Upland,
that I aske of thee,
and if thou be or thinkest to be on Christes side,
keepe thy paciens.

Saint Paule teacheth that all our deedes
should be do in charitie,
and els it is nought worth,
but displeasing to God,
and harme to oure soules.
And for that freers challenge
to be greatest clerkes of the church,

and next following Christ in living,
men should for charitie
ask them some questions,
and pray them to ground their answeres
in reason and holy writ;
for else their answer would nought be woorth,
be it flourished never so faire,
and, as me thinke, men might skilfully
aske thus of a freer.

1. Freer, how many orders bee in earth?
and which is the perfectest order?
of what order art thou?
who made thine order?
what is thy rule?
is there any perfecter rule
than Christ himself made?
If Christs rule be most perfect,
why rulest thou thee not thereafter?
Without more, why shal a freer
be more punished,
if he break the rule
that his patron made,
than if he break the hests
that God himself made.

2. Approveth Christ any more religions
than one that saint James speaketh of?
If hee approveth no more,
why hast thou left his rule,
and takest another?
Why is a freer apostata,
that leveth his order,
and taketh another sect,
sith there is but one religion of Christ?

3. Why be ye wedded faster to your habits
than a man is to his wife?
For a man may leave his wife for a year or two,
as many men done;

and if you leave your habite a quarter of a yeare,
ye should be holden apostataes.

4. Maketh your habit you
men of religion or no?
If it doe, then ever as it weareth,
your religion weareth;
and after that your habit is better,
your religion is better;
and when yee have liggen it beside,
then lig ye your religion beside you,
and been apostataes.
Why buy ye you so precious clothes,
sith no man seeketh such,
but for vaine glorie,
as saint Gregorie sayth?
What betokeneth your great hood,
your scaplerie,
your knotted girdle,
and your wide cope?

5. Why use ye all one colour
more than other christian men doe?
What betokeneth that ye been clothed
all in one manner clothing?
If yee say it betokeneth
love and charitie,
certes then ye be oft hypocrites,
when any of you hateth another,
and in that that ye wol be said holy
by your clothing.
Why may not a freer weare clothing
of another sect of freers,
sith holinesse stondeth not
in the cloths?

6. Why hold ye silence in one house
more than another,
sith men ought over all to speake the good
and leave the evill?

Why eat you flesh in one house
more than in another,
if your rule and your order be perfect,
and the patron that made it?

7. Why get ye your dispensations
to have it more easie?
Certes either it seemeth
that yee be unperfect,
or he that made it so hard,
that ye may not hold it.
And siker, if ye hold not
the rule of your patrons,
ye be not then her freers,
and so ye lie upon your selves.

8. Why make you as dede men,
when yee be professed,
and yet ye be not dede,
but more quicke beggars than you were before?
And it seemeth evil a dede man
to go about and beg.

9. Why will ye not suffer
your novises hear
your councels in your chapter house,
ere that they have ben professed,
if your councels been true
and after Gods law?

10. Why make yee so costly houses
to dwell in, sith Christ did not so,
and dede men should have but graves,
as falleth it to dede men?
And yet ye have more courts
than many lords of England;
for ye now wenden throgh the realme,
and ech night will lig
in your own courts,
and so mow but right few lords doe.

11. Why heire you to ferme

your limitors,
giving therefore each yeare
a certain rent,
and will not suffer one
in anothers limitation,
right as yee were your selves
lords of countries?
Why be ye not under your bishops visitations,
and leege men to our king?
Why aske ye no letters of bretherheads
of other mens praiers,
as ye desire that other men
should aske letters of you?
If your letters be good,
why grant ye them not generally
to all maner of men,
for the more charitie?

12. Mowe ye make any man
more perfect brether for your prayers,
than God hath by our beleeve,
by our baptisme and his owne grant?
If ye mow, certes,
then ye be above God.
Why make ye men beleeve
that your golden trentall sung of you,
to take therefore ten shillings,
or at least five shillings
will bring soules out of hell,
or out of purgatorie?
If this be sooth, certes,
yee might bring all soules out of paine;
and that wol ye nought,
and then ye be out of charitie.

13. Why make ye men beleeve
that he that is buried
in your habit
shal never come in hel,

and ye weet not of your selfe
whether yee shall to hell or no?
And if this were sooth,
ye should sell your high houses
to make many habites
for to save many mens soules.

14. Why steal ye mens children
for to make hem of your sect,
sith that theft is against Gods hests,
and sith your sect is not perfect?
Yee know not whether the rule that yee bind him to be best for him or worst.

15. Why underneme yee not your brethren
for their trespasse after the law of the gospell,
sith that underneming
is the best that may be?
But ye put them in prison oft,
when they do after Gods law;
and by saint Augustines rule,
if any doe amisse,
and would not amend him,
ye should put him from you.

16. Why coveit ye shrift and burying
of other mens parishens,
and none other sacrament
that falleth to christian folke?
Why busie ye not to heare
to shrift of poore folke,
as well as of rich,
lordes and ladies,
sith they mow have more plentie
of shrift-fathers than poore folke mow?
Why say ye not the gospel
in houses of bedred men,
as ye do in rich mens,
that mowe goe to church and heare the gospell?
Why covet you not to burie

poor folk among you,
sith that they been most holy,
as ye saine that ye ben for your povertie?
17. Why will ye not be at her diriges,
as ye have ben at rich mens,
sith God praiseth him more
than he doth other men?
What is thy prayer worth,
sith thou wilt take therefore?
For all chapmen yee need to bee most wise
for dread of simonie.
What cause hast thou that thou wilt not preach the gospel,
as God saith that thou sholdst,
sith it is the best lore,
and also our beleeve?
Why be ye evill apaid
that secular priestes
should preach the gospell,
sith God himselfe hath bodden hem?
18. Why hate ye the gospell to be preached,
sith ye be so much hold therto?
For ye win more by yeare
with *In principio,*
than with all the rules
that ever your patrones made.
And in this minstrels
ben better than ye;
for they contrarien not
to the mirths that they maken,
but yee contrarien the gospell,
both in word and deed.
19. Freer, when thou receivest a penie
for to say a masse,
whether sellest thou Gods bodie for that penie,
or thy praier, or els thy travell?
If thou saiest thou wolt not travell
for to say the masse but for the penie,

that certes if this be sooth,
then thou lovest too litle meed for thy soule ;
and if thou sellest Gods bodie, other thy prayer,
then it is very simonie,
and art become a chapman worse than Judas,
that sold it for thirtie pence.

20. Why writest thou hir names in thy tables
that yeveth thee mony,
sith God knoweth al thing?
For it semeth by thy writing
that God would not reward him,
but thou writest in thy tables,
God would els forgotten it.
Why bearest thou God in hand,
and slanderest him,
that he begged for his meat,
sith he was lord over all?
For then had he beene unwise,
to have begged and have no need thereto.
Freer, after what lawe
rulest thou thee?
Where findest thou in Gods lawe
that thou shouldest thus beg?

21. What manner men
needeth for to beg?
For whom oweth
such men to beg?
Why beggest thou
so for thy bretheren?
If thou saiest, for they have need,
then thou doest it for the more perfection,
or els for the least,
or els for the meane.
If it be the most perfection of all,
then should all thy brethren do so,
and then no man needed
to beg but for him self,

for so should no man beg
but he needed.
And if it be the least perfection,
why lovest thou then other men
more than thyselfe?
For so thou art not well in charitie,
since thou shouldest seek the more perfection,
after thy power living
thy self most after God;
and thus leaving that imperfection,
thou shouldest not so beg for them.
And if it is a good mean,
thus to beg as thou doest,
then should no man do so,
but they been in this good meane;
and yet such a mean granted to you may never
be grounded on Gods law,
for then both lerid and leaud
that ben in meane degree of this world,
should go about
and beg as ye do.
And if all should do so,
certes well nigh all the world
should go about
and beg as ye done,
and so should there be ten beggers
against one yever.
Why procurest thou men
to yeve the their almes,
and saiest it is so needful,
and thou wilt not thy selfe
win thee that meed.

22. Why wilt thou not beg
for poore bedred men
that bin poorer
than any of your sect,
that liggen and mow not go about

to help him selfes?
Sith we be all brethren in God,
and that bretherhed passeth
any other that ye
or any man could make.
And where most need were,
there were most perfection;
either els yee hold them
not your pure brethren,
but worse, but then ye be
unperfect in your begging.
Why make ye so many
maisters among you,
sith it is against the teaching
of Christ and his apostles?

23. Whose ben all your rich courts that yee han,
and all your rich jewels,
sith ye seyen that ye han nought
ne in proper ne in common?
If ye saine they ben the popes,
why gather yee then of poore men and lords
so much out of the kings hand
to make your pope rich,
And sith ye sain that it is great perfection
to have nought in proper ne in common,
why bee ye so fast about to make
the pope, that is your father, rich,
and put on him imperfection?
Sithen ye saine
that your goods been all his,
and he should by reason
be the most perfect man,
it seemeth openlich
that ye been cursed children
so to slander your father
and make him imperfect.
And if yee saine that the goods be yours,

then do ye ayenst your rule.
And if it be not ayenst your rule,
then might ye have
both plough and cart,
and labour as other good men done,
and not so to beg by losengery,
and idle, as ye done.
If yee say that it is more perfection to beg,
than to travell or to worch with your hand,
why preach ye not openly,
and teach all men to do so,
sith it is the best and most perfect life
to the help of their soules,
as ye make children to beg,
that might have bin rich heirs?
Why make ye not
your feasts to poore men,
and yeveth him yefts,
as yee done to the rich,
sith poore men han
more need than the rich?
What betokeneth that ye goe
tweine and tweine togither?
If ye be out of charitie,
ye accord not in soule.
Why beg ye and take salaries therto
more than other priests,
sith hee that most taketh,
most charge hath?

24. Why hold ye not saint Francis
rule and his testament,
sith Francis saith that God shewed him
this living and this rule?
and certes, if it were Gods will,
the pope might not fordo it,
or els Francis was a lier,
that saied in this wise.

And but this testament that he made
accord with Gods will,
or els erred, he is a lier,
that were out of charitie;
and as the law saith, he is accursed
that letteth the rightful last wil of a dead man.
And this testament is the last will
of Francis that is a dead man;
it seemeth therefore
that all his freers been cursed.

25. Why will ye not touch no coined money
with the crosse ne with the kings head,
as ye done other jewels
both of gold and silver?
Certes if ye despise the crosse,
or the kings head,
then ye be worthy to be despised
of God and the king;
and sith ye will receive money
in your hearts, and not with your hands,
it seemeth that ye hold more holinesse
in your hands than in your hearts,
and then be false to God.

26. Why have ye exempt you from our kings lawes,
and visiting of our bishops,
more than other christen men
that liven in this realme,
if ye be not guiltie of traitorie to our realme,
or trespassers to your bishops?
But ye will have the kings lawes
for the trespasse doe to you,
and ye wil have power of other bishops
more than other priests,
and also have leave to prison your brethren,
as lords in your courts,
more than other folks han
that ben the kings leege men.

27. Why shal some sect of you freers
pay ech a yere a certaine
to her generall provinciall or minister,
or els to her sovereines,
but if he steal a certaine number
of children, as some men saine?
And certes, if this ben sooth,
then yee bee constreined upon certein pain
to do theft, against Gods commaundement,
Non furtum facies.

28. Why be ye so hardie to grant by letters
of fraternitie to men and women,
that they shall have part and merite
of all your good deedes?
And ye weten never whether God bee apayed
with your deeds, because of your sinne.
Also yee witten never whether that man or woman
be in state to bee saved or damned,
then shall he have no merit in heaven
for his owne deeds ne for none other mans.
And all were it so that he should have
part of your good deeds,
yet should hee have no more that God would give him
after that he were worthie;
and so much shall each man have of God's yeft,
without your limitation.
But if ye will say that ye been Gods fellowes,
and that he may nought doe
without your assent,
then be ye blasphemers to God.

29. What betokeneth
that yee have ordeined,
that when such one as ye have made
your brother or sister,
and hath a letter of your seale,
that letter mought bee brought in your holye chapter,

and there be rad,
or els yee will not pray for him.
And but ye willen pray especially
for all other that were not made
your brethren or sistren,
then were ye not in right charitie,
for that ought to be common,
and semely in ghostly things.

30. Freer, what charitie is this,
to overcharge the people by mightie begging,
under colour of preaching,
or praying, or masses singing?
Sith holy write biddeth not thus,
but even the contrarie;
for all such ghostly deedes should be done frely,
as God yeveth them freely.

31. Freer, what charitie is this,
to beguile children
or they commen to discretion,
and bind hem to your orders,
that ben not grounded in Gods law,
agains hir friends will?
Sithen by this follie been many apostataes,
both in will and deed,
and many beene apostataes in hir will
during all her life,
that would gladly be discharged,
if they wist how;
and so many ben apostataes,
that shoulden in other states have been true men.

32. Freer, what charitie is this,
to make so many freers
in every country,
to the charge of the people?
Sith persons and vicars alone,
ye, secular priests alone,
ye, monkes and cannons alone,

with bishops above them,
were ynough to the church
to doe the priests office.
And to adde more than ynough,
is a foule errour,
and great charge to the people,
and this openly against Gods will,
that ordained all thyngs
to be done in weight, number, and measure.
And Christ himselfe was apaied
with twelve apostles and a fewe disciples,
to preach and doe priests office
to all the whole world;
then was it better doe than is nowe at this time,
by a thousand dele.
And right so as foure fingers
with a thombe in a mans hand
helpeth a man to worch,
and double number of fingers in one hand
should let him more;
and so the more number that there were
passing the measure of Gods ordinaunce,
the more were a man letted to worch;
right so, as it seemeth,
it is of these new orders
that ben added to the church,
without ground of holy write and Gods ordinance.

33. Freer, what charity is this,
to the people to lie,
and say that ye follow Christ in povertie
more than other men done?
And yet in curious and costly housing,
and fine and precious clothing,
and delicious and liking feeding,
and in treasure and jewels,
and rich ornaments,
freers passen lords
and other rich worldly men,

and soonest they should bring
her cause about,
be it never so costly,
though Gods law be put abacke.

34. Freer, what charitie is this,
to gather up the books of holy write,
and put hem in tresorie,
and so emprison them
from secular priestes and curats,
and by this cautell
let hem to preach the gospell
freely to the people
without worldly meed,
and also to defame
good priests of heresie,
and lien on hem openly,
for to let hem to show Gods law
by the holy gospell
to the Christian people.

35. Freer, what charitie is this,
to faine so much holines
in your bodily clothing,
that ye clepe your habit,
that many blind fools desiren to die therein
more than in another?
And also that a freer that leveth his habit,
late founden of men,
may not be assoiled
till he take it againe,
but is apostata, as ye saine,
and cursed of God and man both?
The freer beleeveth truth and patience,
chastitie, meeknesse, and sobrietie,
yet for the more part of his life
he may soon be assoiled of his prior;
and if he bring home to his house
much good by the yeare,
bee it never so falsely

begged and pilled
of the poore and needie people
in countries about,
he shall be hold a noble freer;
o Lord, whether this be charitie!

36. Freer, what charity is this,
to prease upon a rich man,
and to intice him to be buried among you
from his parish church,
and to such rich men give letters of fraternitie,
confirmed by your generall seale,
and therby to bear him in hand,
that he shal have part of all your masses,
mattens, preachings,
fastings, wakings,
and all other good deeds
done by your brethren of your order,
both whilest he liveth,
and after that he is dead;
and yet ye witten never whether your deeds
be acceptable to God,
ne whether that man
that hath that letter
be able by good living
to receive any part of your deeds.
And yet a poore man,
that ye wite well or supposen in certen
to have no good of,
ye ne given to such letters,
though he be a better man to God
than such a rich man.
Neverthelesse this poore man
doth not retch therof;
for as men supposen,
such letters, and many other
that freers behoten to men,
be full false deceits of freers,

out of all reason,
and Gods law,
and Christian mens faith.

37. Freer, what charitie is this,
to be confessors of lords and ladies,
and to other mightie men,
and not amend hem in hir living?
but rather, as it seemeth,
to be the bolder
to pill hir poore tenants,
and to live in lechery;
and there to dwell in your office of confessor
for winning of worldlie goods,
and to be hold great
by colour of such ghostly offices?
This seemeth rather pride of freers,
than charitie of God.

38. Freer, what charitie is this,
to fain that who so liveth after your order,
liveth most perfectlie,
and next followeth the state of apostles
in povertie and penance;
and yet the wisest and greatest clerkes of you
wend or send or procure to the court of Rome,
to be made cardinals or bishops
of the popes chaplens,
and to be assoiled of the vow of povertie
and obedience to your ministers;
in the which, as ye sain, standeth most perfection
and merit of your orders;
and thus ye faren as Pharisees
that sain one and do another to the contrarie,

Why name ye more
the patron of your order
in your *Confiteor*,
when ye begin masse,
than other saints,

apostles, or martyrs,
that holy church hold[eth]
more glorious than hem,
and clepe hem your patrons
and your avowries?

Freer, whether was saint Francis
in making of his rule that he set thine order in,
a foole and a liar,
or else wise and true?
If ye sain that he was not a foole, but wise,
ne a liar, but true,
why shew ye contrarie by your doing,
when by your suggestion to the pope
ye said that your rule that Francis made
was so hard,
that ye mow not live to hold it,
without declaration and dispensation of the pope?
And so by your deed,
ne let your patron a foole,
that made a rule so hard
that no man may well keepe;
and eke your deed prooveth him a liar,
where he saith in his rule,
that he tooke and learned it
of the Holy Ghost;
for how might ye for shame pray the pope
undo that the Holy Ghost bit,
as when ye prayed him to dispense
with the hardnesse of your order?

Freer, which of the foure orders
of friers is best,
to a man that knoweth not
which is the best,
but would faine enter into
the best, and none other?
If thou saiest that thine is the best,
then saiest thou that none of the other

is as good as thine;
and in this ech freer in the three other orders
wooll say that thou liest,
for in the self same maner ech other freer
wooll say that his order is best.
And thus to ech of the foure orders
bin the other three contrary in this point,
in the which if any say sooth,
that is one alone,
for there may but one
be the best of foure.
So followeth it that if ech of these orders
answered to this question as thou doest,
three were false, and but one true,
and yet no man should wite who that were.
And thus it seemeth that the most part
of freers bin or should be
liars in this point,
and they should answere thereto.
If you say that another order of the freers
is better than thine, or as good,
why tooke ye not rather thereto as to the better,
when thou mightst have chose at the begining?
And eke why shouldst thou be an apostata,
to leave thine order and take thee to that is better,
and so why goest thou not
from thine order into that?

Freer, is there any perfecter
rule of religion
than Christ Gods sonne gave
in his gospell to his brethren?
or than that religion that saint James
in his epistle maketh mention of?
If you say yes, then puttest thou on Christ,
that is the wisedome of God the Father,
unkunning, unpower,
and evill will;

for then he could not make his rule
so good as an other did his,
and so he had be unkunning;
that he might not so make
his rule so good
as another man might,
and so were he unmightie, and not God;
as he would not make his rule
so perfect as another did his,
and so he had bin evill willed,
namely to himselfe.
For if he might and could,
and would have made a rule perfect,
without default, and did not,
he was not Gods Sonne almighty.
For if any other rule
be perfecter than Christes,
then must Christes rule
lacke of that perfection,
by as much as the other
weren more perfecter;
and so were default, and Christ had failed
in making of his rule;
but to put any default or failing in God
is blasphemie.
If thou say that Christes rule,
and that religion
which saint James maketh mention of,
is perfectest,
why holdest thou not
thilke rule without more?
And why clepest thou the rather
of saint Francis or saint Dominiks rule,
or religion or order,
than of Christes rule or Christes order?

Freer, canst thou any default assigne
in Christes rule of the gospell,

with the which he taught all men
sikerly to be saved,
if they kept it to her ending?
If thou say it was too hard,
then saiest thou Christ lied;
for he said of his rule,
" My yoke is soft and my burden light."
If thou say Christes rule
was too light;
that may be assigned for no default,
for the better it may be kept.
If thou saist that there is no default
in Christes rule of the gospell,
sith Christ himself saith
it is light and easie,
what need was it to patrons of freers
to adde more thereto,
and so to make an harder religion to save freers
than was the religion of Christes apostles,
and his disciples helden,
and were saved by?
But if they woulden that her freers
saten above the apostles
in heaven for the harder religion
that they keepen here,
so would they sitten in heaven above Christ himselfe,
for their more and streict observations,
then so should they be better
than Christ himself, with mischance.
Go now foorth, and fraine your clerks,
and ground ye you in Gods law,
and gif Jacke an answer;
and when ye han assoiled me
that I have said sadly,
in truth I shall soile thee
of thine orders,
and save thee to heaven.

If freers kun not, or mow not,
excuse hem of these questions asked of hem,
it seemeth that they be horrible giltie
against God and her even christian;
for which gilts and defaults
it were worthy that the order,
that they cal their order,
were fordone.
And it is woonder that men susteine hem,
or suffer hir live in such maner.
For holie write biddeth
that thou do well to the meeke,
and give not to the wicked,
but forbed to give hem bread,
least they be made thereby
mightier through you.

The Reply of Friar Daw Topias, with Jack Upland's Rejoinder.[1]

1401.

Ho shal graunten to myn eye
a strong streme of teres,
to wailen and to wepyn

An answere to this tretis,
that a frere hath forgid;
he callith hym self Daw Topias,

---

[1] These two alliterative poems, a reply to and a defence of the preceding, are preserved in a contemporary MS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, MS. Digby, No. 41, fol. 2, r°. The allusion which fixes their date has already been pointed out in the note at the beginning of the satire of Jack Upland.

the sorwynge of synne?
for charité is chasid
and flemed out of londe,
and every state stakerth
unstable in him silfe.
Now apperid the prophecie
that seint Joon seide,
to joyne therto Johel
in his soth sawis;
the moone is al blodi
and dymme on to lokyn,
that signefieth lordship
forslokend in synne;
the sterres ben on erthe throwun
and fallen to the erthe,
and so is the comounté
treuli oppressid;
the sunne is eclipsid
with al his twelve pointes,
by erroure and heresie,
that rengnith in the chirche.

---

ares[oneth] Jak Uplonde.
He groundith hym upon seven thynges,
as his ordre askith,
lesynges with losengery,
cursynges and false glose,
chidyng with blasfemie
or chyteryng as chowȝes.
Thow saist thi name is Dawe,
it may rith wel be so;
ffor thou hast condiciounes
of a tame[1] chowȝe.
He chiterith and he bribith
alle that he may gete;

---

[1] I have ventured to read the word thus, but it is nearly effaced in the MS. and cannot be read with certainty.

Now is oure bileve laft
and Lollardi growith;
envie is enhaunsid
and aproched to preestes,
that shulden enforme her flok
and ground in Goddes lawe,
to love her God sovereynli,
and sithen her brothir.
Bot not for thanne now is tauȝt
hindring of states,
and pursuynge of poverte,
that Crist hath approved.
Now is that seed of cisme
sowen in the chirche;
the whete fadith with the floure,
oure fode is for to feche.
Ffoxes frettid in fere
wasten the cornes,
and Cristes vine is vanishid
to the verray rote.
Now Achor spoilith Jerico,
and lyveth of the thefte;
and so lyven this Lollardis

---

this he doth in dede
asseye of hem that knowith.
Jak Dawe, thou blaberist blasfemies,
and reson hast thou non;
thou leggist oft Goddis lawe,
bot to a false entente;
ȝee, falselier than the fende,
whan he saide to Crist,
Quia angelis suis mandavit de te.
Daw, thou fablest of foxes,
and appliest hem to a puple,
of whom nether thou knowyst kunnyng,
ne her conversacion.
Bot iche man that witte hath,

in her fals fablis.
Datan and Abiron
and Chorees children,
with newe senceres ensencen
the auters of synne.
Baal preestes ben bolde
sacrifice to make,
and mortel maladi
crepith in as a canker;
and thus is Jak Uplond
fodid with folie,
and thourȝ formyng of his formere
thus freyneth a frere.
On wounder wise, seith Jak,
freres, ȝe ben growun;
sowen in ȝoure sectes
of Anticristis hondes;
unboxom to bishopis,
not lege men to kynges;
wede corn ne gras
wil ȝe not hewen,
ne lyven with Jakke in labour,
but al to ȝour ese.

---

and happe of discrecion,
may knowe thee and thin ordre,
as Crist saith, bi the werkes.
Take propirté of twey foxes,
and werkes of twye freres,
and than thou fyndest hem meche acorde,
bot freres ben the werse;
if thou saist this is not so,
bot groundid without skil,
loke how Sampson bonde the foxes
two and two togedir,
til that thai destried
the corne alle about hem,
and this was, as a doctour saith,
the figur of freres.

Jak, thi formur is a fole,
that thus thee hath yfourmed,
to make so lewid an argument
aȝens so many freres,
that better knowen liȝtles
her doctours and her bible,
than he can rede his troper
bi a long torche.
But, Jak, thouȝ thi questions
semen to thee wyse,
ȝit liȝtly a lewid man
maye leyen hem a water;
ffor summe ben lewid, summe ben shrewid
summe falsli supposid;
and therfore shal no maister,
ne no man of scole,
be vexid with thy maters,
but a lewid frere
that men callen frere Daw Topias,
as lewid as a leke,
to medelin with thi malice
as longe as thou wolt.
¶ That we ben not lege men,
Jak, lowde thou lyest;
ffor lenger than we lyven so,
abide we not in londe,
the sotil witt of wyse men
shulde temte us wel soone,
and fleme us from felowshipe,

¶ Dawe, thou saist proudely I lie,
for I telle the trouthe;
ffor that [thei] ben not lege men
men knowlechen wise;
ffor whan ȝe ben trespassoures
in theft or other vices,

and done us of dawe.
We obeien to bishopes,
as boxomnesse askith,
althouȝȝ not so fer forth
as seculer preestes;
ffor holy chirche hath us hent
and happid with grace,
to were us from wederes
of wynteres stormes,
wede corn ne gras
have we not to hewen,
ne with Jakke Uplond
ferme the dikes;
¶ althouȝ Poul in his pistele
laborers preise,
displesith him not the preestes
that syngen her masses.
For riȝt as in thi bodi, Jake
ben ordeyned thin hondis,
ffor thin heed and for thi feet
and for thin eyen to wirken,

ȝour priour may at wille
fecche ȝou home to hym,
without kynges commission,
Jak, bot gret aȝen reson.
Ffor oft ȝe leden awaye mennes wifes,
and ben sette in stokkes.
Bot ȝour captaynes chalengen ȝow,
and asken not leve of kynges.

¶ Me mervelith of thi lewdnes, Dawe,
or of wilful lesynges;
ffor Poule laborid with his hondes,
and other postilles also;
ȝee, oure gentil Jhesu,
as it is openly knowe.
And thes were the best prestes

riȝt so the comoun peple
God hath disposid,
to laboren for holi chirche
and lordshipis also.
A! for-writhen serpent,
thi wyles ben aspied,
with a thousand wrynkels
thou vexed many soules;
thi malice is so michel,
thou maist not for-hele,
but thi venym with vehemens
thou spittist al at ones.
Thou seist we ben confounders
of prelates and of lordes;
but, Jakke, bi my lewté,
lowde thou lyest;
ffor telle me, bi oure counseile
what lord hath ben confoundid?
or what prelat of ony pepil
put in ony peril?
But sith that wickide worme,
Wiclyf be his name,
began to sowe the seed
of cisme in the erthe,
sorowe and shendship
hath awaked wyde,
in lordship and prelacie
hath growe the lasse grace.
Jak, thou seist with symonye
the seven sacramentes we sellen,

---

that ever rose on grounde;
and the best messes song,
not lettyng hem her labour.
But suche bolde beggyng hatid thai
in worde and werke.

and preien for no men
but ȝif thei willen paien.
God wote, Jakke, thou sparist
here the sothe,
and, er we departen us asoundre,
it shal wel be shewid.
But oon is the sacrament
that we han to dispensen
off penaunce to the peple
whan nede askith.
I trowe it be thi paroche preest,
Jacke, that thou meenest,
that nyl not hosel his parischens
til the peny be paied,
¶ ne assoilen hem of her synne
withouten schrift silver.
Jakke, of thi foli
thou feynest fife erores,
and ȝit ben ther but foure
foundid in the lawe,
ffalsly as thou seist
and soone shal be distroied.
Jakke, thi lewid prophecie
I preise not at a peese.
Somme fantasie of Fiton

¶ Dawe, thou spekist proudely,
apechyng oure prestes;
bot of oon thyng am I certen,
thai ben lasse evel than ȝe.
Ffor alle if thai synne oft,
as it is wel knowen,
ȝit the grounde that thai have
is playnly Cristis religion.
And thowȝ thai straye oft therfro,
ȝit mowe thai com to grace.
Bot ȝe han left that grounde,

hath marrid thi mynde;
thou prophete of Baal,
thi God is aslepe;
the goodnesse of the grost
may not liȝten upon thee.
Whi presumyst thou so proudli
to prophecie these thingis?
and wost no more what thou blaberest
than Balames asse.
Thou mayntenist in thi mater
that matrimony thus we marre;
but this arowe shal turne aȝen
to him that it sent,
ffor thou and thi secte,
sothli ȝe schenden,
in as moche as ȝe may,
the sacramentis seven,
and reles of synne
and grauntyng of grace,
and Cristis bitter passioun
ȝe sette not at an hawe.
Who marrith more matrimonie,
ȝe or the freris,

---

and ȝour patron bothe.
Ffor as the prophetes of Achab
wer multiplied in many,
and by oon holy prophet
were thai alle destried,
so the chirche is cropun now
to multitude of cursid men,
whiche of sadde bileve
most nede be destried.
Bot I prayse nother prestes ne thee,
for ȝour assent in symonye.

¶ with wrenchis and wiles
wynnen mennes wyves,
and maken hem scolers
of the newe scole,
and reden hem her forme
in the lowe chaier?
To maken hem profit in ȝour lawe
thei rede ȝour rounde rollis,
and callen hem forth her lessouns
with, "Sister, me nedith."
Jak, thou seist that we bilden
the castels of Caym.
It is Goodis hous, oold schrewe,
that we ben aboute,
to mayntenen his servauntis
to singe and to reden,
and bidden for the peple,
as we ben beholden.
Clerkis sein that Salomon
made a solempne temple,

¶ Daw, I have askid questiones
of thee and of thi freres;
bot that I lied oones ouȝt
knewe I me not gilty,
ffor Goddis lawe forbedith this
in many place, I wene.
And thowȝ I be Jak Uplonde,
ȝit drede I Goddis lawe.
Bot I suppose thi secte tristith
so meche in her habites,
that thai kun lye of custom,
as Peter prophecith of hem,
Fuerunt pseudo-prophetæ in populis, magistri mendaces, etc.
Bot to lie thus playnly and openly on men,

¶ and ȝit was it bot figure
of oure newe chirche,
that ech holi hous that Crist
him silf in dwellith.
Jak, thou seist ful serpentli,
and sowdiours us thou callist,
sette for oure sutilté
in Anticristis vaunwarde.
Crist in the gospel
rehersith a rewle,
how ech man shal be knowun
oonli bi his werkes;

ȝe count it not synne,
as ȝour wordes shewen;
ȝour freres ben taken alle day
with wymmen and wifes,
bot of ȝour privey sodomye
spake I not ȝette.
Bot lat see, Dawe, if thou,
or any lyer of thin ordre,
can preve this on oon of hem
that clepest my secte,
and sicerly shalle thou have
of me an hundrith pounde.

¶ Daw, thou leggist Salomon
for ȝour hie houses;
bot olde holy doctoures
ben aȝen thee here,
and specialy Jerom,
that saith in the lawe,
who wil allege the temple
for glorie of our chirche,
fforsake he to be cristen, Jak,
and be he newe a Jewe.

and if we were founden
on Anticristis side,
oure werkes shulden shewen,
Jakke, ful soone.
The werkes of Anticrist
pursuen oure bileve,
so do the disciplis
of ȝour sori secte,
shending the sacramentes,
salve to oure soris.
Who tytheth bot ȝe
the anet and the mente,
sterching ȝour faces,
to be holden holi,
blaunchid graves
ful of dede bones,
wanderynge weder-cokkes,
with every wynd waginge;
the spiritis of the devel
mateyn ȝoure tokenys,
thurȝ quenching of torches in ȝou tayl-ende

---

12 q̃. 2ª *Gloria episcopi.*
Ffor sith the pore lorde, he saith,
halowed his pore chirche,
take ȝe Cristes crosse, he saith,
and counte we delices claye.
Daw, blaberere and blynde leder,
thowg thou bigile symple hertes
with thi gildyn glose,
and with thi costly houses,
thou bigilest not Jak
with ȝour thevishe logges.
Unde in evangelio, vos autem fecistis eam speluncam latronum.

¶ ȝe resseyve ȝour wisdom;
ȝoure preching is perilouse,
it poiseneth sone,
as honyed venym
it crepit in swot.
Jak, in the Apocalypse
ful pertli ȝe be peintid,
whan the seven angels
blowun there seven trompis,
to warne Anticristis meyné
of our Lordes comyng,
with her sterne stormes
astonye al the erthe,
reve men of her rest,
and ferli hem afefe.
The first angel with his blast
he noieth ful sore,
hayl and fier he myngit with blood
he sendith to the erthe,
by the tokenyng that ȝour preching, Jak,
makith obstinat hertis.
ȝour daliaunce inducit
ire and envie.
Who ben more Fariseis
than hinderers of soulis,

¶ Topias, thou writist me
to be a lewed man;
bot lewed men prechen not,
as thou canst saye,
bot if the list to lye.
Bot I wot thou saist thus,
by vertuouse prestes;
bot thai ben ful bisie
to edifie the chirche,

the which in her interpretacion
divisioun ben callid;
and ȝour teching in an hour
wil breke mo love-daies,
than ȝe mowe brynge togidere
vij. ȝere after.
The secounde aungel wit his blast
smytith with drede,
and an huge hill is sent adoun
into the salt water;
the thridde party of creaturis
ben bitter therof,
ffor Sathanas by ȝour sawes
is sent into soulis,
that ben ful unsavery,
and saltid by synne.
The bitternesse of ȝour bacbityng
brewith many bales.
The thridde angel sent doun
a sterre from heven,
bremli brennynge as a bround,
wermode it was callid;
wermode, Jak, moost verreli
was Wiclif, ȝour maister,
withinne in his begynnynge
litht lemed he by cunnynge,

---

that the multitude of ȝou
han allemost destried.
Ffor the gospel saith,
Surgent multi pseudo-prophetæ.
Bot of hem ben fewe,
and gretly dispiside;
and of ȝou ful many,
and ever tho mo the werse.

¶ but aftir with wrong wrytyng
he wrouȝte mykil care,
and presumynge perilously
foul fel fro the chirche,
missaverynge of the sacrament,
infectyng many other.
Thus brenneth he ȝit as a bronde,
consumyng many soulis,
that in her hard obstinacy
growen schides of helle.
Maximine ne Maniché nevere
wrouȝten more wrake.
Therfore from wele is he went,
and woo mote him wrynge.
The iiij^{e} aungel with his blast
smytith riȝt smerte;
the iij. party of the sonne
with dymmenes is dirked,
off the moone and of the sterres,
and of the day also;
and the egle in the eyre
thries *væ!* wescheth.

¶ Me mervelith, Daw, thou darst thus lie
on suche a gret clerke,
and in hys tyme knowen wel
a vertuouse man,
of riche and pore
that hym tho knewe.
But thou, as blynde Bayarde,
berkest at the mone,
as an olde mylne dog
when he bygynnith to dote.
Bot wel I wot thi baffyng,
lye thou never so lowde,
may not menuse this seint,
that lyved and tauȝt so truly,
Quia dignus est operari misericordiam.

The sonne is holy chirche,
and lordship the moone,
the sterres ben the comuns,
as I seid bifore,
¶ and alle these ben alured
to ȝoure sory secte;
and summe of ech of these astates
ben privyly apoisond.
Therfore thries *væ!*
is manassid upon ȝou,
ffor three manere of synnes
that comunly ȝe usen;
væ for envye, *væ* for ipocrisie,
and *væ* for ȝour leccherie.
Whan the first angel blew,
ther was a pit opend,
ther rose smotheryng smoke,
and brese therinne,
alle thei weren lich horses
araied into bataile,
thei stongen as scorpioun,
and hadden mannis face,
tothed as a lioun,
with haburjouns of iren.
This pitte is the depnes,
Jak, of ȝour malice;
the smorthering smoke
is ȝour dymme doctrine,
that flieth out from the flawmes

¶ I drede me, Dawe, the sentence,
of whiche the prophet spekith,
shal falle hevy on thin hede,
and many of thi brether.
Væ vobis qui dicitis bonum malum et malum bonum.
Ffor alle trwe sentence,

of the develis malice,
that troublith and blindith
the iȝen of mannis resoun.
The breses ben not ellis
but Anticristis menye,
with short legges bifore
and longe bihinde;
the which pretenden first
mekenesse of herte,
and aftir rysyng to arrogaunce,
disdeynynge al other.
That ȝe ben lyke scorpions,
signefieth not ellis,
but that ȝe flateren aforn,
and venym casten bihinde.
ȝe ben also lich horses
redy into bateil,
by woodnesse and foolhardinesse
for heresie to dien.
ȝe ben tothed as lyoun
by stynkyng detraccion.
ȝour haburjons that ȝe han upon,
ben cauteles and sleiȝtes.
ech intrikid in other,
to snarre symple soules;
but that thei ben of iren,
obstinacie is shewid,
ffor the which with Farao
in helle ȝe wil be dampned.

---

that we taken here,
thou turnest into falsenes,
that woo shal the bitide;
ffor to our secte that is Christis
we drawen bot fewe puple;
ffor thou and other pseudo

In the siȝt of aungels blast
foure aungels there were lousid,
the whiche were redye bothe day and nyȝte
men for to noien,
to sleen the ferthe part of men
with fiyr, smoke, and brymstone.
Ffoure angels singnefien
foure general synnes,
sett up bi sir Adam, Jakke,
among ȝour maistris,
cediciouns, supersticions,
the glotouns, and the proude.
Poerte preamblis to presse
aforne Anticristis comyng,
to sleen the thridde party of men
with ther deedly dartis
off envie, pride,
and leschry stynkynge.
Ffor sum ben perfit, sum ben yvel,
sum ben unstable;
the perfit wole not ben hirt,
the yvel ben al redy,
but thei that ben unstable
resseyven the strokes,
and thei ben clepid the thridde part
of hem that ben dede.
The seventhe angel blew his trumpe,
and noise in heven was made,

---

han marrid hem in the way,
that bot if God of his grace
sende his honde of help,
the chirche that shuld folowe Crist,
is lykly to sinke.
Qui mihi ministrat me sequatur. Attendite a fermento Pharisæorum, quod est hypocrisis.

that the kyngdom of this world
shulde falle to Cristis hondis;
betokenyng that thouȝ Anticrist,
with his myȝti meyné,
shulde for a short tyme
by tirantrie intrusyve,
ȝit shal God gader his flok togider,
and rengne without eende.
Jak, thus to dubby with scripture,
me thinkith grete folie;
ffor as lewid am I as thou,
God wote the sothe,
I know not an a
from the wynd-mylne,
¶ ne a b from a bole foot,
I trowe, ne thi silf nother;
and ȝit for al my lewidhed,
I can wel undirstonde
that this prevy processe
perteneth to ȝour secte,
and we as giltles therof,
as ȝe of Cristis blessyng.
It ar ȝe that stonden bifore,
in Anticristis vauwarde,
and in the myddil and in the rerewarde,
ful bigly enbatailid.

¶ *Homo apostata, vir inutilis, graditur ore perverso.*

Dawe, thou hast liȝt conscience,
thus fynaly to deme;
ffor here thou damnest men to helle
without any condicion.
Whe have leve of scripture
to deme after mennes werkes,
but for to deme as thou dost,
is to robbe God of his power;

The devel is ȝour duke,
and pride berith the baner;
wraththe is ȝoure gunner,
envie is ȝour archer,
ȝour coveitise castith fer,
ȝour leccherie brennith,
glotony giderith stickes therto,
and sleuthe myneth the wallis,
malice is ȝour men of armes,
and trecherie is ȝour aspie.
Thus semith that ȝe more than we
be Anticristis frendis.
Jak, of perfite pacience holilich
holy chirche thou me prechist,
to kep it if I will sitte
on Cristis owne side;
but, good Jak, herdist thou evere
how *judicare* cam into crede?
no more skil thou canst of paciens, Jak,
so God me spede,
ffor thi schreude herte and he
ben as afere asundir
as Lucifer is from heven,
and Gabriel from helle,
the which, as many man suposis,
shal nevere mete togider.

---

ffor the apostil saith,
Noli ante tempus judicare, quoadusque veniat Dominus.
Litil wondir thowȝ lordis myssetyme,
that han suche confusours.
Quia si cæcus cæcum ducat, ambo in foveam cadunt.
Thou saist thou knowist no lettre here,
as if thou wer noo clerke.
To take a clerke as it shuld be,

On old Englis it is said,
unkissid is unknowun,
and many men speken of Robyn Hood,
and shotte nevere in his bowe.
Now, Jak, to thi questions,
nedes me moste answer,
althouȝ thei wanten sentence
and good thrift bothe.
Which is the moost perfit ordre,
Jakke, thou askist,
and how many ordres
ther ben in erthe.
Off what ordre art thou, frere,
and who made thin ordre?
iff thou wolt have the hiȝest ordre,
seke it in heven,
in the blessid Trinité
that fourmed us alle,
where flowith the Sunne from the Fadir,
the Holigost from hem bothe;
noon gretter in degré,
no more perfite than other,
but the ordre that there is,
is in her proceding;
and if we comen lower,
there finde we holy angels,

---

after his undirstondyng,
than sayst thou here more trwly
than in any other place.
Clark is als meche to mene,
as of the sort of God,
and so thou previst thi self non suche,
if thou loke riȝt,
but a liere apostata,
with alle his other partes.

stablid in iij. ierarchies,
dividid in ordres nyne.
Seraphin he is the sovereynest,
in charité he brennith;
and of al ordris in erthe
y holde preesthood the hiȝest,
that han the principal partis of men,
and kingis han the bodies;
and this is the popes decré
in comoun lawe.
¶ But peraunter, Jak, thou menest
of religious ordre,
of templeres, hospitalers,
chanouns, monkes, and freres,
Jak, in this mater,
loke seint Thomas bokes,
and thei shal thee techen

¶ Daw, dirt, thou claterist meche of orderis
of aungeles in heven,
bot lykkyn not thes to thin ordre,
ne thin ordre to hem;
ffor thai ben ordenid of God,
there withouten synnes;
and thin is ordened of man,
with many rotun rites;
and so as the prestes of Bel
stale undir the awter,
to bigile the kyng,
to thefly cache here lyflode,
so ȝe forge ȝour falshed
undir ydil yprocrisie,
to bigile the puple,
bothe pore and riche;
as the prestes fayned that Bel
ete the kynges sacrifise,
so ȝour wikkid wynnyng
ȝe saye wirchipith God.

and enfourme at the fulle.
How many ordris ther ben
can I not telle,
but if y cowde calkyn
al manere kyndes,
ffor to loken how many kyndes
oure Lord hath yfourmed.
But evermore betwene two and two, Jak,
thou shalt fynden ordre.
Off what ordre I am,
and who made myn ordre,
Jakke, fast thou fraynest,
and fayn woldist wite.
¶ I am of Cristis ordre, Jak,
and Crist made myn ordre,
ensaumple in the gospel,
in many sondry place,
ffor who tauȝte obedience,
chastiti, and poverte?
Hopist thou not it was Crist,
and fulfillid in him silf,
in which ech religion
perfitli is groundid,
reversynge the soorie synnes

¶ Ȝit, Daw, in this mater,
thou broylist up many lesynges,
ffor grounde of thin ordre
not groundid in the gospel;
ffor see thes thre vertues
whiche thou here rehersist,
ffaylen in thin ordre
welny in every persone.
Ffor in obedience and chastité,
and poverte also,
Ȝe folowen more Anticrist

notid of the postle,
lust of fleich and lust of iȝe,
and pride in oure lyvynge.
On this three, Jak, by my ewté,
is groundid al ȝour colege.
Iff I breke myn ordre,
I breke Goddis lawe,
and if I be punishid for that oon,
I am ponishid for that other.
Bot the contrarie of this, Jak,
thou falsly afermest.
If ony religioun be more perfit,
than techith seint Jame, Jacke boy,
either more appreved of God,
fayne thou woldist witen.
Iff I seie thee, thou askist
where it is foundid ;
and if y nayt seie not that thou seist,
thus thou procedist.
Thou seist that I contrarie
Cristis owne rewles,
bidinge ȝeve to be pore
in peyne of dampnacion,
and we piken from the pore and riche

---

than Jhesu Crist our Lorde.
ȝe ben more obedient
to ȝoure owne reules,
than to the reules of Crist
groundid in lawes.
And as to chastité of body,
ȝe breken it ful oft ;
bot chastité of soule,
forsakyng Crist our spouse,
ffor ȝe ben apostatas,
gon bak fro holi chirche.

al that we may geten.
Jak, thou shewist sikirli,
what scole thou hast ben inne,
of sutiltee of arguyng
me thinkith thi brayn ful thinne.
Go grees a shoep undir the taile,
that semeth the beter
than with sotil sillogismes
to parbrake thi witt.
Jack, in James pistles
al religioun is groundid,
ffor there is maad mencion
of two perfit lyves,
that actif and contemplatif
comounli ben callid,
ffulli figurid by Marie
and Martha hir sister,
by Peter and bi Joon,
by Rachel and by Lya.
Thes lyves ben groundid in charité
by diverse degrees,
by men of professiouns
makyng sundri religiouns,
and evident ensaumple
moun techen us the waye.

Initium omnis peccati apostare a Deo.
As to verrei poverte,
who that wil ri3t loke,
3e ben the most covetouse
of alle men in erthe,
ffor with symonye and begrye,
and sellyng of shrift,
3e pillen bothe gret and smal,
and prise hem of bileve
Avaritia, quod est idolorum servitia.

¶ Ffor sum fleen from the world,
and closen hem silf in wallis,
and steken hem in stones,
and litil wole thei speken,
to fleen sich occasiouns
as foly wole fynden;
and these we clepen ancres
in the comoun speche.
Also in contemplacion
there ben many other
that drawen hem to disert,
and drye myche peyne;
by eerbis, rootes, and fruyte lyven,
for her Goddis love;
and this manere of folk
men callen heremytes.
The thridde degree there is,
not for to be dispisid,
off sich as ben gaderid
in coventis togidere;
off the which men spekith
David in his psalmis,
sith he seith how merie it is
to dwelle togidere;

¶ Dawe, thou ratelist many thynges,
bot grounde hast thou non;
ffor where groundist thou in Goddis lawe
to close men in stones,
bot if it were wode men,
or giloures of the puple?
Sith alle that is not groundid
smacchith grete synne;
bot if ȝe taken as ȝe usen
arseworde this gospel,

the which for worldly combraunce
kepen in cloistris,
on hert and oon soule
havyng with the apostlis;
and this clepe we monasticale,
that kendly is knowun.
Mo, Jak, in contemplacion
ther be diverse degrees;
and after that charité growith in hem,
the more is her mede.
Off actif lyf y shulde thee tellen,
yf that y hadde tyme,
and shewen how men by charité ben holden
to helpe her bretheren;
somme with paynymes for to fi3te,
oure feith to defende;
somme for to make purvyaunce
for seke and for pore;
somme for to preche to the puple
aftir her synne askith;
and somme in bothe lyves
laboren full soore,
liche unto the angels
in Jacobus ladder.

Non potest civitas abscondi super montem posita;
ellis, *neque accendunt lucernam et ponunt eam sub modio.*
Or wher fyndist thou, Dawkyn,
that men shulden kille her brether?
Sith Crist, our aller duke,
brou3t us verrei pees,
bot if there be of the ranes
that ran fro Anticristis nose,
Pacem relinquo vobis, pacem meam do vobis.

¶ See now, Jak, thi silf,
how these bothe lyves
opinli ben expressid
in the epistle of James:
cleen religioun it is, he seith,
to visite the widewis,
the fadirles and the modirles,
to actif lyf expressid,
and undefoulid us to kepen
from al worldly werkes.
Byhold of contemplacioun
opinli he spekith;
so this may be resonably
the conclusioun of my tale,
that no religion more is
than techith sent Jame.
Jak, thou seist we piken
from the pore and from the riche,
and not ȝeven aȝenward,
thouȝ that thei ben nedy;
that almes is pykyng,
y fynde it in thi boke,
and I herde it nevere aforn
in no maner scripture.
But if alwey pikers, Jak,
thou wolt us maken,
ther we piken but seely pans,
thi secte pikith poundis.

¶ Touchyng this pagyn, Dawe,
thi lesynges ben ful rif;
ffor her thou spekist of twey lyves,
and ȝe don nother wel,
ffor Martha groundid hir labour
fully in Goddis lawe,
so may not ȝe ȝour beggyng,
ne ȝour castelles nouther.

What we ȝeven to the pore,
it nedith not thee to telle;
ffor almes-dede shul be hid,
and sweten in thi hondis.
Whi, bi mannes mariage,
ȝe ben weddid to ȝour abitis
wele harder than worldly men
ben weddit to her wyves,
which thei mowe leeve and lete go
as longe as him list.
Jak, for siche manere scole
ȝe cacchen Cristis curse,
so freli to mayntenen
Manichés errours,
to make men breke her matrimonye,
and leeve her wyves,
and whanne the good man is oute,
playe hey god rode.
Jak, to oure abite
be we not weddid
more than eny preest is
weddid to his coroun,
that is over growun with heer,
and he preest nevere the lesse;
or ellis shulde every barbour
make newe preestes.
Riȝt so oure clothis maken us
not men of religion,

But of contemplacion
ȝe usen not bot as foxes;
so in this ȝe leven Crist
Martha and Marie both.
As touchyng ȝiftes to pore men,
ȝe pike that thai shulde have,
bothe of godes and faithe of soule,
I, Jak, can see non other.

but oonli oure profession
byndith us to the stake;
and so apostasie
mowen we maken in oure soule,
liche men of religion
abidinge in oure abitis.
If Sathanas were transfigurid
into his former fairnesse,
trowist thou he were ouȝt ellis
but a dampnid aungel?
and so not for the levynge of oure clothis
we be not punishid,
but bicause it bitokeneth
forsakyng of oure reule;
and, Jacke, no more than thi sadil
makith thin hors a mere,
no more makith oure abitis
monkes ne freris.
Jak, of oure presciouse clothis
fast thou carpist,
the which ben so fyne
that noman werith better.
Every man may perseyve apertli,
Jakke, that thou liest.
Were we no sendal ne satyn,
ne goldun clothis,
and these passen in presciousitee
many foold ouris.

Panis egentium vita pauperis est; qui defraudat eum, homo sanguinis est.
We can not make mariage, Dawe,
ne pursue no divorse;
we wynne not meche money with thes,
as thi secte doth ful oft.
Quod Deus conjunxit, homo non separet.

But if my cloth be over presciouse,
Jakke, blame the werer;
ffor myn ordre hath ordeyned
al in good mesure.
Thou axist me, Jacke, of my grete hood,
what that it meneth,
my scapelarie and my wide cope,
and the knottide girdil.
¶ What meenith thi tipet, Jakke,
as longe as a stremer,
that hangith longe bihinde,
and kepith thee not hoot?
an hool cloith of scarlet
may not make a gowne;
the pokes of purchace
hangen to the erthe,
and the cloith of oo man
myȝte hele half a doseyne.
Why is thi gowne, Jakke,
widder than thi cote,
and thi cloke al above
as round as a belle,

¶ I praise not, Dawe, the stremerre
that thou herof spekest;
bot of suche wide clothing,
tateris and tagges,
it hirtith myn hert hevyly,
I wil that thou it wite.
Bot ȝour ypocrites habit,
to whiche ȝe ben harde weddid,
doth more harm than thes,
bi thes two skilles;
oon for the coloure,
that signifieth sadnes,
whan ȝe ben most unstedfast
of any folk in erthe;
another for ȝour difformed shap,

sith taille myȝte serve
to kepe thee from coold?
Jak, answere thou to that oon,
and I shal to that other.
My grete coope that is so wiid,
signefieth charité,
that largeli longith to be sprad
to sibbe and to frende,
figurid in the faire cloith
of Salomons table,
and bi wedding garnement
that Crist hadde at his feeste.
My greet hood behynde,
shapun as a sheeld,
suffraunce in adversitee
sothely it scheweth,
herbi to reseyve repreef
for oure Goddis sake;
or ellis bisynesse of oure feith
it may wel bitokene,
whiche that ȝe Lollardes
constreyne ȝou to distroie.

---

that signifieth ȝour holines;
so if it be soth
that ȝe therof saye,
it wold with litil help
make an ape a seint.
The tipet is a comyn reule,
if it be not superflue,
and so it doth gode
to bynde a mannes hede;
bot ȝour misse shapen shelde
bihynde at ȝour shulderes,
blowith ȝour ypocrisie,
and blyndith many foles.
Genimina viperarum, quis demonstravit vobis fugere a ventura ira.

The scapelarie also
that kevereth the schuldris,
it bitokeneth boxumnesse
dewe unto oure prelatis,
and boxomly bere burthuns
that they wole leyen upon us.
Off the knottide girdel
knowe I no mysterie;
therfore what it meeneth
axe frere menours.
But, Jacke, amonge oure chateryng,
ȝit wolde I wite,
whi that the Lollardis
weren moost greye clothis;
I trowe to shewe the colour
that signefieth symplenesse,
and withinne, seith Crist,
ȝe ben ravenous wolves.
¶ Whi, seist thou, holde we more scilence
in oon hous than another,
sith over al a man is holden
for to seie the goode?
To thi lewide question
Salomon thus answerith,
Est tacens sciens tempus apti temporis, et homo sapiens tacet usque ad tempus; tempus tacendi, tempus loquendi; et iterum, Sicut urbs patens et absque murorum ambitu, ita qui in loquendo non potest cohibere spiritum suum.

¶ Ȝit, Dawe, me thynkith thou usist
thi customale condicion,
thou hast so lerned to lye,
thou kanst not leve werk,
bot ȝit I am gladde
thou groundist the on the gospel:

Thus perfit scilens
by scripture is approved.
Jakke, if thou undirstonde no Latyn,
go to thi paroche prest,
and undir ȝou bothe, with Goddis grace,
marren ȝe wolen ful yvele.
Whi also ete we no fleish
in every hous iliche,
but chesen therto an hous,
and leeven another?
Jak, if every hous were honest
to ete fleish inne,
than were it honest
to ete in a gonge.
Whi is not thi table sett
in thi cow-stalle?
and whi etist thou not in thi shipun
as wele as in thin halle?
But al is good ynowȝ for thee,
where that evere thou sittist.
Whi with not thi cow make
myry weder in thi dish?
But, Jacke, in this mater
appose thou the monkes;

Diabolus est audax, et pater ejus.
The secte that thou seggist of,
I wot, is Jhesu Cristis,
tellen litil by clothing,
bot now oon now other;
thouȝ thou accuse the menours
have I not to do,
bot wel I wot ȝe ben alle drawen
in oo maner draggee.
Lewde Dawe, whi laist thou forthe
so many blunt resones?
ffor Salomon spekith not of silence

for thei kepen this serimonie
more streiter than freris.
Moreover thou mevest,
Jak, another mater;
if oure patrouns be perfit,
and oure reule also,
whi renne we to Rome,
to be assoilid of the oth
that we han maad,
and be popis freris?
Jak, summe rennen to Rome,
but mo ther ben at hoom,
and dewli done her dever
aftir that thei han chosen;
and that the Lollardis
forthinken ful soore.
ȝe wolden that there where oon lesse,
ȝe ȝave nevere tale,
that ȝe myȝten have ȝour reyke
and prechen what ȝou list,
and with ȝour privy pestilence
enpoisoun the peple.
Jak, that Judas was a shrewe,
what was Crist the worse?
and so that summe ben exempt,

---

propirde to an house,
bot of silence in iche place
in tyme and in reson.
Bot the cursid ypocrisie
of etyng of ȝour fleshe,
shuld iche man despise
for ȝour rotun rewle,
and so thes similitudes,
with thes soluciones,
ben not worthe
the devellis dirt, Dawe.

and rennen to ȝour ritis,
and summe bi apostasie
ben Sathanas servauntis,
whi shulde owre patrouns
be ever the lasse perfit?
¶ " Fferther more whi make ȝe ȝou
" as men dede?
" sith in begginge ȝe ben as quic
" as ben ony other,
" and unsemeli it is
" to see deed men begge."
Jak, me thinkith thou lernedist nevere
of Poulis pistlis,
whiche in a fewe shorte wordes
answerith to thi sentence,
Quasi morientes et ecce vivimus; glossa, quasi morientes, i. de vitio in vitium secundum opinionem aliquorum, et ecce vivimus in bonis operibus in rei veritate.
So thouȝ we ben deed to the world,
after thin opynyon,
ȝit is oure soule in the bodi
and grace in the soule.
" Whi," seist thou, " suffre ȝe not ȝour children

¶ Daw, thi wordes ben many,
and ever medled with venym;
ffor aȝenes gode men
strecche Jus malice,
ne non of thilk Cristis secte
that myn callist,
bot aȝenes heritikes,
bosteres and lieres,
whiche han chosen hem a reule
with blabereres of Baal;
and ȝit shal tyde the tyme
when Josie shal regne,

" to come into your conseil,
" if it be good and able,
" and aftir Goddis lawe?"
A, Jak, mafey, me merveilith moche
of thin lewidheed!
Herdist thou nevere how Crist was
transfigurid in the hil,
and ther to his privyté he chees
but three apostlis,
forbedinge hem to telle
that conceil ony ferther,
and so were there nyne
fro that conceil refusid.
Crist also took to him
alle his twelve apostlis,
and tretide of his passioun
in riȝt privy maner,
and the rude peple that folowiden
knewe no thing therof.
Shal we, Jak, therfore seie
his conceil was not able,
suspect and not good
confourmed to Goddis lawe.
Another cause resonable

---

and make an ende of suche fendes,
and Cristis reule shal renue.
Ȝee, Jamnes and Mambres
japid not so the kyng,
as thou with thi cursid secte
the kyng and the puple.
Attendite a falsis prophetis, qui veniunt ad vos in vestimentis ovium.
I til thee, Daw, without dout,
thes wordes ben said of ȝou,
with other pregnant prophecies
of Peter and of Poule.

me thinkith I can telle,
for counceil owith to be kept
and not to be clatrid;
and children ben ay clatringe,
as thou wel knowest.
Another skil may be groundid
of Salomons sawis;
to him he seith that is wiis
it longith to kepe conceil;
and children ful seldum
ben foundun wiis.
Jak, wolt thou telle thi knave
as myche as thi wyf?
¶ Fforthermore thou spekest
of oure costli houses;
thou seist it were more almes
to helpen the nedy,
than to make siche housynge
to men that ben deede,
to whiche longith but graves
and mornynge housis.
Jak, is not a man beter
than a rude best?
ȝit makist thou to thi sheep a shepen,

¶ Daw, thou laborist fast
to lede thi self to helle,
and blyndist many lewde foles
with thi stynking brethe;
ffor bi this apis argument
that thou here now ratelist,
he that drynkith a quart wyne
most nedis drynk a galon.
Bot aȝen house in mesure, Dawe,
grucche I riȝt nouȝt;
and thouȝ thou saye a scorne,
a shepe house I have,

and to thi hors a stable;
and many a pore man ther is
that hath noon hillyng,
but oonly heven is his hous,
the bestes stond kevered.
Whi houses thou not pore men
as wele as thi beestis?
Take hede to sumwhat
that is seid biforen,
and thou answere to my question,
answer to thin owne.
Thou carpist also of oure coveitise,
and sparist the sothe;
thou seist we ben more ryal
than ony lordis.

Coventis have wee noon, Jack,
but cloistrers we ben callid,
ffoundid afor with charité,
or that he were flemyd;
but sith entride envie,
and renyd hath oure houses,
that unnethes the hillinge
hangith on the sparres;
and ȝit thou thinkist hem over good,
yvel fare thou therfore!

---

that hath more grounde in Goddis lawe
than alle ȝour Caymes castelles;
I thank God, I beldid it
with trwe bygeten gode.
Bot ȝe ȝoures with beggery,
bargenyng and robberye;
ffor grounde have thai non,
bot if it be here.

Non habemus hic manentem civitatem. Et idem, Væ qui ædificatis civitatem in sanguinibus. Et, Væ qui conjugatis domum ad domum.

Jak, where saw thou ever frere houses,
thourȝout the rewme,
liche in ony rialté
to the Toure of Londoun,
to Wyndesore, to Wodestoke,
to Wallingforde, to Shene,
to Herforde, to Eltham,
to Westmynster, to Dover?
How maist thou for rebukyng
lye so lowde,
to saye that oure covetise
passith the lordes?
But so longe, by my leuté,
thou hast lerned to lyen,
that thi tonge is letteroun of lyes,
thou lettest for no shame.
¶ We leten, thou seist, to lymytours
al this rewme to ferme,
as that we were welders
and lordes of alle.
Unsikir thing sothli
it were to sette to ferme,
and fooles were the fermeres
to taken it to tax.
I trowe thou menys the pardonystres
of seint Thomas of Acres,
of Antoun, or of Runcevale,

¶ Ȝit, Dawe, thowȝ thou accusest
pardoneres that ben fals,
thou lovest lesse a trwe prest
than thou dost hem alle,
ffor thai gon heere ȝou apostatas
in gilyng of the puple.
Bot that ȝe ferme to limitours,
it maye be denyed,

that rennen so fast aboute ;
for of the kynges rewme
have we no more astate,
than thou hast of paradis,
or of the blisse of heven,
for the which y trowe thou maist
of hasilwode singe.
Why, seist thou, paye ȝe to no taliage
to oure cristen kynge,
sith Crist paiede tribut
to the hethene emperour?
Jak, of no dewté ne of no dette
paide Crist noo tribute ;
but oonliche of mekenesse
performynge the lawe,
and for to fleen occasioun
of aftirward apechinge,
whan that afore Pilat
he shuld be forjugid.
But aftir the scripture,
preesthode shulde not paien
to tax ne to taliage
with the comun peple.
For whan the folk of Israel
were put undir servage,
Pharao suffride preestes
in her former fredome
to be saved and susteyned

---

lye thou never so lowde,
and therto sette a sele,
bote thus with many fals meenes
oppresse the cuntrees.
Bot as to payng of tribut,
as Crist hym self did,
thou lyknist ȝou to Pharoes,

of the comoun store.
But now is the compleynt
of Jeremye trewe,
the prince of provynces
sugette is under tribute.
Not for thanne the comun lawe
may wel suffren,
that preesthode may paye
bi assent of prelatis,
ffreli of her owne wille
no thing constreynede,
and thus prelatis and persouns
aftir her state,
ben stended to paien
what that nede askith;
but neither freres ne annuellers,
save now late.
God woot, it worchipith not
to beggen of beggers.
Off lettris of brotherhood
also, Jak, thou spekist,
and wounders that we wynnen noon
of pore men and of preestis;
and ȝit ȝe desiren that every man
shulde have ȝour;
of pore mennes preieris
to be parteners we wolden,
and of her lettris and of her sele,
if autentike thei weren.

---

and so ȝe ben and werse.
Aȝenes Cristes paying
and alle other mekenes,
thou autorisest ȝour pride,
aȝenes his holi werkes.
Qui non est mecum, contra me est; et qui non colligit mecum, dispergit.

But of ȝour preestis pater-nosters
we desiren noon,
for comunliche her blake bedes
thei delen to freris;
¶ but thei shal cleve unto thi chekes,
and Cristis curse also,
as wysly as we holde us
not more perfit than ony other,
ne non suffragies selle
for a certeyn bi ȝere,
ne maken men more perfit
than her blessid baptisme;
ffor praier may not satyllyn
but oonliche on them alle,
and so that gilden trentels
that thou spekist of,
that now is purchasid of preestis
out of freris hondis,
delyverith noo soule
out of the peyne of helle,
ne purgen may of purgatory,
but as it is deserved.
Ffor charité is the mesure
that demeth that meyné.
Also thou seist, Jak,
that we men enformen
that oure holy abite
shulde helpen men fro helle,

¶ Dawe, I seide first to thee
oon of thi groundes was eirsyng,
whare autorisist thou this lewde . . .
answere nowe.
Thi resones ben a staf of rede
that liȝtly persen the honde,
I mervel that thou, a clerk,

and nameliche tho that be
beried therinne;
and Cristis clothis dide not so,
ne noon of the apostlis.
Jak, that frere was over lewid
that lernede the this lessoun,
or on thi ficul fantasie
thou faynyst this fable.
Ffor Austyns ne prechours
proponen no siche pointis.
Whether the Carmes of her copes
mayntenen siche an errour,
or whether seint Fraunce
hath geten to his habite
that vertu be his grace,
witterly me ne wote.
But wel I wote that Cristis cloith
helide a womman
ffrom the longe fluxe of blood,
as the gospel tellith;
but his predestinacion
may onlich save soulis,
and his prevy presciens
may dampne whom him list.
Jak, ferthermore of felony
thou felly us enpechest,
of stelyng of children,

---

blaberist thus blyndely.
Thou takest comynly no grounde
of Crist ne of his lawe,
bot apr . . . . the pope
as if he were thi God,
or of other fantasies
that han no grounde hem self;

to drawe hem to oure sectis.
To tille folk to God-ward,
I holde it no theft,
but if thou calle Crist a theef,
that dide the same,
sayyng to the riche man,
" Go and selle thi goodis,
" and ȝif hem to the porè,
" ȝif thou wole be perfit;
" and aftirward folowe me,
" and be my disciple."
And in the same gospel
se what he seith also:
" Whoso forsaketh not
" his fadir and his modir,
" his sone and his douȝtir,
" his sistir and his brother,
" his lond and his tenementes,
" and him selven also,
" he nys not worthi
" to ben my folower."
And to his twelfe chosen
eftsoones he seide,
" Behold, from the world
" I have chosen ȝou alle,
" that ȝe gon and beren fruyte,
" and ȝour fruyte may dwellyn."

---

ffor whi shuld not alle prestes
be meke after Crist,
in payng of tribut
and alle other werkes?
Daw, late thi false glose,
it drivith thee to the devel.
Benedicite et nolite maledicere.

¶ And thus to reven the world,
and spoilen him of his persouns,
it ne is no robery,
but Crist appreved thefte.
Thou seist also ferthermore
that prestis shul not enprisoun,
ffor it nys not foundid
in al Goddis lawe,
but undermyn bi charité,
and so wynnen her brother,
and ȝif he wil not be so wonnen,
have him as hethene;

¶ Lo, Dawe, with thi draffe,
thou liest on the gospel;
ffor Crist said it hym self,
" The vertu passid fro me."
And here thou maist see,
I knowe a b fro a bole fote;
ffor I cacche thee in lesynges
that thou laist on the gospel.
Bot thus to stele a childe
is a gretter theft,
than to stele an axe,
for the theft is more.
Dawe, for thou saist ȝe robbe
him fro the worlde;
ȝe maken hym more worldly
than ever his fadir;
ȝee, thowȝ he were a plowman,
lyvyng trwe lyf, ye robbe hym
fro the trwe reule,
and maken hym apostata,
a begger and a sodomit;
for suche thai ben many.
Væ vobis qui facitis unum proselytum! supple, filium Gehennæ duplo quam vos.

and thus bi thin opynyon
no man shulde be enprisound.
But, Jakke, in thi frensy,
thou fonnest more and more,
thou wenyst to make to me a dicne,
thou fallist thi silf therinne.
Ffor if thou pursue thi purpos,
thou assentist thi silf in tresoun,
menusynge the kyngis majesté,
privyng him of his power.
¶ For if we taken the gospel
aftir the menynge,
nether emperour ne kyng
may honge ne drawe,
heved ne enprisoun,
no haunte no domes,
but al in fair manere
shulen ben undirnomen,
and who wil not amenden him,
ȝeve him the brydil;
and be robberis and revers,
mansleeris and treytours,
and al maner mawfesours
shulden ben unponnishid.
Jak, the pope hath a prisoun,
the bishop of Cantirbury,
and of Londoun also,
and many other bishopis,
by leeve of her kyng;

¶ Daw, I do thee wel to wite,
frentike am I not;
bot it semith thi sotil witte
marrith many man.
Bot how stondith this togedir,
ȝe sle men in ȝour prison?

art thou hardy to seien
it is not Goddis lawe.
But y blame thee not gretli,
thouȝ thou bere hem hevy;
ffor goldsmythis of thi crafte
ofte haveth hem haunted,
and ȝit thei shulen ofter,
bi the helpe of heven.
Also thou seist no sacrament
we covetyn ne desiren,
but shrift and biryyng,
that longeth to the peple.
Alas, Jak, for shame!
whi art thou so fals,
ffor to reverse thi silf
in thin owne sawes?
Thou seidist in thi begynnynge,
whan thou seidist of freres,
thei sellen seven sacramentes
with Symoundis eyris;
and now that we coveite noon
but the sacrament of schrifte.
Ffor beriynge is no sacrament,
but an almes-dede.
Thou jawdewyne, thow jangeler,
how stande this togider,
by verré contradiccion
thou concludist thi silf,
and bryngest thee to the mete

ȝe have ȝour conspiracies,
when ȝe gode likith,
ȝe damme the trwe, ȝe hyen the false,
deme, Dawe, wher this be gode.
And the kyng by his juges trwe

there I wolde have thee.
Who wolde take entent
to suche wreches wordes,
that nevere more ȝeveth tale
to be take with a lesyng?
  Whi, axist thou ferthermore,
wil we not shryven
ne birien the pore
as wel as the riche,
and do other dedes of almes
done at her nede?
But if we schryve not the pore,
whi ben perssons so wrothe,
and paroche preestes also,
for schryvynge of her paishens?
For every Lenten us aȝen
thei aleggen the lawe
off *omnis utriusque sexus,*
with the favourable glooses.
But, Jak, do thi won,
and lette not to lyene;
I have as leef thy leesing
as thi soth saw.
Ffor who is oonis suspect,
he is half honged.
Thou seis that we prechen
fallace and fables,
and not Goddis gospel
to good undirstondinge;

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execute his lawe,
as he did now late,
whan he hangid ȝou traytours;
wilt thou, Dawe, allegates
compere ȝou to the kyng,
or to other lordes,

and we ben more holdun therto
than to alle other reulis.
For we wynnen more therwith
than Crist and his apostlis,
what we ben holdun
and wil not forsake.
For moche of oure lyvynge
is of the gospel;
so dide Poul
and other disciples,
and lyvede of colectis
made generali bi chirchis,
ffor sustinance of prechours,
and also of the pore.
And if thou leve not me,
loke Poulis pistlis,
and the glose therwith,
and there thou shalt fynde it.
Quis, inquit, militat suis stipendiis unquam? Et iterum, Dominus ordinavit iis qui evangelium annunciant de evangelio vivere.
And so to his prechours
Crist also thus seide,
In quamcunque domum intraveritis, manete in eadem edentes et bibentes, etc., dignus est enim operarius mercede sua. Et ad Romanos, Probaverunt Macedones et Achaia collationem facere in pauperes sanctorum qui sunt in Jherusalem.

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that han her grounde in God?
Lefe, fole, thi losengerie,
and studie Cristis lyf.
Quæ conventio Christi ad Belial? Quid communicabit cacabus ad ollam?

Aȝens that that thou saist that we prechen
but fallace and fables,
and leve the gospel
that moste us al save,
loke that every werke is knowen,
plenili bi his eende,
and so the peple hath the pathes
of feith and of bileve,
and God woote freres prechinge
hath wrouȝt to this ende.

¶ Daw, hou maist thou saye for shame
that Crist stale thus childre,
and Poule beggid as ȝe don,
ȝe lyven bi the gospel?
ȝee, Dawe, ȝe selle derrere
lesynges and poyson,
than ever did Poule
alle his holy writyng;
ever thou likynest ȝou to Crist,
whan ȝe ben verrei Anticrist.
And if bisshopes byside wel to knowe
alle ȝour dedes,
thai founde ȝou werse than harlotes,
or jogulours ether;
ffor ȝe begge or ȝe preche
many tymes and oft,
somen men and threten hem,
bot if thai ȝif ȝou gode.
Bot the harlot wil drawe
the blode of his arse,
or he ask any gode,
or any rewarde.
And, Dawe, truly ȝour dedes
contrarie Crist.
Mordent dentibus et prædicant pacem, et si quis non dederit in ore eorum quippiam, sanctificant super eum prælium.

But ȝe han cast cursidly
Cristendome to distroye,
and of Cristis gospel
make Machometis lawe,
aȝens whom with opin mouth
other while we romee,
and sum tyme brynge ȝou til a bay
if God wil it graunte.
For this cause ȝe calle us
bastard branchis,
pursuyng preestes to prisoun
and to fire also;
¶ but, Jak, thei ben bastard braunches
that launchen from oure bileve,
and writhyn wrongli away
from holy chirche techinge,
siche beren yvel fruyte
and soure to atasten,
worthi to noon other good,
but in the fire to brenne;
and so for to pursue an heretike
to fire or to prisoun,
I holde it more holsum
than to halewe a chirche,
inprisonynge of the poysen
that mortherith many soulis,

¶ Daw, here thou blaberist togedir
falsenes and trouthe;
ffor a bastarde is he
that holdith aȝenes the sothe.
God and trwe men discusse
wher that be ȝe or I.
Ffor if thou seyst holi chirche
the techyng of Crist,
the reules of apostles,
the lyf of hem alle,

aftir Cristis doctrine
in the holy gospel.
Omnis, inquit, arbor quæ non fert fructum bonum, excidetur, et in ignem mittetur. Et iterum, Qui non manserit in me, mittetur foras sicut palmes, et arescet, et colligent, et in ignem mittetur.
Disseverynge ȝou from the tree
that is Crist him silfe.
But how shulden freres
pursue heresie,
and many of hem wite not
what heresie meneth.
Jak, I am not lettered,
but I am frere Dawe,
and can telle wel a fyn
what heresie amounteth;
heresie, that is Grw,
is divisioun on Latyn,
the whiche in oure langage
meneth sunderyng and partyng.
He thanne that sundrith him
from Crist and his chirche,
and frely forgith sentences
contrarious to oure feith,
siche manere of forgers
heretikes we callen,
and also her felowis

I summitte me to hem,
and wil wile I lyve.
If thou callist, Dawe,
ȝour Dominikis reules,
with determinacion
of many false prestes,
holi chirche, as I wene,
as oft thou hast done,

taken the same name,
and her sory sentences
ben clepid heresies,
but namely when thei ben holdun
of obstinat hertis.
And I shal this mater
more largely declare.
Sixe maner of heretikes
ben foundun in the lawe.
For he is callid an heretike
that rasith oure bileve;
and he is callid an heretike
that heresies sowith,
as Arrians, Wyclyfanes,
Sabellyanes, and other;
and the corruptours of scripturis
heretikes ben holdun,
that other wise undirstondin
than the Holi Goost techith.
Also we clepen hem heretikes,
that sacramentis sellyn,
or ben from hem dividid
bi cursynge of the chirche.
He is also an heretike
that doutith our bileve,
and with a litil evydence
goith out of the waye.
And also an heretike

I forsake the for ever,
with this cursid chirche,
Odivi ecclesiam malignantium.
If thou purposist to pursuwe
and drawe men to dethe,
I mervel not meche,
for it is thin office.
The fadires of freres,

him shulde we holde
that distrieth privyleges
grauntid of the pope.
This sixe maners
put Hostiensis in his Summe,
and if this sentence be soth,
y can noon other seien,
but thou and thi secte
ben heretikes alle.
Jak, thou spekist ferthermore
of messis and of preires,
and askist what we sellen,
wen we seyen oure messe,
whether the sacrament,
our preieres, or our traveile;
and if ony of this we done,
thou arguest a greet errour.
Jak, unto this questioun
on wyse may be answerith,
aftir that seint Austyn
spekith of the apostlis.
The apostlis a seye
reseyved freely her breed
of hem that freely
token her techinge;
and so, Jak, freely graunte
we our masse
to hem that freely
ȝeven us her almesse,

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whiche were the Pharisees,
pursuwed Crist to the paynful dethe,
ȝe, callid hym a blasfeme,
as ȝe clepen hem heritikes
that holde aȝenes ȝour falsehede,
alle if thai men truthe.
Et vos implete mensuram patrum vestrorum.

and synnen no wyse
bi noon other vice,
to selle no sacramentis
ne spiritual preier.
And thus among freres
gete thei no logginge,
but bete hem to gretter men
and geten her herbegage,
of patronis of chirchis,
or privyly with preestes,
wich to fatte benefices
wolde be promotid.
¶ Jak, I suppose
That my labour y selle,
what wil thou seie therto,
do y ony symonye?
How than shal the persons seye
that setten her chirches to ferme,
that ben more spiritual
than bodili traveile;
and these paroche preestes
that ministren the sacramentis,
for a certen sawd bi ȝeer
of ten mark or of twelfe;

¶ Daw, thou hast lerned
so long to lye,
thou wenest thou saist soth
whan thou liest most lewde,
and sclaunderist the truthe.
Thou saidist thou were no lettred man,
thou prevest thi self fals,
ffor thou spekist of ierarchies,
of herisies also;
thou art gilty in alle thes poyntes,
and thi brether bothe,
that I wolde preve apertly,

and al these annuellers
that syngen for a tyme,
takyng for her traveil
as thei may acorde;
but thei can answere for hem silf,
and we shal for us.
Another mater ther is meved,
that touchith begging;
thou seist that we falsly
Crist him silf disclaundren,
to seie that he beggid,
sith he was lord of al,
and al in his demeyns.

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if that the tyme suffrid.
Lok ȝour lyvyng, ȝour prechyng,
with other opun dedes,
and laye it by the apostles lyf,
and se how thai acorde,
and as I wene the Holigost
appreveth nether nouther.
Me thynkith ȝe ben tapsteres,
in alle that ȝe don;
ȝe tappe ȝour absoluciones
that ȝe bye at Rome,
ȝour prechyng, ȝour praying,
and also ȝour beryings.
Bot thou accusist other men
that han bot the mote
in the comparison
of alle ȝour gret synnes.
Hypocrita, ejice primo trabem de oculo tuo.
Dawe, ȝe folowen Crist,
as greyhounde doth the hare;
ffor as God ȝaf kyng Saule
in his wodenes,
so ȝe ben clekkid out
to pursuwe holi chirche.
Periculum in falsis fratribus.

¶ But for this mater, Jacke,
thou most undirstonde,
that Crist in his godhede
is lord of alle thingis,
as testimonie of Scripture
preveth in many places;
as touching his manhood
he was nedi and pore,
for of his nede spake
David in his psalmes.
Ego, inquit, mendicus sum et pauper, et Dominus solicitus est mei.
And after Austin and Jerom
this word of Crist was seid,
so thanne these twey
stonden wel togidere,
that Crist after oo kynde
was lord of alle,
and after that other

¶ Ȝit, Dawe, thou drawist in
many fals promptynges,
ffor to hirt symple men,
bot me never a del;
ffor Crist in his membres
beggid ful oft,
ffor synne of the puple,
when thai were at mischef.
Bot as suche bolde beggers
in bodily hele,
begged never Crist,
ne non of his membres;
ffor Crist, that is truthe,
may in no wise
contrarie him self
ne God that is his fadir;
ffor in many places
thai damnen suche sturdy beggyng,
And, so, Dawe, thou dotest,

nedide to begge.
For if Crist seie soth,
him silf ne hadde noon harborow,
to resten in his owne heed,
and steken out the stormes.
Vulpes, inquit, etc., ubi caput suum reclinet.
And if we shulen ȝeve credence
to doctours wordes,
heere what seith seint Jerom,
and seint Bernard also.
Cave, inquit Jeronimus, ne mendicante Deo tuo alienas divitias augeas; et Bernardus. Ut te, Domine, per omnia nostræ paupertati conformares, quasi unus in turba pauperum stipem per hostia mendicabas.
Wherfore thou feynest fonnedli

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alleggyng the water,
the asse, or the herberowe;
for he was lorde of alle,
and so thou mysse takist Jerom,
and lyest on Bernarde,
ffor Alrede his clerke
wrote his reson,
that thou mysse layst,
and dokkist it as the likist.
Herfor a clerke saith,
that evel mot he spede,
that beggith of the puple
more than is nede.
Mendax mendicus non est veritatis amicus.
Nutantes transferantur filii ejus et mendicent.
God gif the grace to knowe how
thou art Judas childe;
whiche psalme thou leggist to me,
as to an evel entent;
for ȝit thou schuldest be damned
softly in helle,
Nutantes transferentur filii.

that oure Lord we sclaundre;
or ellis oure holy doctours
diden not her dever.
Jak, have no merveyle
that y speke Latyn,
for oones I was a manciple
at Mertoun halle,
and there y lernede Latyn
by roote of clerkes.
Of clamourus also begging
thou chaterist and criist,
and seist it is uttirli
forbodun in Goddis lawe.
¶ Jak, the blynde begger
sat bi the weye,
and lowde criede uppon Crist,
as the gospel tellith;
but him was ȝovun iȝe-siȝt,
for al his grete noise,
and also the pore man
at the specionus ȝate
praiede to the apostlis
to parten of her almes;
and ther the begger unreproved
of crokidnesse he was heelid.

¶ Thou ffeillest much brethe, Daw,
with legyng of thi tyxtes;
for summe thou legest kenely
to a fals entente;
but of other thou blundyrst
as a blynde buserde.
For thes pore of whom thou spekyst,
myȝt not helpe hem selfe;
but ȝoure prowde losengerie
that rune abowt as snek-drawers
ben neyther pore ne fabil,
and so juge thou
how thes to acorde.

I forȝete not the lazar
that beggide of the riche,
and criede lowde at his ȝate
to cachen his almes.
Where redist thou that he was
repreved of his begging?
I rede wel he was ful soone
in Abrahams bosum.
Thou makist also more ado
for writing in oure tablis
of sich mennes names
that ȝeven us her almes,
" Wenynge that God were a fool,
" not knowinge mennes dedes,
" but if he were mengid
" bi weie of ȝour writyng."
¶ Jak, writyng was ordeyned
for slipernes of mynde,
not of God, but of us men,
hirt in oure nature,
and bi bodili buystousnesse
fallen to forȝetynge.
Now special preier,
as clerkes seien,

¶ ȝit, Dawe, thou hewist hye,
and puttist thi mouthe in heven;
thi tong likkith the chesefat,
and the garner also,
and the pore wedowes porse,
thowȝ she have bot a peny.
And ȝit, Dawe Dotypolle,
thou justifiest this harlotrie;
whi lykkennest thou writyng of names,
which thou dost for money,
to the holi scripture,
that is our bileve?
Ffor God ne any godeman

moste helpeth the soulis,
and that may not be done
withouten special mynde.
Thanne for oure forȝetfulnesse
it nedith us to noten,
and this is cause whi
we writun in oure tablis.
And Esdras wroot a newe book,
to have the lawe in mynde.
To seint Joon in the Apocalips
it was bodun also,
that privy revelacion
to writun in his book,
for unstabilnesse of mynde,
seith the comoun glose.
" Whi," also thou axist,
" make ȝe so many maistris,
" aȝens Cristis bidding
" in the holi gospel?"
For sothe, Jak, among other,
this is a lewid question.
Taking heed to thin astaate,
thou art but a knave,
and ȝit thou lokist that thi knave

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appreved never this symonye;
but thou approvest ȝour capped maistres
with a glasen glose,
whiche galpen after grace
bi symonye ȝour sister,
and after sitten on hie dece
and glosen lordes and ladies.
And this is no liknes
bitwix my knave and hem;
ffor of thes and suche it ben
that Crist specth in his gospel.
Amant enim primos recubitus in cœnis, et primas cathedras in synagogis, et vocari ab hominibus Rabbi.

shulde calle thee maistir.
Leve Jacke Jawdewyn,
how kepist thou the gospel?
Nevertheles to thi question
answerith the comoun glose,
that neithir the acte of teching,
neither the acte of maistir,
ben forbodun of Crist,
but oonli ambicion,
and the nyce appetite
of worldly worship.
Thou askist also ferthermore,
whos ben alle oure jewels;
and we seyen we han riȝt nouȝt
in propre ne in comoun,
but gederen the goodes of the rewme
to make the pope riche.
Jak, the foure and twentithe pope
Joon wroot aȝens this mater,
and frere menours aȝens him,
as her actis shewen.
Examyne her actis
and loke who hath the beter,
and knowe noon other ordre
this perfitnesse approveth.
¶ Thou grucchist also that we gon
two of us togider;

¶ Daw, thou herdist me not grucche
that ȝe went two togedir;
ffor otherwhile ȝe gon three,
a womman is that oon.
Bot whether ȝe go two or oon,
if ȝe wol do wele,
it were a gret joye to me,
God wot the sothe.
Bot wel I wote that charité
may not duelle there,

for of the perfit apostlis
wenten but oone aloone.
Thou seist that we pretenden
the perfeccioun of apostlis.
Parfay, Jak, in scripture
thou failist here ful foule,
herdest thou nevere the processe
of the actis of the apostlis,
in what maner the Holi Goost
chees Bernabé and Poule,
to gone bothe togidere,
and Cristis seed to sowun;
and aftirward whan Bernabas
from Poul was departid,
another felowe, Tymothé,
toke Poul to his feere.
And ȝit thei weren perfit
bi fastinge and bi preieris,
and resseyved hadde the Holi Goost
bi the apostlis hondis.
And thus we gon two togider,
folwinge her stappis;
but more for the mysterie
includid in the noumbre,
for to bi workes of charité
fulfilling the lawe;
and two tablis of Moises

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where covetise crepith in,
and lecherie is loggid.
Therfor, Dawe, allegge thou
no figur for thin ordre,
bot if it be Zambre
with Corby his lotby,
or Jamnes and Mambres,
Pharaouse freres.
Hi sunt qui penetrant domos, et ducunt mulierculas oneratas peccatis,

there the lawe was writun;
and two cherubyns in the temple,
and two in the tabernacle.
It was not good to Adam
for to be aloone;
and Crist seith woo to sool
in aventure that he falle.
Also for fraternité
ful harde thou us holdist,
to graunt part of merit,
and also of messis,
bicause that we witen not whether
that we ben in grace or in synne,
and happili for we praien for suche
that ben dampned in helle.
Jak, if this cause were good,
al preier were reproved,
and thanne were set at nou3t
bothe messe and matynes,
and holy bedis and orisons
seid in holi chirche.
¶ Thanne shulde we leve Cristis bede,
the holy pater-noster.
Thanne was the memento
put fally in the masse,
and hooli chirche voidli
or madli biddith preye,
and alle siche 3onge impossibilitees
folowen therof.

¶ Thou argust, Topias, wonderly,
as if thou were an asse;
for thou legest 3oure selde bedys to the pater-noster,
that Crist him selve made;
but wel I wote that alle 3e
gate never a peny,

For who is that that knowith him silf
worthi for to preien,
but God bi revelacion
specially wolde it shewe;
for noman, seith the scripture, woot,
whether he is worthi love,
or ellis maugree but God
it oonly knowith.
And who can telle ferthermore
whiche shulde be dampned,
sith Goddis privy domes
man may not comprehende;
and so shal noman preie for other,
ne noman for him silf.
Jak, se now thin errour,
and sum tyme sesse for shame;
for thou jangelist as a jay,
and woost not what thou meenest.
Moreover thou monest multipliyng
of so many freris,
whiche encresen combrouseli,
aȝens Goddis wille;
sith preestis with other religious
myȝte serve the peple,
for twelve apostlis and fewe moo
serveden al the world,
and mo fyngris on myn hond
than foure and the thombe

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with the pater-noster,
but with ȝoure famulorum,
that ȝe sey is beter,
ȝe gete many poundes.
For Crist made that one,
for better may none be;
but ȝe with ȝoure ypocrisy
han autorised that other,

amenusith my worching
more than it acresith;
and so thou seist that freris letten
Cristis growinge into heven.
Jacke, thou weenest thou wynne lond,
but thou concludist thi silf;
thou seist that God alle thingis hath maad
in mesure, weiȝte, and noumbre,
and that every frere is sum thing,
thou maist not denye,
and thou seist freris ben maad
aȝens Goddis wille.
Than hath God maad sum thing
that he wolde not make,
and so his sovereyne goodnesse
is contrarious to him silfe.
Lo, Jakke Jospinel,
what folowith of thi sawis.
Jakke, if thouȝ a fewe moo
myȝte serven al the world,
thanne myȝte a fewe preestes
serven a litil rewme.
Whi renne thanne these ȝonge clerkes
so faste to the ordres,
to encresen preestes
above mony hundridis?
And if freris ben combrouse,

---

to blynde with the pupyl
for ȝoure cursed grounde,
and thou God made al thinge in mesure and in wyȝte,
as the scripture seythe,
it folowth not he made ȝou,
for ȝe ben oute of mesure,
and so the devyl and Caym
with Judas ben ȝoure fadirs.

preestis ben wel more;
or ellis telle a beter skil
thanne thou hast begunne,
whi the toon is chargeaunt
more than the tother.
Also the ensaumple of thin hond
is no thing to purpos;
for kynde hath determyned
the noumbre of thi fyngris,
and if it passe noumbre,
it is clepid monstruosité;
but God and holi chirche
determyned noo noumbre
of preestis ne of freris
to helpen mannis soule.
For the mo good ther ben,
the better is Cristis spouse;
and thouȝ fewer myȝten
done that nedis,
ȝit many hondis togider
maken liȝt werk.

¶ Another mater thou movest, Jak,
moost to be chargid,
of the solempne sacrament
of Cristis owne bodye,
conteyned in figure of brede,
sacrifise for synne;
thou drawist a thorn out of thi hele,
and puttist it in oure.

¶ Oft, Dawe, in thi writtyng,
thou wryngist out contradiccion;
but ȝit thou puttist defaut to prestes,
as erst thou didist to curates.
I wot thai ben defectif,
bot ȝit stondith Cristis religion,
of whose defaut I dout not, Dawe,
ȝe ben the chef cause.

Thou berist us on honde that we seien
ther is not Cristis bodye,
but roundnesse and whitenesse,
and accident withouten suget.
Jak, we seie with holy chirche,
that ther is Cristis bodi,
and not material breed
with Wiclyf ȝour maistir,
the whiche put ther but as a figure,
and not verré Cristis bodi,
after a manere spekyng
that holy chirche usith,
as we clepen Crist a stoon,
a lomb, and a lioun,
and noon of these is Crist,
but oonli in figure.
This heresie holde not we,
but ȝe his false folowers,
privyly as ȝe doren,
and opinli ȝe wolden,
ne were the sharp ponishinge
of ȝour former fadirs.

Bi this it suwit not God,
bot Sathanas brouȝt ȝou in.
Thou saist, Dawe, as thou felist,
that there is Cristes body;
bot I afferme faithfully
that that is Cristis body;
Daw, aske thi cappid maistres,
as if thai were heritikes,
what is the sacred host,
and grounde hem in scripture,
to whiche we knele and doffe our hodes,
and don alle this wirchip,
and I bileve that oste sacred,
whiche is bothe whit and rounde,
is verrei Cristis body,

And now I will thee telle
the freris *confiteor*,
touching to this sacrament,
how that thei bileven.
Thei seie breed is turned into fleish,
and wyne into blood,
thourȝ the myȝt of oure God,
and vertue of his wordis;
the fleish is mete, the blood is drynke,
and Crist dwellith [therin],
no thing rasyd, no thing dividid,
but oonli broken in signe,
and as moche is in oo partie
as is al the hole;
thus leeveth not of the breed,
but oonli the licnesse,
which that abidith therinne
noon substeyned substans.
It is deth to the yvel,
lyf to good encresing of oure grace.
It wole not be confect
but oonli of a preest,

---

as men shuld bileve,
and did to the tyme
that Sathanas was unbounde.
The wittnesse of this reson
is Crist and his apostles,
with many holi doctouris
of the thousande ȝere.
Bot this ȝe falsely forsake,
with alle ȝour secte, or many,
and blynden the puple with heresie,
and leven Goddis lawe;
ffor ȝe sayen ther is Cristis body,
and nouȝt that sacred host.
Commutaverunt veritatem Dei in mendacium.

that lawfulli is ordeyned
bi holi chirche keies;
and so carpenters ne sowters,
card-makers ne powchers,
drapers ne cutellers,
girdelers, coferers, ne corvysers,
ne no manere of artificeris,
this sacrament mowe treten,
but the privité of preesthode
wer prickid in her soulis.
And ȝit ȝour sect susteynes
wommen to seie massis,
shewyng to trete a sacrament
as preestes that thei were,
reversynge holy doctours
and decree of holy chirche.
¶ Allas! ȝour brymme blastis
awake the wilde wawlis,
and scalen sely Peter ship,
and putt it in hiȝe perile;
ne were God the giour,
and kept the stern,
with the sterne stormes
that reufulli ȝe reisin,
al schulde wende to wrak

¶ *ȝit spekith Jak Uplande.*
To make with the a dialogge,
I holde it bot wast,
for thou maryst thy lesynges lowde
with thy false heresyes;
men may se by thy writing,
here, thou jangelyng jay,
how thou bylevest not in the sacrid oste,
for we sey alle,
the sacrid oste that is sene with eye
is verey Cristes body;
but thy secte seyth not soo,

into the waast watris.
The releef of Cristis feeste
ȝe renden and ratyn,
that his alumners the postlis
gaderid togidere,
and delith it to dogges
and ravenous beestes;
and the presciouse perlis
ȝe strowun to hogges,
the sutil metis of scripturis
to cherlis stomakes,
and maken hem als comoun
as the cart weye,
aȝens Poulis sentence,
and Poulis owne doctrine.
Non, inquit Paulus, potui vobis scribere quasi spiritualibus, sed quasi carnalibus, etc.
Se also what Crist seith,
in the holy gospel.
Multa habui vobis dicere, sed non, etc.
Also in many other place thus spekith he
to his perfit disciplis:
Vobis datum est noscere mysterium regni Dei, cæteris autem in parabolam, etc.

---

but ȝe say ther is Cristes body,
ȝe tel not where.
But Crist seyth, this is my body,
and not, ther is my body.
Whi, ȝe templers messe sellers,
grante ȝe not Cristes wordes,
syth ȝe chafyr thus therwith,
bygylyng the pupil?
Lete ȝoure secte write ȝoure byleve
of this sacrid oste,
and preche it as ȝe write it,
and sette therto ȝoure sele,

Than the lewide and the lered
auȝt not yliche,
the scripturis ben scaterid
in his privy pointes.
Jak, thou seist at the last,
that charité is chacid,
to vengyn oure defautis,
and mende us of oure mysse,
levynge oure rotyn ritis,
folowinge Goddis lawe.
Jak, oure ritis ben nouȝt rotyn,
her rootis ben al freishe,
plantid in the gospel,
as I seide biforen;
but, good Jak, ȝour grace,
where be ȝe foundid?
not in Goddis gospel,
but in Sathanas pistile,
wher of sorowe and of snowcrie
noon is to seken,
but al maner of dolosité
to ȝou is enditid,
as in thi lewid daliaunce
apertli thou hast preved;

---

and I am siker of my feith
ȝe schul be stonde to deth;
and than schal ȝoure castels
cache hem new maysters,
for ȝe wil not grante,
ne bot few of ȝoure ordirs,
the ost sacrid, white and rounde,
is verey Cristis body.
I pray oure Lord Jhesu,
that sone be it sene,
who is in the trew wey,
whether ȝe other we.

but moche mawgré mote thou have
thus to frayn a frere,
that slily wolde have slent aweye,
and noman have greved.
But for thi grete labour
thi gardoun thou shalt gete;
thou shalt have the popis curse,
and al holi chirchis;
and if thou sett this at nouȝt,
God mowe sende thee more,
the curse that he hath ȝovun to Caym
and Choreis sone also;
thou shalt also have the curse
that Crist ȝaf to Phariseis,
figured in the figre tree
that nevere bare fruyte aftir.
Thou shalt have the weleaway
of Gelboth hilles,
the sorowe of Sodome,
and al sinful citeis.
Take for thi faire speche
the preier of *Deus laudem*,
the greable gardoun
for al opin sclaundris;
thou shalt have the malisoun
of Moab and Ariel;

But towching men of crafte,
whom thou dispisyst,
al they schulde medle hem
to know her byleve,
but as wele of her sacryng,
as wymmen syngynge messe,
alwey thou usest the craft
of thyn old fader.
Why darst not thou of summe
of ȝou false heretykis,

the benysoun of Bethsaida
shal make thy beddis heed;
and, Jakke, for thou apprisist not
the curse of seint Franceis,
but scornyst the malisoun
of the foure ordris,
take the malisoun that God ȝaf
to brekers of his lawe,
in the book of Deutronomye,
the seven and twenty chapitre;
but evere be ware of Cristis curse,
and of cattis tailis,
the which if thou have grace to cacchen,
nevere shal thou thryve.
Now fare forthe to thi fourmures,
and, Jak, thou hem telle
the matere of oure talkynge,
and loke how hem likith;
and if hem thinke not thi sawes
sufficientli assoilid,
lat hem senden aȝen,
it shal be amendid;
and sai hem that it nedith not
to sharpen oure clerkes,
for frere Dawe is scharpe ynowȝ
for al sich enditinge.

---

fynde owte such on,
and preve ȝoure lesynges sothe.
And therfor, Daw, I sey nomore
to the at this tyme,
but thou ert on of the falsest
that ever I saw write.
For Mahomete and Serginus,
and al her grete lawe,
wot not so many lesynges
as ben here in thy writynges.

Ffare wele, Jak Jawdewyne,
I thee God bitake;
and nomore of freris
I thee rede to preche.
To lower state than thei ben
thou maist hem not dryve,
and if thei evere come to hiȝer,
the wers shal thou thryve.

Explicit dictamen fratris Daw Topias, quem in fine appellat Johannem Walssingham, contra quæstiones Johannis Uplond.

On the Execution of Richard Scrope, Archbishop of York.[1]

June 8, 1405.

Quis meo capiti dabit effundere,
Et fonte lachrymas multum suffundere,
Per dies noctesque aquas deducere,
Deflenti mortem præsulis?
Quid mirum effluam totus in lachrymas,
Defleam, lugeam tantas misereas,
Procerum, plebium strages innumeras,
Nunc finis verisimilis.
Sancti Paracleti sacra solemnitas
Willelmi præsulis felix festivitas,
Pastoris humilis cædis severitas,
Concursu gaudent temporis.
Secunda feria post lucis medium
Ricardus Angliæ primas ad gladium
Ducitur, cæditur, migrans ad gaudium
Commutat ima superis.

[1] From MS. Cotton. Faustina B. ix. fol. 242, v°.

Pastor perducitur plebis præsentia,
Et interdicitur mox audientia;
In primis promitur ipsa sententia
Ingressus quam præposterus.
Judex præpotens, nulla dilatio,
Nulla negotii examinatio,
Gravis sententiæ præceps probatio,
Progressus temerarius.
Nil ergo conscius præsul non resonat,
Nec latas canonis censuras fulminat,
Sed prothomartyris exemplo geminat,
Ne Christus noxam statuas.
Non sacri temporis prodest præsentia,
Nihil nobilitas, nil reverentia
Personæ, ordinis nec præminentia,
Hæ habent voces vacuas.
Locus sententiæ, patris palatium;
Jumento vehitur hinc ad supplicium;
Cessavit penitus sellæ solatium,
Capistro frænum cesserat.
Tunc ait pontifex, despectus congruit,
Ornatus varius quia complacuit,
Hunc mundi Dominus Christus sustinuit,
Cum pati pœnas venerat.
Solatur comitem adolescentulum,
Ne prorsus timeat mortis articulum;
Certus obtineat cœli cœnaculum,
Coruscus comes angelis.
Fel, ferula, virgula satis sufficerent,
Furentem frameam si non adjicerent;
Fœdam infamiam sic procul pellerent,
Vulgatam regnis singulis.
Proh dolor! parvulum ense percutiunt;
Proh pudor! sanguinem proprium polluunt
Proh nefas! patriæ primatem perimunt,
Polluti parricidio.

Flexis poplitibus post pacis osculum
Offert carnifici columba jugulum;
Sic linquit pontifex carnis ergastulum;
Fert ictus quinque gladio.
Mitis in moribus, in pudicitia
Castus, virtutibus clarus, scientia
Lucidus, stabilis in patientia,
Vernat laude multiplici.
Baptismus sanguinis, fluminis, flaminis,
Abstergit maculas cujusque criminis,
Hoc sacro tempore virtute numinis
Renatus fonte triplici.
Ast Thomam militum audax atrocitas,
Symonem plebium furens ferocitas,
Ricardum callide sæva crudelitas,
Obtruncant christos Domini.
Annus millenus quadringentesimus
Quintus erat Christo patri novissimus,
Dies quo patitur pastor piissimus
Octavus erat Junii.
Ad sancti Stephani altaris titulum,
Cujus proverbii sumpsit capitulum,
Præparat præsuli sepulchri lectulum
Cunctorum Deus præscius.
Lectorem simplicem supplex expostulo,
Ne patrem polluat veneni poculo;
Benigne audiat quæ videt oculo
Factorum Dei nescius.
Quicquid ab aliis divisim traditur,
A probis plurimis sparsis asseritur,
Quod pie, patiens, devote moritur,
De fine nullus hæsitat.
Si vera caritas monstrat miracula,
Præcedet veritas, nec offendicula
Reddetur probitas per ulla sæcula,
Scriptura sacra recitat.

Si causæ subeant, Deus, ecclesia,
Regnum, res publica, fides, justitia,
Pie præsumitur pro patientia
Omnia vincit caritas.
Non queunt cætera pœnarum genera,
Corpora lacera, carorum funera,
A plebe tollere amoris munera;
Omnia suffert caritas.
Thesaurus tollitur, vasaque cætera,
Corporis, cameræ supellex varia,
Capellæ, studii vasa, jocalia;
Omnia fiscus occupat.
Non datur corporis funeri lintheus,
Non nummus minimus pro funeralibus,
Nihil pauperibus, nil creditoribus,
Pietas prorsus exulat.
Pœna progreditur familiaribus,
Census indicitur, nudantur opibus,
Nec veris creditur probationibus,
Venenum est his venia.
Post hæc extenditur pœna in plebibus
Importabilibus exactionibus;
Nemini parcitur, sed innocentibus
Ingrata datur gratia.
Anglorum recolens prima fastigia,
Nunc horum intuens dira discidia,
Cunctorum metuens simul excidia,
Mutata miror prospera.
Gens olim nobilis, nunc nimis misera,
In fide fragilis, vilis ut vipera,
Verbis instabilis, in factis effera,
Materna rodit viscera.
Ignavi exteris bellis hostilibus
Cædunt se mutuo plus quam civilibus,
Trucidis, horridis, innaturalibus,
Cognato madent sanguine.

Orbatur regio inclitis ducibus,
Nudatur legio lectis militibus,
Bacchatur pugio cæsis tyronibus,
Rarus fortis in agmine.
Quis mihi tribuat ut annos pristinos
Revolvi videam et mores patrios,
Ridere rideam ut canos ultimos;
In forma pacis finiam.
O summa Deitas, qui cœlis inseris,
Præsidens mediis medere miseris,
Ut spectis infimis lætemur superis,
Beatus dona veniam. Amen.

On the Death of Henry IV.[1]

By Thomas of Elmham.

Incipit epistola sacræ theologiæ professoris magistri Thomæ Elmham, monachi de Lenton prope Notyngham, ad regem Henricum quintum pro opere sequenti.

O rex mi domine, sæpe quæ tibi scribere duxi,
Providus ut fias, damna futura cavens,

[1] From the Bodleian Library, MS. Rawlinson, No. 214, fol. 134, r°. The writer of these lines, Thomas of Elmham, is well known to historians by his prose history of the reign of Henry V., printed by Hearne; by a history of the monastery of St. Augustine at Canterbury, of which Mr. Hardwick has recently given us an edition; and by his summary of the history of the same reign in Latin verse, the latter edited by Mr. C. A. Cole, in his "Memorials of Henry the Fifth, "King of England." In his earlier life he was a Benedictine monk of the monastery in Canterbury, of which he compiled the history; he subsequently entered the order of Cluny, and was elected prior of Lenton in Nottinghamshire, an office which he held until 1426. The short poem here printed must, from internal evidence, have been composed immediately after the event it commemorates, the death of Henry IV., and before its author became prior of Lenton.

Errores solitos quos nunc tua curia mittit
Corrige, ne feriat te gravis ira Dei.
Nam licet hic hodie sis rex, sors crastina forsan
Te cito subvertet et diadema tuum.
Ecce quod intrasti transis, patet exitus orbe,
Quo tria sunt ista, pus, labor, atque dolor.
Flebilis ingressus, progressus debilis inde,
Egressus timidus, hæc memorare precor.
O si lamenta populi, si gaudia scires,
Quæ tibi dat fleres egrediens, regrediens.
Nam tuus adventus cunctis tristis perhibetur,
Jocundus tuus est exitus a patria.
Cervicata cohors et avari quique ministri
Causant plura mala, dum bona vi rapiunt.
Quod fit eis placitum tenet hoc pro jure vigorem,
Ad libitum paret his homo, sic animal.
Hi nihil excipiunt, tamen hoc in tempore guerræ,
Illicitum fieret, liber ut esse solet.
Presbyter et monachus, mercator, cultor agrique,
His et jumenta libera jure manent.
Hi cum securi debent fore tempore guerræ,
Cur non securi tempore pacis erunt?
Si pax nulla locis datur in quibus ipse moraris,
Pacis ades fractor, inde caveto tibi.
Regis Ricardi crebro memorare secundi,
Cujus fortunæ sit cito versa rota.
Henrici regis patris ipse tui memor esto,
Nam sua fortuna carne supina ruit.
Illius in speculo res extitit hoc speculata,
Hæc mage quo fieret conspicienda tibi.
Hujus doctrina tibi stat vice cotis, acutum
Quæ ferrum reddit ipsa secando nihil.
Dogmatis ecce sui metra congrua condere conor,
Ut tibi proficiant hic tibi dixit ita.

Explicit epistola magistri Thomæ Elmham ad regem Henricum quintum.

Incipit epistola regis Henrici quarti ad filium suum Henricum quintum in extremis languentis pro sui et regni Angliæ gubernatione, una cum benedictione paternali cunctis suis filiis, ex composito prædicti magistri T. E.

Dilige mente Deum, fili, virtuteque tota,
Hoc tu si facias sit tibi vera salus.
Vera salus tibi sit, si corde Deum venereris,
Nec dubites sibi dans corpus, opes, cor, et os.
Corpus, opus, cor, et os sibi dans, mala discute prisca,
Si sit prosperitas, inde caveto mali.
Inde caveto mali, ne degener ad bona fias,
Et te sic habeas ut mala quæque luas.
Ut mala quæque luas crebro bene confitearis,
Tu confessores excipe proficuos.
Excipe proficuos, foveas quo te reprehendant,
Ut decet exculpa lætius arte feras.
Arcta feras læte servire Deo, vigil affer
Os, aures, oculos, corde precando Deum.
Corde precando Deum consortia pange piorum;
Det tibi colloquium religiosa cohors.
Religiosa cohors pellat decreta malorum,
Omne malum fugias, dilige quodque bonum.
Quodque bonum nutrias, coram te despice dici
Allectiva malis, cor pietatis habe.
Cor pietatis habe, labor assit, et otia sperne,
Exemplum præbens arma tuendo tuis.
Arma tuendo tuis memorans regni diadema,
Dic memorans tibimet ad quod, amice, venis.
Ad quod, amice, venis, ut præsis proficias nil,
Non ruis inde piger si nimis alta petas.
Si nimis alta petas, scripturæ cerne valorem,
Nec puteus Jacob est, sit sapor inde recens.
Sit sapor inde recens, hinc vana recentia pelle,
Teque decentia stent recta docentia te.

Recta docentia te dictant ut linea recta
Sit servanda tibi quo vacet illicitum.
Quo vacet illicitum non dextris nonque sinistris
Divertas, gratis prosperitate cavens.
Prosperitate cavens adversis tu patiens sis,
Esto memor finis, dic ego quis tibimet?
Dic ego quis tibimet, Henrice, tibi speculum do,
Fortis eram quondam, debilis ecce ruo.
Debilis ecce ruo, multis formosior olim
Vultus pictura pluribus alma fuit.
Pluribus alma fuit quæ nunc patet horrida cunctis,
Qui sapui plura, vix memor esto mei.
Vix memor esto mei quis me de corpore mortis
Hujus nunc leniet, mors, mihi cara, veni.
Mors, mihi cara, veni, cum sis mihi janua vitæ,
Fœtor, gleba, lutum, stat reputanda caro.
Stat reputanda caro nil, quamvis sint tibi vires,
Si non mente vires, non bonus ipse vires.
Non bonus ipse vires, horum si non memor assis,
Qui cari mihi sunt, his bona ferre velis.
His bona ferre velis, cunctis ingrata refutes,
Quo gratus maneas, hoc tibi gratia det.
Hoc tibi gratia det, Acheron non grata resumet;
Terram terra teget, spiritus alta petet.
Spiritus alta petet, benedictio te sacra Christi
Servet, quo solvas debita quæque mea.
Debita quæque mea solvas et eris benedictus,
Te fratres quoque rex beat ipse poli.
Rex beet ipse poli pietate Thomamque, Johannem,
Necnon Humfredum, sit quibus alma fides.
Alma fides vireat qua crescant prospera regni,
Ut te contingat hac prece posse frui.

Gratiarum actiones regis Henrici 4 in fine vitæ suæ.

Gloria, Christe, tibi, miserorum rex miseratur,
Pro pietate tua tu miserere mei.

Tu miserere mei nosco conceptus in alvo,
Ingressus mundum mox bona grata tuli.
Grata tuli, tribues tibi nil miles, comes, et dux,
Nunc rex grata tuli gloria tota tibi.
Tota tibi laus sit, in te nunc omnia possum,
Hæc me confortant spes, amor, atque fides.
Spes, amor, atque fides, sensusque, memorque voluntas
Patri tum nato spirituique sacro.
Sacro spiritui sit laus in honore perenni,
Infirmus cum sim fortior atque potens.

Nomen regis.

Fortior atque potens *r*espirans *e*xprimo *X*pistum,[1]
*H*inc *e*go *n*unc *r*ogito *j*usta *c*rucis *v*ia *s*it.
*H*æc *e*st *n*obilitas *r*egnantibus *i*nclita *c*unctis
*V*irtutum *s*eries, *r*elevans *e*xamine *X*pus.
*H*ostes *e*cce *n*ocent *r*apiendo *j*ocalia *c*ara,
*V*irtus *s*ervetur *r*espirans *e*xcipe *X*pum.

Nomen versificatoris.

*T*raditur *h*ostis *o*pus, *m*editetur *a*more *s*ophia,
*E*xcipiens *l*umen *m*ortis *a*mara *m*onens.

Mortem regis Henrici 4ti.

Annis millenis quadringentis duodenis
Rex meat Henricus ad loca digna sibi.
Cuthberti luce vitæ spiramen ab imis
Suscipit altitonans rex miserando piis.
Ficta prophetia sonuit quam vivus habebat,
Quod sibi sancta fuit terra lucranda cruce.
Improvisa sibi sacra terra datur nescius hospes
In Bethlem camera Westque monasterio.
O fallax fortuna, suis vergenda repente,
Quos sua dextra levat, hos sua læva premat.
Fingit, ovat, recipit, tradit, variat, negat, aufert,
Quot rara promittit, fine perire solent.
Claruit Henricus rex, regum germine natus,
Anglus, Normannus, cum sit uterque parens.

[1] It is necessary to retain the abbreviation of the word in this case, or we should lose the *x*, which is necessary to the acrostic.

Anglia, Francia, Neustria, parte patris referuntur,
Nobilius reliquis, stirps sua clara viret.
Henrico regi terno sextus reperitur,
Tam patre quam matre pura propago patet.
Audax, intrepidus, micuit miles, comes, et dux,
Hinc rex magnificus robore, mente, statu.
Hic moriens monuit successurum sibi natum
Henricum quintum, nobilitate parem.

Finitur finis regis Henrici 4ti.

*R*ex *e*s, *x*picolis *a*le *n*e *g*rave *l*ædat, *i*d effer;
*H*ic *e*s, *n*il *r*apias, *j*us *c*onservans *v*ice *s*ummi;
*Q*uo *v*irtus *j*ubilans, *n*oxam *t*erit, *u*ndique *s*uffer.
*C*hrismatis *a*rma *t*enens, *e*n *r*egni *j*us *n*otat *a*ra.
*R*es *e*st *g*ratifica *j*am *n*obilitas *a*nimosa,
*A*ngelicum *n*omen *g*enti *l*ocus *i*mprimit *e*cce.

On the Battle of Azincourt.[1]

And ther lay owre kynge til the fyrste day of Octobre, the which day owre kynge remevyd and toke his way thorow Normandy and thorow Pykardy towarde Calys. And these bethe the townes that owre kynge rood by thorow Frawnce. First is Harflew; the secunde is Houndefle; the thirde is Barflete; the ferthe is Moustere velers; the fift is Fescoonpe, with the abbey; the sixt is Arkes; the seventhe is Depe; the eyghte is Depe; the ix^{e} is the ceté of

[1] From MS. Cotton. Cleop. C. iv. fol. 24, r°. This song, evidently a contemporary effusion, is preserved in a partly imperfect form in an early chronicle of London, the writer of which was taking his narrative from the account given in the popular ballad, until, tired of paraphrazing it, he went on copying the song itself. The lines of the earlier part of it, with their rhymes, are easily traced in the introductory prose, which is printed here as it stands in the MS.

Delewe; the x° is the cetê de Tewe; the xj° is cetê de Neelle; the xij° is the cetê de Amyas; the xiij° is the cetê of Aras; the xiiij° the water of Somme; the xv° the cetê of Pyroune; the xvj° the water of Swerdys; and than the batel of Tyrwyne. And in Aȝyngcorte felde owre kynge faught with the Frenchmen the ffryday tofore the day of Symond and Jude; and ther all the ryall powere of Frensshemen come aȝenst owre kynge and his litill meynê, save the Frensshe kynge and the dolfyne and the duke of Borgoyn, and the duke of Barre, elles all the lordys of Frawnce lay tofore the kynge in his hy way as he schuld passe towarde Calys, enbateylyd in iij° batayles, as the Frensshemen sayde hem silfe, the nowmbre of lx m^{l} men of armes, and tho were the faireste men of armys that ever any man saw in any plase. And owre kynge with his litille maynê sey well he must nedys fyȝte, or he myght not come to Calays by the hy way. And than he sayde to his lordys and to his maynê: "Syres and ffelowes, the "ȝondere maynê thenke to lett us of owre way, "and thei wil nat come to us, lete every man preve "hym silfe a good man this day, and avant baneres, "in the best tyme of the yere, for as I am trew "kynge and knyght, for me this day schalle never "Inglond rawnsome pay; erste many a wyght man "schall leve is weddes, for here erste to deth I wil "be dyght, and therfore, lordynges, for the love of "swete Jhesu, helpe mayntene Inglondes ryght this "day. Allso, archers, to yow I praye, no fote that "ȝe fle away, erste be we alle beten in this felde. "And thenke be Englysshemen that never wold fle "at no batelle, for aȝenste one of us thowthe ther "be tene, thenke Criste wil help us in owre ryght. "Bot I wold no blode wer spilte, Cryste helpe me "so now in this case, but tho that been cause of "this trespase; when thou sittest in jugment, ther

" holde me excused tofore thi face, as thou art God " omnipotent. But passe we all now in fere, duke, " erle, and bachelere, of all owre synnys he make us " sekere. Jentil Jhesu, borne of Marye, and as for us " thou deydyst on good Fryday, as thi will was, so " brynge us to thi blisse an hy, and graunte us ther " to have a place. Do and bete on ffaste," owre kynge tho bad wythe fulle glad chere; and so thei dyde at that word, lord, knyght, and archere. Ther men myght see a semblé sade that turnyd many on to tene and tray, for many a lorde ther ryght low lay that commen was of blod full gent. By even-song tyme sothely to say, ther helpe us God omnipotent.

Stedes ther stumbelyd in that stownde,
That stod stere stuffed under stele;
With gronyng grete thei felle to grownde,
Here sydes federed whan thei gone fele.
Owre lord the kynge he foght ryght wele,
Scharpliche on hem his spere he spent,
Many on seke he made that sele,
Thorow myght of God omnipotent.

The duke of Glowcestre also that tyde
Manfully, with his mayné,
Wondes he wroght ther wondere wyde.
The duke of ȝorke also, perdé,
Fro his kyng no fote wold he flee,
Til his basonet to his brayn was bent;
Now on his sowle he have peté,
Mersifull God omnipotent.

Hontyngdoun and Oxforde bothe
Were wondere fers all in that fyght;
That erste was glade thei made ful wrothe,
Thorow hem many on to deth were dyght.

The erles fowghten with mayn and myȝt,
Rich hauberke thei rofe and rente;
Owre kyng to helpe thei were full lyght;
Now blesse hem God omnipotent.

The erle of Suthfolk gan hem assaylle,
And sir Richarde Kyghlé in that stede,
Here lyves thei losten in that bataile,
With dyntes sore ther were thei dede.
Ȝif eny man byde eny good bede
Unto God with good entent,
To tho two sowles it mote be neede,
Gracius God omnipotent.

Sire William Bowsere, as foule in fright,
Preste he ther was upon his pray,
Erpyngham he come hym with,
Her manhode help us welle that day.
Off Frensshe folk in that afray
Thre dukes were dede with doleful dent,
And fyve erles, this is no nay;
Ther holpe us God omnipotent.

Lordes of name an hunderde and mo
Bitterly that bargayn bowght;
Two thousand cot-armers also,
After her sorow thedere thei sowght.
Ten thowsand Frensshemen to deth wer browght,
Off whom never none away went;
All her names sothly know I nowght,
Have mersy on hem Cryst omnipotent.

Two dukes were take in that stoure,
He of Orliawnce and of Borboun,
The Ewe and Arthowre,
The erle of Vandoum, and many one.

The erchebisshope of Sens come with oure foon,
* * * * *
Hym failed the wynnyng of his schone,
Thorow myght of God omnipotent.

The fals Flemyngys, God ȝef hem care,
Thei loved us never ȝit, by the roode,
For alle here fals flateryng fare,
Aȝenst owre kyng that day thai stode.
Bot many of hem her hert-blode
Unblythly bledden upon that bent;
ȝit schalle thai never wayt Inglond good,
I swere by God omnipotent.

Epigram on the Battle of Azincourt.[1]

Mortua cara cruce caro Christi victor ut unus
Crispini luce fecit Francis fore funus.
Henricus quintus rus agens curtum fuit intus,
Jure juvante Jesu rex est victor sine læsu,
Dant sua firma fides, bona vita, preces, et amores,
Per silvas virides quod perdit Francia flores.
Ante lepus fugit, quæ nunc est Anglica villa,
Quum leo rugit per Francos redditur illa.

The Frenchman to the Englishman.[2]

Versus Francorum.

O gens Anglorum, morum flos, gesta tuorum,
Cur tu Francorum procuras damna bonorum?
Servorum Christi quos tractas crimine tristi,
Et servant isti fidem quam bis renuisti.

[1] From MS. Harl. No. 869, fol. 282, v°.

[2] From MS. Harl. No. 2,406, fol. 9, v°.

Sub specie casti, fraudem tu semper amasti.
Scindas annosam caudam quam fers venenosam,
Sed cantas prosam fidelibus Christi morosam.
Exaudi præsto tu, præsul, et memor esto,
Qui te caudavit Deus ipsum sanctificavit.

Responsio Anglorum.

Anglorum gentem cur false percutis ore?
Et pro responso do tibi metra duo.
Prævalet in lingua qui non est fortior armis,
Nullus in hac pugna plus meretrice valet.

On the Lollards.[1]

Versus Lollardorum contra prælatos ecclesiæ ad excitandum dominos temporales contra eos.

Plangant Anglorum gentes crimen Sodomorum,
Paulus fert horum sunt idola causa dolorum.
Surgunt ingrati Giesitæ Simone nati,
Nomine prælati hæc defensare parati.
Qui reges estis, populis quicunque præestis,
Qualiter his gestis gladios prohibere potestis.

Versus quidam catholici contra eosdem Lollardos.

Gens Lollardorum gens est vilis Sodomorum,
Errores eorum sunt in mundo causa dolorum.
Hii sunt ingrati, maledicti, dæmone nati,
Quos vos, prælati, sitis damnare parati;
Qui pugiles estis fidei populisque præestis,
Non horum gestis ignes prohibere potestis.

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[1] These verses appear to belong to the reign of Henry V. They are taken from MS. Cotton. Vespas. D. ix. fol. 51, r°.

On the Death of Henry V.[1]

Nota bene de Henrico rege quinto, scilicet Angliæ.

Finit tractatus celebri memoramine dignus,
Tractatus talis qualem non viderat Anglus,
Nec visurus erat, licet annis mille manebit,
Plusquam militia nisi gratia deferat arma,
Et fortisque potens princeps sit bella gubernans,
Ut semper fuerit Henricus quintus quando regebat;
Quando sed id fiet, Deus utique non homo dicet.
Det Deus Augustus ut sit Julio novus hæres,
Duxque patri Macedo successor honore Philippo.
Quam probus et pugnax, quam vivax, fortis, et audax
Adversus Francos fuit Henricus rex nomine quintus,
Dum regnans steterat, hæc nunc concordia monstrat.
Monstrat, declarat, plano sermoneque narrat,
Quod fuit in bellis Mars, altus et Hector in armis,
In causis Icathus, in judiciis Radamantus,
Carolus in quæstu, Clodoveus et in moderatu;
Pluraque sub brevibus ut summatim referamus,
Quicquid regis erat, hic unus solus habebat,
Unus et in numero rex, miles, duxque regendo.
Regum gemma fuitque ducum flos dummodo vixit.
Quam bona, quam magna, quam grandia, quamque notanda
Hic rex, dum rexit, apud hostes gesta peregit,
Si melius memores, et quomodo nunc variat sors,
Non sine militias neglectu desidiaque.
Dic flens, dicque mœrens, fert hostis seu modo gaudens,

[1] From a MS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, MS. Laud. No. 697, fol. 28, v°.

Nunc vir, nunc æstus, nunc Martis tota potestas
Ad Francos abiit, nunc nos Anglosque reliquit.
Regina fallit habens patrem, sequitur sua proles,
Fallit item dictum, dat ramus semper eundem
Fructum quem stipes, interdum sunt variantes.
Desino plura loqui, res est manifesta legenti.

Decet enim talia haberi in memoria in bonorum laudem, vituperationem enim eorum qui dormitant et peregre permittunt omnia in perditionem.

Epigram on the Assumption of the Arms of France. 1422.[1]

Invectio Gallici contra dominum regem Angliæ pro mutatione armorum.

Lilia Francorum, rex Karole septime regum,
Sint tua cum regno, si qua est reverentia legum.

Justa responsio Anglici pro mutatione armorum.

Lilia Francorum descensu progenitorum
Jam sunt Anglorum, si lex valet ulla priorum.

---

[1] From a manuscript in the Bodleian Library, MS. Rawlinson, No. 214, fol. 121, v°. This epigram appears to have been written on the occasion of the proclamation of the dauphin of France, claiming the kingdom as Charles VII., upon the death of Charles VI.

On the English Title to the Crown of France.[1]

Here begynneth a remembraunce of a peedeugré how that the kyng of Englond, Henry the sext, is truly borne heir unto the corone of Fraunce by lynyalle successioun, als wele on his ffader side, Henry the fifth, whom God assoille, as by Kateryne quene of Englond, his modir, whom God assoile; made by Lydygate Johan the monke of Bury, at Parys, by the instaunce of my lord of Warrewyk.

The prolog.

Trouble hertis to sette in quyete,
And make folkys theire language for to lette,
Which disputen in their opynyons
Touching the ligne of two regions,
The right, I mene, of Inglond and of Fraunce,
To put away alle maner variaunce,
Holy the doute and the ambyguyté,
To sette the ligne where hit shuld be,
And where hit aught justly to abide,
Wrongfulle claymes for to set aside,
I moved was shortly in sentement
By precept first and commaundement
Of the nobly prince and manly man,
Which is so knyghtly and so moche can,

[1] This is one of the numerous metrical productions of the poet Lydgate, and certainly is one of his worst. Its date is fixed to the autumn of the year 1426 by the statement that the king was then "nigh" five years old, and Lydgate himself gives us the day of the month on which it was written, namely, the 28th of July. It is printed from MS. Harl. No. 7333, fol. 31, r°. I have not been able to discover any traces of the original from which Lydgate professes to translate.

My lord of Warrewyk, so prudent and wise,
Beyng present that tyme at Parys
Whanne he was than repairede agein
From seint Juliane of Mauns, oute of Mayne
Resorted home, as folkys telle conne,
From the castelle that he had wonne
Thurgh his knyghthode and his hy noblesse,
And thurgh his wysdom and his hy prowesse.
Gladly he chevith what so he begynne,
Sesyng not tylle he his purpos wynne,
The fyne therof berith witnessing.
Lyf and goodis for title of his kyng
He sparith not to put in juperdye,
Oonly the right for to magnifie
Of him that is to him moste soverain,
Henry the sext, of age ny fyve yere renne,
Borne to be kyng of worthie reamys two.
And God graunt that it may be so,
Septure and crowne that he may in dede,
As he hath right, in peas to possede,
And to put his title in remembraunce,
Whiche that he hath to Inglond and to Fraunce.

The regent of the rem[e] of Fraunce, duc of B[edford].

The noble, that worthi varioure,
Whiche may be callid a very conqueroure,
Who lyst considre and serche by and by
His grete emprise in ordre coriously,
And specially to encrece his glory,
Who list remembre the grete high victory
Which that he had in Vernoille in Perche,
Fulle notable in boke oute to serche,
In cronycles to be song and rad;
And this prince moste discrete and sad,
Hy lord of Bedford, of Fraunce the regent,
Was the first that did his entent,
By grete advys and ful hy prudence,
Thurugh his laboure and his diligence,

That made eeoche in cronycle fulle notable,
By the clerk which he knew moste able,
Renomed of wysdom and science,
Worthie eke of fame and of credence.
And I, as he that durst not withsey,
Humbly his biddyng did obey,
Ful desirous him to do plesaunce,
With fere suppresed for my ignoraunce,
And in my hert quakyng for drede;
And as I kend began to taken hede
Unto the Frenssh compiled by Laurence,
In substaunce filowyng the substaunce
Of his writyng and compilacioun.
Alle be that I in my translacioun
To my helpe nor to my socoure
Of rethoryk have no maner floure,
Yit shal I folow my maistre douteles,
Calot, and be not recheles
Liche his writyng my stiel to direct;
Where I dare pray hem to correct,
I mene tho that shalle hit sene or rede;
And right forth who so lyst take hede,
Undir favoure and supportacioun,
Thus I begyn on my translacioun.

Here endith the prolog, and begynneth the translacioun.

Crist Jhesu, prince and soverain lord
Of unyté, of pease, and of accorde,
Seyng the myschief and the hie distaunce
Betwene the kyng of England and of Fraunce;
Perylle of soules both nygh and ferre,
By occasioun of the mortalle werre;
Seyng also the grete confusioun
Of both reames, by devisioun
Thurgh feyned falshede caused cursidly
By the dolphyn, that so horribly

Made sleen withoute drede or shame,
At Monstreux, a toune of grete fame,
Johan duc of Burgoyne, by grete violence,
Doyng to him honure and reverence,
And evermore of inyquité,
By false tresoun and cursed cruelté,
Compassed; alas! that was to grete a ruth
Under coloure and shadowe of veray trouth,
In dispite of the chirche, alas!
Havyng no reward in this horrible cas
To suerté nor othe ymade toforne,
Nor asurance in holy place asworne,
The high lord Herry Bully to offende;
That wit of man coude not comprehende,
That this dolphyn shuld in any wise
So hygh tresoun compassen or devise,
Him self, alas! in hindryng of his name,
Thurgh the world to sclaundre and to blame.
Causing in soth his unabilité
For to succede to any dignité,
Of knyghtly honure to regne in any lond,
As by lettres ensealid with his hond
Clerly recorde, truth wolle not vary,
He to his othe wirching the contrary.
Considerynge this and peised in balaunce,
Touching the right of true enheritaunce,
God thurgh his myght who can undirstonde
More of grace than of mannes honde,
Alle oure trouble to enden and to fyne,
By purveaunce which that is devyne,
Provided hath of his hy grace
For reames two large to compasse
A rightfulle heire, I dare hit wele endite,
As this figure unto every wight
Schewyng of the pee-degré in portrature.
Shewyng in ordre descendyng lyne right,
To forein blode that it not ne choinge,
The crowne to put in non hondis straunge,

But it conveied there it shuld be.
Verily, liche as ye may se,
The peedegré doth hit specifie,
The figure lo of the genelagye,
How that God list for her purchace
Thurgh his power and benigne grace,
An heir of peas by just successioun,
This figure makith clere demonstracioun.
Ageins which noman may maligne,
But that he stondith in the veray ligne,
As ye may se, as descendid is
Of the stok and blode of seint Lowys;
Of which we aught of equité and right
In oure hertis to be glad and light,
That we may se with every circumstaunce
Direct the lyne of Englond and of Fraunce.
On the othir part byhold and ye may se
How this Herry in the eight degré
Is to seint Lowys sone and very heire;
To put awey alle doute and despaire,
God hath for us so graciously provided,
To make al oon that first was devided,
That this Herry stonding in the lyne,
Thurgh Goddis hond and purviaunce devyne,
Is justly borne, to voide alle variaunce,
For to be kyng of Englond and of Fraunce;
To whom we owe truly to obey
In every thing, there is nomore to sey.
By whom we se the werre doutelesse
Fully finisshed, brought in werre and peas,
Betwix this noble worthi reames twayne,
Ful long aforne with laboure and grete payne
Sought and required, which ben now at rest,
Thanked be God, that alle doth for the best.
And that this peas in sothfast unyté,
Be endid sone withoute strif or plee,
By thavise and mediacioun

Shewyng the portrature of the pedegré.

Made by treté of bothe regioun,
Sworne and asured by fulle besy peyne
Of both parties at Trois in Champoigne.
Charlis the sext makyng thassurance,
Thilke tyme beyng kyng of Fraunce;
The quene also sworne in the same wise,
And after hem, as I shal devise,
The boke also entouchid with his hond,
Was Herry sworne, kyng of Englond,
Heir of Fraunce, and also regent,
And Phelip eke beyng there present,
Duc of Burgoyne, assured eke and sworne,
Sone to the duc of whom I spake byforne,
That slayn was and murdred traitoursly;
Than thre astatis beyng by and by,
Prelatis, erles, lordis, and barons,
Sworne and assured, of both regions,
As the traité fully hath devised.
And there in Troys also was solempnesed
The mariage, to conferme up the peas;
And to declare the maner douteles
Of this weddyng, who so lyst to serche,
At Seint Petirs Aundels of the chirche,
The said Herry, manly and prudent,
Of Englond kyng, of Fraunce the regent,
Betrouthed hath my lady Kateryne,
And the mystery with that is devyne.
O mariage by grete reverence,
The sacrement for the excellence
He hath worshipped, and fulle humbly
In the chirch made axid openly,
After custume of hy or low degré,
To show ensample of humylité.
In the chirche thries of Seint Johan,
Liche the custume of new and yore agon,
Thries published in open audience,
As the lawe byndeth in sentence.

Touching the statuyt in cas of mariage,
For any favoure of blode or lynage,
The cours suyng in alle his hole entent,
And in no wise list not be exempte.
From poynt to poynt list no thing withdrawe,
The bonde filowyng of holy chirche lawe,
Notwithstondyng his astate rialle;
But in his chirche than parochialle
Of Seint Johan he came with good entent,
For to receive the holy sacrement
Of mariage, he and Kateryne,
As ye toforne have herd me determyne.
The which Herry if I shal discryve,
I dare wele sey there was never on lyve
No manlier to speke of worthinesse,
Of governaunce, nor of hy prowesse,
Whiche thurgh his manhode and grete laboure,
Lyche a notable worthi conqueroure
Cesid not, thurgh his besy peyne,
Justly to bring worthi reames twayne
Undir oo crowne by desceynt of lyne;
For which he may among the worthie nyne
Truly be set and reconed for oon,
Who can take hede among hem everichone.
And of this Henry, of knyghthode moste famous,
Moste avisy, and moste victorious,
From saint Lowys in the right lyne,
I sey of him and of Kateryne,
Don in ordre by corious lynealle,
Descendid is from the stok rialle
Of seint Lowis, who can undirstond,
Henry the sext, borne in Englond,
For to possede by enheritaunce
Crownes two of Englond and of Fraunce,
By true title, as ye have hard toforne,
The first yere in soth that he was borne.
By the which of hem he and his fader dere
Both two passing in oon yere,

Kyng of Fraunce, Charles

th[e sext], and the kyng of Englond, Her[ry the fift].

Everiche in haste suyng aftir othir,
By pitous faate, hit wold be non othir,
The yere of grace by computacioun
A thousand foure hundrid by conclusioun
Twenty and two, who so compte right.
God graunt her soulis of her grete myght
Joy and rest which is eternalle,
In his court above celestialle;
And graunt oure kyng joy, honure, and glorye,
Peas and quiete, and of his foon the victorye,
To love his people, and to be loved ayen,
As thei loved her lord most soverain,
Charles the sext, which was his aielle.
And in doctryne norisshed be as wele,
And als wys and prudent fynally,
As was his fader callid eke Henry.
Graunt him grace and also good fortune,
In his regnes also to contynue
His rialle lyne also to habounde,
And that hit may verily be founde
Hy to encrece in worship and vertue,
As an heir blessed of Jhesu,
And of renoun excellent in vertue.
To drawen oute a true peedegrue,
Lyneally descending even adoun
From seint Lowys, most famous of renoun,
And renommed of parfite holynesse;
And specially, the trouth to expresse,
Amonges other to rekene everychone,
Of Frenssh men oonly there was oon
From the trouth which wold not varie,
Oure liege lord chosen secretary
For his feithfulle true diligence,
Which by name callid is Laurence
Calet, of the counseille clerk,
Which toke on him the laboure of this werk,
Ever aftir to be rad and song;
First to compile hit in the Frenssh tong,

Compendiously drawe hit in sentence
In that language, by grete providence,
As he that was passing excellent,
In rethoryk famous and eloquent,
And diligent withouten any slouth
To declare oute the trouth,
The chaf to voide and take the true corne.
Of which my lorde that I spak of byforne,
My lord of Warrewyk, ful worthi of renoun,
Of high prudence and discrecioun,
Touching the writyng of this Calot clerk,
Draw into Frenssh by his besy werk,
Gaf me precept in conclusioun
To make therof a playne translacioun
In Englissh tong, and bad me hit translate.
And to reherce the very true date
Of this laboure, when I first bygan,
Hit was in soth, as I reherce can,
The monyth of Juylle twenty daies comen,
And eight over, when the sonne shone
Made his paleys and his dwellyng place
Ameddis the hevene in the thrid face,
The signe I mene callid the lioun,
Which is the toure and chief mansioun
Where Phebus hath moste soverain dignité;
And thilke tyme in the thritteneth degré
He entred was of the same signe,
Thatempre wedir lusty and benigne,
Saturne beyng in the scorpyoun,
In which he hath no domynacioun,
Ne dignité shortly for to tary;
Jubiter in the sagittary
Seven degrés where he is dignified,
Fulle fortunat and gretly magnified;
Furious Mars, the ferfulle red sterre,
Causar of stryf, patroun of the werre,
With his bemes cast moste fervently,
Was two pocys passed of gemeny;

Fressh Venus, lady of Citheroun,
Was nyne degrees entred the lyoun;
And the mone, with her hornes pale,
From the bolle gan her cours availe;
The same tyme when that Mercurious
In the lyoun had take his hous,
Ful contrary to his dignité,
Beyng tho in the tenth degré;
And of the bulle also douteles
By accomptes also twenty grees
Entred was the hed of the dragoun;
And his taille in thopposicioun;
The same tyme, as I understond,
My lord bad me this werk take in hond.
That he may se his generacioun
Unto the forteth multiplicacioun
Victoriously for to regnen here,
After this lyfe above the sterres clere,
God him graunt oonly of his grace
Of mercy there for to have a place.

Here endith the genologie of kyng Henry the sext, and folowith a roundelle of him ayens his coronacioun, made by Lydegate daun Johan.

Rejoice, ye reames of Englond and of Fraunce,
A braunche that sprang oute of the floure-de-lys,
Blode of seint Edward and seint Lowys,
God hath this day sent in governaunce.

God of nature hath yoven him suffisaunce,
Likly to atteyne to grete honure and pris.

O hevenly blossome, o budde of alle plesaunce,
God graunt the grace for to ben als wise
As was thi fader by circumspect advise,
Stable in virtue, withoute variaunce.

Explicit.

To King Henry VI. on his Coronation.[1]

Most noble prince of cristen princes alle,
  Flowryng in yowthe and vertuous innocence,
Whom God above list of his grace calle
  This day to estate of knyghtly excellence,
  And to be crowned with diewe reverence,
To grete gladnesse of al this regioun,
  Lawde and honour to thy magnificence,
And goode fortune unto thy high renoun.

Royal braunched, descended from two lynes,
  Of seynt Edward and of seynt Lowys;
Holy seyntes, translated in theyr shrynes,
  In theyr tyme manly, prudent, and wys;
  Arthur was knyghtly, and Charles of grete prys,
And of all these thy grene tender age,
  By the grace of God and by his advys,
Of manly prowesse shal taken tarage.

God of his grace gaf to thy kynrede
  The palme of conquest, the laurere of victorye;
They loved God, and worshipped hym in dede,
  Wherfor theyr names he hath put in memory,
  Made hem to reigne for vertu in his glorye;
And sith thow art born of theyr lynage,
  Tofore al thynges that bien transitorye
Love God and drede, and so gynne thy passage.

---

[1] This poem was evidently addressed to the infant king, on his coronation, which took place on the 6th of November 1429. It is printed from a contemporary manuscript, MS. Harl. No. 2251, fol. 251, v°.

Downe from the heven thre flour-de-lys of gold,
The fielde of asure, were sent to Clodové,
To sygnifie, in storye it is tolde,
Parfite bileve, and sothfast unyté
Of thre persones in the Trynité;
For to declare that the lyne of Ffraunce
Shuld in theyr trouth parfite and stable be,
Grounded on feyth, withouten variaunce.

And sith thow art from that noble lyne
Descended downe, be stidefast of byleve;
Thy knyghtly honour lete it shewe and shyne,
Shewe thy power and thy myght to preve
Ageyne al thoo that wil the chirche greve.
Cherisshe thy lordes, hate extorcioun;
Of thyn almesse thy peple thow releve;
Ay on thy comunes havyng compassioun.

Noble prince, the high Lord to qweme,
Susteyne right, trouth to magnyfie,
Differre vengeaunce, alwey or thow deeme,
And gyf no dome til thow here iche partye
Til nother part thy favour nat applye;
And eeke considre, in thyn estate royal,
The Lord above, whiche noman may denye,
Indifferently seeth and considreth alle.

God sent this day unto thy regalye
Of al vertues hevenly influence;
First of alle thi state to magnyfye
With Salamons soverayne sapience;
To governe thy wit and thi high prudence,
Liche kyng David to be loo! mercyable,
Whiche of pité, whan men dide hym offence,
Mercy preferryng, list nat be vengeable.

Nobles and force in wexynge liche Sampson,
  Resemble in knyghthode to worthy Josué;
And thow mayst be Goddis champioun,
  As that he was, Judas the Machabée;
  With Alisaundres magnanimyté;
Conquest, victorye, with Cesar Julius,
  His pacience and his tranquillité,
And in suffraunce to be als vertuous.

Provident, with Brutus Cassius;
  Hardy as Hector, whan tyme doth require;
Vices eschewyng as Fabricius;
  Constant of hert, and al als entier
  As Zenocrates, whos renoun shoone so cliere;
Wronges forgetyng, noble Cypion;
  Clement, with Titus; with al these in feere,
In al thi dedis conquest and high renoun.

In al thi werkis hauntyng rightwisnesse,
  As themperour that callid was Trajan;
With Thiberye, fredam and gentillesse;
  Attemperance, with prudent Gracian;
  And in thy doomes, liche Justynian,
Nothyng conclude til thow se the fyne;
  Pees preferryng as Octovyan;
The chirche cherysshyng, like Constantyne.

And that thow mayst be resemblable founde,
  Heretikes and Lollardes to oppresse,
Liche themperour worthy Sygesmounde;
  And as thy fader, flowre of high prowesse,
  At the gynning of his roial noblesse,
Voided al cokil farre out of Syon,
  Cristes spouse satte in stablenesse,
Outrayeng foreyns that cam from Babilon.

God graunt the grace for to resemble in al
  Unto these noble worthy conquerours;
Longe to contynue in thyn estate royal,
  And to be lyke to thy progenytours;
  To gadre the vertu out of fresshe floures,
As dide thy fadir, myrrour of manhode;
  And to represse of vices al the showres,
With fynal grace to love God and drede.

Fynally, remembryng of reasoun
  Croppe and roote of that royal lyne
Fro whiche thow cam, folwe discrecioun
  Of thy fader, whiche dide so shyne
  In al vertu; plainly to termyne,
Late hym by thy myrrour and thy guyde,
  With the goode lyf of qwene Kateryne,
Thi blessid moder, in that other side.

Of goode rootes, sprynggyng by vertu,
  Must growe goode fruyte be necessité;
Whan influence by the Lord Jhesu
  Is sent adowne from his hevenly cytee.
  And God I pray, of his hygh bounté,
Of fader and moder in thy tendre yowth
  To take ensample, reygneng in thy see,
And bien in vertu als famous and als kowth.

With hym in knyghthode to have excellence;
  Like thy moder in vertuous goodenesse;
And liche hem both, grounde thy conscience
  To love thi Lord in parfite stabilnesse,
  Goode lyf and longe al vices to represse,
Love of thy lieges, pees and obeysaunce.
  * * * * *
Thy right rejoisyng of Ingland and of Fraunce.

Prince excelent, be feythful, triewe, and stable;
Drede God, do lawe, chastice extorcioun;
By liberal of courage, unmutable;
Cherisshe the chirche with hole affeccioun;
Love thy lieges of eyther regioun;
Preferre the pees, eschewe werre and debate;
And God shal sende from the heven downe
Grace and goode hure to thy royal estate.

Be mercyful, nat hasty ne vengeable;
Lightly forgyve, where as thow seest reasoun;
Be rightful juge, be manly, be tretable;
Thy right ay sugre with remyssioun;
Deme nat to sone, but make dilacioun;
Rewe on the poore and folk desconsolate;
And God shal sende from the heven above
Grace and good hure to thy royal estate.

In thy behestes be nat variable;
Holde thy promesses, made of entencioun;
Be bountevous, and kyngly honurable;
Voyde thy realme from discencioun;
Eschew flatery and adulacioun;
Folkes reconsile that stonde desolate;
And God shal sende from the heven downe
Grace and goode hure unto thy royal estate.

On the Coronation of Henry VI.[1]

Nov. 6, 1429.

A balade made of the same kynge.

Holde up oure yong kyng, *ave benigna,*
And sende us peas in oure londe, *ave regina.*
Mater, nunc bright bee thy beamys,
Moodir of mercy, save bothe reamys;
See to oure innocent, oure crowne may be gladder,
Holde up oure lorde that nevir sigh his ffadir,
Ne the fadir his sone reynyng in his londes;
Grete nede have we to kepe peas amonge us.
On a Sounday, trewly ye may trowe,
Oure bisshoppes and oure abbottes were mytird arowe;
Two archiebisshoppes so woorthely acqueyntid,
And a gracious cardynalle aboute oure kyng anoyntid.
Thre swerdis there were borne, oon poyntlees, and two poyntid;
The toon was a swerde of mercy, the oothir of astate,
The thrid was of the empier the which ert oure gate.
Three dukes were in presens woorshipe to encrece;
Two bisshoppis hym ledde to kepe in peece;
Six erles in their estate shewid them alle;
And the v. poortis beryng up the palle.
Gracious Werwik, God hym contynue,
Beryng up his trayne in peece and vue.
Alle the barouns of oure londe togidir they were founden,
The juges, the knyghtes of the shire, and the cité of Londen.
This is procession goyng thorughe the halle;
Angelis mete, manna, on his crowne did falle,

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[1] Printed from MS. Lansdowne, No. 285, fol. 5, v°.

And conceyvid in this lande the crowne to encrece,
Evir endurynge with plenté and with peece.
The archiebisshope of Cauntirbury appoyntid,
The gracious kyng Harry the sixt he anoyntid
Oure sovereigne lorde in the chief, who wille undirstonde.
The cardynalle tho was on his right hande;
On the toothir side the chaunceller, theis lordes were able,
The bisshope of Beames[1] at the same table.
Huntyngdone kneelyng with his septure on the right honde,
Stafforde with his swerde there woorthyly holdande.
Northfolk as a marschalle fulle woorthyly beknowe,
Ridyng in his office, truly ye may trowe.
Salisbury in Bedforde office present hym there,
Sittyng on a stede, as he conestable were.
The v. poortis on the right hande that the palle beere,
At the boorde on the right hande present they were.
At the next bisshoppis and abbottes togidir were founden;
And on the toothir side the citee of Londoun.
Many oothir lordis were present in that place,
To woorshipe oure soveraigne lorde with alle solace.
Byfore the kyng, with his lordis thus sittyng alle,
Came Phillipe Dymmok ridyng to the halle,
Armyd clene with armure so bright,
Like as perteynethe unto a woorthy knyght,
As the kynges champion by heritage;
There redy his body and his gloove to wage,
Yif there were any man that wille say the contrary,
That kyng Harry the sixt is crownyd truly.
He is redy to delyvir hym, and not abasshe,
By signement of the kyng, tyme and place.

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[1] An error apparently for Rheims.

Praye we alle bothe more and lesse,
Crist save Englonde in reste and peece,
And God coomforthe that mykille hathe loost,
That was woon with woorshipe late nevir be loost.

On the Duke of Burgundy.[1]

A songe made of the duke of Burgeyne.

Thow Phellippe, foundour of new falsehede,
Distroubar of pees, capiteine of cowardise,
Sower and distrouber, reprof of alle knyghthode,
Which of alle Bourgoyne, that is so gret of pris,
Thow clepest thi selfe duc, whan woltow ryse
Ande in pleyne felde do mustre with thi lance?
See how alle knyghthode thi werre doth despise,
White thi owne falsnes alle thi myschance.

Remembre the, Phelippe, ande have in mynde
Howe Henry the w^te^ of werray gentelnesse,
Withotene thi desert, he was to the kynde,
Ande alwa thi socoure whane thou were in destresse,
Defende thi persone from alle wilfulnes
Of alle thi mortal enemys of Engelonde and of France;
Wherfor thou shewest gret unkyndnesse,
The which thou may wite alle thi myschance.

Remembre the, Phelippe, at thi begynnyng,
Whan that thi ffader, thurgh conspired tresoun,

[1] This piece, which appears to be imperfect, was written at the time of the defection of the duke of Burgundy from the English alliance, probably shortly before, or at the time of, the siege of Calais (1436). It is printed from MS. Sloane No. 252, fol. 169, r°. It is written in a French hand, and apparently by a scribe whose mother tongue was not English, which will account for some obscurity.

By assent of Charles that callede him self kyng
Of that reame of Ffrance withouten ground resoun,
Was at Motreux broght to his confusioune;
To kyng Henry there thou dedist thy legeance;
Of lyf and land he was thi proteccioun;
Wherfor thi falsnes causethe thi myschance.

Remembre the, Phelippe, what tyme and how
To kyng Henry the fifte, by thi owne assent,
Withouten his desire, thou madest a solempne vow,
Usyng Goddes body, the holy sacrament,
To becomme trew lygman with good entente
To him ande his heires, withouten variance;
Now art thou fals to Gode, by thine owne assente,
The which thou may witte all thi myschanse.

Remembre the, Philleppe, that thou yonge kyng,
Harry the sext, was crowned at Parys,
Johan duc of Bedford thine absenc excusyng
By souffisant warant made by thi devise,
He did thine homage as to the ffloure-de-lys;
This matere the lust not to adversité,
With thine oune falsnes and thi myschance.

Remembre the, Philleppe, how peple of Englond
Have bene to the evyr gentil and trew;
For whan thou wer besegede with many a thousand
Of Armynackes, they did the rescewe.[1]

[1] This poem appears to end imperfectly.

PHILIPPE OF BURGUNDY AND JAMES OF SCOTLAND.[1]

Philippus dux Burgundiæ ad Jacobum regem Scottorum.

Illustri Jacobo Scottorum principi magno,
Regi magnifico cum fulmine castra reduco.

Responsio ad hoc per quendam Anglicum.

Burgundus Scoto, dux regi, falsus iniquo,
Philippus Jacobo, dedit hæc baliaria metro.
Et si quis quærat cujus vox extitit ista,
Vox balearis erat, ut finxerat ipse metrista.
Nunc reflexivum parvum lapidem tibi flabo,
Atque ducem vivum si vult mihi stare probabo
Bumbardo metrico; sic scripsit amicus amico,
Regi magnifico cum fulmine castra reduco;
Ecce tene lapidem, per sermones ita viles,
Et frangendo fidem, tu falsus es undique miles.
Nec Burgundorum dux, quamvis scandat ad astra,
Nec rex Scotorum, sibi subdit Anglica castra.
Per tantum fulmen, per talem nempe reductum,
Anglorum culmen adquisivit sibi fructum.
Quamvis falsidicus hic dux noster amicus,
Nobis multa dedit ut ab obsidione recedat,
Angligenis vinceps tum Scotus rex habeatur,
Est falsus princeps, quia principi falsificatur.
Dux Burgundorum quia princeps falsus habetur,
Principi Scotorum sua per metra falsa fatetur.
Est et semper erit similis, similem sibi quærit;
Ambo perjuri, sunt ambo simul perituri.

[1] This short poem, printed from MS. Rawlinson, No. 214, fol. 166, r°, belongs no doubt, from internal evidence, to the same period as the preceding. The king of Scotland must be James I., who was murdered in the night of the 20th of February 1437.

Philippus, Jacobus, sancti simul ambo fuere;
Istorum reprobus contendit uterque manere.
Nominibus similes sunt non in imagine morum;
Sed nisi sint humiles non intrant castra polorum.
Dux dudum victus est, per papam maledictus;
Acriter inflictus est iste gravissimus ictus.
Miror vos quippe, te, Jacobe, teque, Philippe,
Cur ita temptatis nos Anglos et stimulatis.
Si vultis pacem, populum revocate minacem;
Si vultis guerras, proprias defendite terras.
Expectate domi, nos proprias terras tenemus,
Vinus pomi vestri pretio nec egemus.
Obsecre, rex et dux, clare videatis ubique,
Quomodo lex et lux vestrum tenebrantur utrique.
Si non curetis vestras animas fore salvas,
Non alias detis inferni visere valvas.
Dux Burgundicus et rex Scoticus insidiantur,
Sed rex Anglicus et grex publicus his dominantur.
Anglia regna premit, Burgundia dedecus emit,
Francia fracta tremit, Scotia victa gemit.
Undique concursus stat et Anglia fortis et ursus;
Anglia dum rugit, circula terra fugit.

Explicit.

On the Siege of Calais. 1436.[1]

Her biginyth the sege off Calays, in the yer off our Lord j. m^{l} iiii^{o}. . . . . .

In Juyl, whan the sone schon,
Tres, levys, and herbis grene,
Wyth many sonder colowris,

[1] From MS. Cotton. Galba E. ix. fol. 110, v°. The duke of Burgundy laid siege to Calais on the 19th of July 1436, and was compelled to raise it on the 25th day of the same month.

And ffresch flowris that April mad,
Gan for to feynt and to fad
Of lusty colowris and of swete odowris;
And fruyte on tre both gret and smale
Gan for to rip and wex fulle pale;
Than comyth tyme off labowr,
To profit and to wirschip wyne
In armes, so ther be no treson inn,
Untruth, ne fals colowr.
The duk of Burgayn off grete prid
Mad gret assembillé in landes wyd,
In Flanders, and in Breban,
Of his power and in chevalry
Of Burgayn and in Pikardye,
Of Henaw and off Holand;
A c.l. m^{l}, and mo,
That weryne alle to ryd and go
To ber sper and schild,
And mak avant Calys to wyn,
And schuld dye that wer theryn,
Both man, woman, and chyld.
The wolles and the merchandyss,
And othir god with the ymprise,
They wold have a serteyne.
The walles they wold ber adowne,
Towr, castelle, and dongen,
Alle schuld be mad fulle playn.
And so with red baners displayed,
With odir in the bateyllys arayed,
They cum the towne abote;
Statly tentes anon they pyȝte,
Larg and long and gret of syȝth;
It was a ryalle rowte.
Wyth gunnes gret, and other gret ordinance,
Them to help and to avanc,
With many a prowd pavys,

Gayly peynted and stuffed welle,
Ribawdes armyd with iyrne and stele,
Was never better off devyce;
Ix. m^{l} cokkes to crow at nyχth,
And viii. m^{l} cressetes to brene liχth;
Gret wonder to her and se,
How sone the had mad her logyng,
Defens off herth and dikyng;
Redier myχth non be.
The erle of Mortayne mad a diner,
And, "Felowys, be of good chere,
"Off no thyng hav we no dred;
"I trust to God to se that day,
"That, for alle the proud aray,
"Fulle low schalle thay lowth."
The levetenant, ser Johan Raclyf,
That ever lovyd worschyp and dred repreve,
Kept fulle god governance.
And so did the baren off Dudley,
In the castelle, the soth to say,
Mad fulle good ordinance.
My lord Camoys at Bolyn-gate,
The bulwerkes he did undertak,
At no tyme wuld he fayle,
Nether late ne erly;
Yff any withowt wer so hardy
It onys to assayle.
At the Mylk-gate ser Johan Aston,
And ser Jefferey Warbulton,
With a many a hardy man,
The trompetes lowd they dyd blow,
That the duk myχth welle know
The wach whan yt bigan.
The porters kept the gattes full manly,
The gattes opyn continually,
To wate they wer not irk;

The trew sodiers both day and nythe
Lay on the walles in harnes brighe,
Hit was ther howss and kirk.
The burges and men wer full bown
For to defend the possession,
Hit longith to them off ryȝth;
The merchanttes wer ful redy
At all tymes and every skry;
Hyt was a full good syȝth.
And so did the good comyns,
That had stuffed well the town
With the good and vitayle,
In town and feld to rid and go,
And all odur werkes to doo,
In all that myȝth avayle.
The women, both yung and old,
Wyth stones stuffed every scaffold,
The spared not to swet ne swynk;
With boylyng cawdrens, both grett and smalle,
Yf they wold assaute the walle,
All hote to gev them drynk.
The furst day ther enmys prowd
Gan to skirmysch with schowtes lowd,
But countred they wer anon.
Gonners, to schew ther arte,
Into the town in many a parte
Schote many a fulle gret stone.
Thankyd be God and Mary myld,
The hurt nothir man, woman, ne chyld,
To the howsis thow they did harm.
Sent Barbara! than was the cry,
When the stone in the stone did fly;
They cowd non other charm.
And for the duk lay them no nere,
At the sowth-west corner
Off gonnes he had a song;

That anon he left that place,
And to the west end he mad a chace;
Hym thowth he bod to long.
Ther men myȝth se archerys good
Cast from them both gown and hood,
The better for to schote;
That Frensch and Flemysch was ful fayn
To ther tentes to retorn ogayn,
They saw non othir boote.
And one amang, an Iyrysch man,
Uppone his hoby swyftly ran;
Hyt was a sportfulle sygthe,
How hys darttes he did schak;
And when him lyst to leve or tak,
They had fulle gret dispite.
Allso a hownd that did hyeghe go by,
That longid to the water-bayly,
Fulle swyftly wold he ren;
And every skyrmysch to travayle,
Man and hors he wold assayle,
Fulle welle he coude them kenne.
And so hit byfelle upon a Thyrsday,
The erle of Morteyn made a fray
At seynt Peturs on the playne;
And drove them to there tentys nere,
And toke many a prisonere,
And many off them wer slayn.
And after they com with gret navi,
With bolgit schipis ful craftly,
The havyn for to han schent,
At Friday; but on the morow,
Than began the dukes sorow,
Hys schypis when he saw brent.
And so after, within a whyle,
Drawyn adown was hys castell
With many a hardy man;

His men of armes were layd to grownd,
And sum askapid with dethys wond,
And few off them were tan.
The next morow, or yt was day,
Erly the duk fled oway,
And with hym they off Gant.
And after Bruges and Apres both
To folow after they wer not loth;
Thus kept they ther avaunt.
For they had very knowyng
Off the duk off Gloceturs cumyng,
Caleys to rescue.
Bycaus they bod not ther,
In Flanders he soght hem fer and ner,
That ever may they yt rew.
Only God, in whom ys all . . . . ,
Sav Caleys that ryall towne,
That ever yt mot wel cheve
Unto the crown of mery Yngland,
Whils that this world wyll stand,
That neany enmys ytt greve.
Lytelle wote the fool,
Who myȝth ches,
What harm yt wer
God Caleys to lese. Amen.

Explicit the sege off Caleys.

THE LIBEL OF ENGLISH POLICY.[1]

Here beginneth the prologe of the processe of the Libelle of Englyshe Polycye, exhortynge alle Englande to kepe the see enviroun, and namelye the narowe see, shewynge whate profete commeth thereof, and also worshype and salvacioun to Englande and to alle Englyshe menne.

[a] The trewe processe of Englysh polycye,
Of utterwarde[2] to kepe thys regne[3] in rest
Of oure England, that no man may denye,

[a] Incipit liber de custodia maris, præsertim arcta inter Dovoream et Caliseam.

[1] The date of this very important poem is fixed by internal evidence, for it was written after the siege of Calais by the duke of Burgundy, and the invasion of his territory by the duke of Gloucester, which latter event occupied the first half of the month of August 1436, and while the emperor Sigismond was still living, and therefore before his death in 1437. From the tone in which the defeat of the Flemings is spoken of we are justified in supposing that it was written soon after that event; and if we may take the marginal note in the MS. we follow (see further on, p. 183) as referring to the time at which the poem was written, its date would be fixed very nearly, for the 14th year of Henry VI. ended on the 31st Aug. 1436. It is here printed from a MS. in the Bodleian Library, MS. Laud. No. 704, fol. 1, r° (A.), collated with other copies, MS. Harl. No. 4011, fol. 120, r° (B.), MS. Harl. No. 271, fol. 1, r° (C.), and MS. Cotton. Vitel. E. x. fol. 192, r° (D.) The first of these manuscripts has the appearance, by the care and style in which it is written, of having been an original copy, intended to be sent by the author to one of the statesmen of the day, perhaps to the lord Hungerford, whose name is inserted in the Envoy at the end. In MS. D. the title has been changed to "The Bible of Englische Polycé," an evident mistake. It is hardly necessary to state that Libel (*libellus*) means a little book. There are two classes of the MSS., one of which has the name of lord Hungerford at the end, the other is addressed to a high ecclesiastic, no doubt cardinal Beaufort. In this respect Hakluyt's copy agreed with the text now printed, while the three other manuscripts belong to the second class. I have not attempted to give all the verbal variations in the texts, but the readings of MS. D. are generally the most interesting.

[2] *outward*, B., D.

[3] *lond*, B.; *reame*, D.

Nere say of soth but[1] one of the best
Is thys, that who seith southe, northe, est, and[2] west,[3]
Cheryshe marchandyse,[4] kepe thamyralté,
That we bee maysteres of the narowe see.

[b] Ffor Sigesmonde the grete emperoure,
Whyche yet regneth,[5] whan he was in this londe
Wyth kynge Herry the v^te^, prince of honoure,
Here moche glorye as hym thought he founde;
A myghty londe, whyche hadde take on honde
To werre in Ffraunce and make mortalité,
And evere welle kept[6] rounde aboute the see.[7]

And to the kynge thus he seyde, "My brothere,"
Whan he perceyved too townes[8] Calys and Dovere,
" Of alle youre townes to chese of one and othere,
" To kepe the see and sone to come overe
" To werre oughtwardes and youre regne[9] to recovere,
" Kepe these too townes, sire, and[10] youre magesté,
" As youre tweyne eyne to kepe the narowe see."

Ffor if this see be kepte in tyme of werre,
Who cane here[11] passe withought daungere and woo?
Who may eschape, who may myschef dyfferre?
What marchaundye may for by be agoo?
Ffor nedes hem muste take truse[12] every ffoo,
Fflaundres, and Spayne, and othere, trust to me,
Or ellis hyndered alle for thys narowe see.

[b] Videns imperator Sigismundus duas villas inter cæteras Angliæ, scilicet Caliseam et Dovoream, ponens suos duos digitos super duos suos oculos, ait regi, " Frater, custodite istas duas villas sicut " duos vestros oculos."

---

[1] *but it is*, D., with Hakluyt.
[2] *or*, B., D.
[3] *Men say of sothe this is the best, Who sailethe southe, northe, est, or west*, B.
[4] *marchauntes*, B.
[5] *whiche reigned*, B.
[6] *kepe*, D.
[7] *And were ever wele kept rounde aboute the see*, B.
[8] *too townes*, omitted in B.
[9] *ream*, B.
[10] *to*, B.; *sewer to*, D.
[11] *thorought*, D.
[12] *trusse*, B.

Therfore I caste me by a lytele wrytinge
To shewe att eye thys conclusione,
Ffor concyens and for myne acquytynge
Ayenst God and ageyne abusyon,
And cowardyse and to oure enmyes confusione;
[c] Ffor iiij. thynges our noble sheueth to me,
Kyng, shype, and swerde, and pouer of the see.

Where bene oure shippes? where bene oure swerdes[1] become?
Owre enmyes bid for the shippe sette a shepe.
Allas! oure reule halteth, hit is benome;
Who dare weel say that lordeshyppe shulde take kepe?
I wolle asaye, thoughe myne herte gynne to wepe,
To do thys werke, yf we wole ever the,
Ffor verry shame, to kepe aboute the see.

Shalle any prynce, what so be hys name,[2]
Wheche hathe nobles moche lyche oures,
Be lorde of see, and[3] Fflemmyngis to oure blame[4]
Stoppe us, take us, and so make fade the floures
Of Englysshe state,[5] and disteyne oure honnoures?
Ffor cowardyse, allas! hit shulde so be;
Therfore I gynne to wryte now of the see.

[c] Quatuor considerantur in moneta aurea Anglicana quæ dicitur *noble*, scilicet, rex, navis, et gladius, qui designant potestatem Anglicorum super mare, in quorum opprobrium his diebus Britones minores et Flandrenses et cæteri dicunt Anglicis, "tollite de vestro "nobile navem, et imponite ovem," intendentes quod, sicut quondam a tempore Edwardi tertii Anglici erant domini maris, modo his diebus sunt vecordes, victi, et ad bellandum et mare observandum velut oves; et sicut sæpissime patet eorum derisio in opprobrium Anglicorum, etc.

---

[1] *wher ben thei*, B.
[2] *Schall the duke of Burgoyne be his name*, D.
[3] *as*, B.
[4] *out of fame*, D.
[5] *astate*, B.

Of the commodytees of Spayne and of Fflaundres.
The ffyrste chapitle.

Knowe welle alle men that profites[1] in certayne,
Commodytés called, commynge[2] out of Spayne,
And marchandy, who so wylle wete what that is,
[d] Bene fygues, raysyns, wyne bastarde, and dates;
And lycorys, Syvyle oyle, and grayne,
Whyte[3] Castelle sope, and wax, is not in vayne;[4]
Iren, wolle, wadmole, gotefel, kydefel also,
Ffor poynt-makers fulle nedefulle be the ij.;
Saffron, quiksilver, wheche arne Spaynes marchandy,[5]
Is[6] into Fflaundres shypped fulle craftylye,
Unto Bruges, as to here staple fayre,
The haven of[7] Sluse here havene[8] for here repayre,
Wheche is cleped Swyn, thaire shyppes gydynge,
Where many wessell[9] and fayre arne abydynge.
But these merchandes, wyth there shyppes greet,
And suche chaffare as they bye and gette
By the weyes, most nede take one honde
By the costes to passe of oure Englonde,
Betwyxt Dover and Calys, thys is no doute,
Who can weelle ellis suche mater bringe aboute.
And whenne these seyde marchauntz discharged[10] be
Of marchaundy in Fflaundres neere the see,

[d] Ffygues, raisyns, wyne bastarde, dates, lyquoryce, Cyvylle oylle, grayne, white Castelle sope, wax, iren, wademolle, gottefelle, kydefelle, saffroun, quykesylvere.

---

[1] *Here begynnethe the profites*, B.

[2] *With commoditees that comethe*, B.; *Comoditees called out of*, D.

[3] *With*, D.

[4] *and wexe certayn*, B.; *and wex, armours in vayn*, D.

[5] This and the preceding line are transposed in D.

[6] *This*, D.

[7] *To have at*, B.

[8] *they haven*, D.

[9] *many a vesselle are bydyng*, B.

[10] *charged*, B.

Than they be charged agayn wyth marchaundy
That to Fflaundres bougeth full rychelye;
Ffyne clothe of Ipre,[1] that named is better than oure is,[2]
Cloothe of Curtryke,[3] fyne cloothe of alle coloures,
Moche ffustyane and also lynen cloothe.
But ye Fflemmyngis, yf[4] ye be not wrothe,
The grete substaunce of youre cloothe, at the fulle,[5]
Ye wot ye make hit of youre[6] Englissh wolle.
Thanne may hit not synke in mannes brayne,
But that hit most, this marchaundy of Spayne,
But ought and inne by oure costes passe;
He that seyde nay, in wytte was lyche an asse.[7]
Thus if thys see werre kepte, I dare well sayne,
Wee shulde have pease with the growndes tweyne.
Ffor Spayne and Fflaundres is as yche othere brothere,
And nethere may well lyve wythowght othere.
The[8] may not lyven to mayntene there degrees,
Wythought oure Englysshe commodytees,
Wolle and tynne; for the wolle of Englonde
Susteyneth the comons Fflemmyngis,[9] I understonde.
Thane yf Englonde wolde hys wolle restreyne
Ffrome Fflaundres, thys ffoloweth in certayne,
Fflaundres of nede must wyth us have pease,
Or ellis he is distroyde, wythowght lees.
Also yef Fflaundres thus distroyed bee,
Some marchaundy of Spayne wolle nevere ithe;[10]
Ffor distroyed hit is, and, as in cheffe,
The wolle of Spayne hit cometh not to preffe,
But if it be toseed[11] and menged welle
Amonges Englysshe wolle the gretter delle.

---

[1] *Ipur*, B.
[2] *than oures*, B.
[3] *Curryk*, B.
[4] *though*, B.
[5] *atte fulle*, B. *The clothe ye make of our*, B.
[6] *He that seithe nay, in witte is like an asse*, B.
[7] *That*, D.
[8] *comons of Flaunders*, D.
[9] *wolle never thee*, B.
[10] *tosed*, B., D.; *costed*, Hakl.

Ffor Spayneshe wolle in Fflaundres draped[1] is,
And evere hath be, that men have mynde of this;[2]
And yet wolle is one of the cheffe marchaundy
That longeth to Spayne, who so woll aspye;[3]
Hit is of lytelle valeue, trust unto me,
Wyth Englysshe wolle but if it menged be.
Thus if the see be kepte, then herkene hedere,
Yf these ij. londes comene not[4] togedere,
So that the fflete of Fflaundres passe nought,
That in the narowe see he be not brought
Into the Rochelle, to feche[5] the fumose[6] wine,
Nere into Britonuse bay for salt so fyne,
What is than Spayne? what is Fflaundres also?
As who seyde,[7] nought, the thryfte is ago.
Ffor the lytelle londe of Fflaundres is
But a staple to other londes, iwys,
And alle that groweth in Fflaundres, greyn and sede,
May not a moneth ffynde hem mete of[8] brede.
What hath thenne Fflaundres, be Fflemmyngis leffe or lothe,
But a lytelle madere and Flemmyshe cloothe?
By drapinge[9] of oure wolle in substaunce
Lyvene here comons, this is here governaunce;
Wythought whyche they may not leve at ease,
Thus moste hem[10] sterve, or wyth us most have peasse.

Of the commoditees of Portingalle. The ij. captle.

The marchaundy also of Portyngale
To[11] dyverse londes torne[12] into sale.

---

[1] *draperd*, D.
[2] *hathe mynd iwis*, B.; *or this*, D.
[3] *list aspie*, B.
[4] *can not come*, D.
[5] *seke*, B.
[6] *fewmouse*, D.
[7] *seith*, B., D.
[8] *and*, D., and so Hakl.
[9] *drapryng*, D.
[10] *thei*, B.
[11] *Into*, B.
[12] *come*, B.

Portyngalers wyth us have trought one hande,[1]
Whose marchaundy cometh moche into Englande.
They bene oure[2] ffrendes wyth there commoditez,
And wee Englysshe passen into there countrees.
[e] Here londe hathe oyle,[3] wyne, osey, wex, and greyne;
Ffygues, reysyns, hony, and cordeweyne;
Dates and salt, hydes, and suche marchaundy.
And if they wolde to Fflaundres passe forth bye,[4]
They schulde not be suffrede ones ner twyes,
Ffor supportynge of oure cruelle enmyes;
That is to saye Fflemmyngis wyth here[5] gyle,
Ffor chaungeable they are in lytelle whyle.[6]
Than[7] I conclude by resons many moo,
Yf wee sufferede nethere ffrende nere ffoo,
What soo[8] enmyes and so supportynge,[9]
Passe for-by us in tyme of werrynge,
Sethe oure ffrendys wolle not bene in causse
Of oure hyndrenge, yf reason lede thys clausse.
Than nede frome Fflaundres pease shulde by to us sought,
And othere londes shulde seche pease, doute nought.
Ffor Fflaundres is staple, as men tell me,
To alle[10] nacyons of Crystianté.

[e] Wynne, oyle, osey, wex, greyne, ffygues, reysyns, hony, cordeweyne, dates, salt, hydes.

---

[1] *have truse in honde*, B.; *hath trouth in honde*, D.
[2] *your*, D.
[3] This word is supplied from B.; *wyn, oyle, wex*, D.
[4] *fore-bye*, B.; *forbye*, D.
[5] *full of*, D.
[6] *For they were never trewe eny whyle*, D.
[7] *Whan*, A.
[8] *for*, D.
[9] *What for enemye and supportyng*, B.
[10] *Of alle*, B.; *To alle maner n.*, D.

The commodytés of Pety[1] *Brytayne, wyth here revers on the see. The iij. capitle.*

Fforthermore to wrytene I hame fayne,
Somwhate spekynge of the Lytell Bretayne;
Commodité therof there is and was,[2]
Salt and wynes, creste clothe,[3] and canvasse;
And the londe of Fflaunderis sekerly
Is the staple of there marchaundy;
Wheche marchaundy may not passe awey,
But by the coste of Englonde, this is no nay.
And of this Bretayn, who so trewth levys,[4]
Are[5] the grettest rovers and the grettest thevys
That have bene in the see many oone yere,[6]
That oure marchauntes have bowght full dere.[7]
Ffor they have take notable gode of oures
On thys seyde see,[8] these false coloured pelours,[9]
Called of Seynt Malouse, and elles where,
Wheche to there duke none obeysaunce woll bere.
Wyth suche colours we have bene hindred sore,
And fayned pease is called no werre herefore.
Thus they have bene in dyverse costes manye
Of oure England, mo than reherse can I;
In Northfolke coostes, and othere places aboutte,
And robbed and brente and slayne by many a routte,
And they have also ransonned toune by toune,[10]
That into the regnes of bost[11] have ronne here soune;

---

[1] *Litelle*, B.

[2] *The commoditees therof is and was*, B.; *Comodités therof that is and was*, D.

[3] *creshecloth*, D.

[4] *the trouthe beleves*, B.

[5] A. reads *and*, an evident error of the scribe; the whole line stands thus in B.: *Are the grettest robbers and theves.*

[6] *many a yere*, B.

[7] *bought alle to dere*, B.

[8] *On this syde the see*, D.

[9] *thise seid pillours*, B.

[10] *towne to towne*, B.; *towre and towne*, D.

[11] *of the best*, D.

Whyche hathe bene ruthe unto thys realme and shame;
They that the see shulde kepe are moche to blame.
Ffor Bretayne is of easy reputasyoun,
And Seynt Malouse turneth hem to reprobacioun.

A storie of kynge Edwarde the iij^de^ hys ordynaunce for Bretayne.

[f] Here brynge I in a storye to me lente,
What a goode squyere[1] in tyme of parlemente,
Toke unto me welle wretene in a scrowe,
That I have comonde[2] bothe wyth hygh and lowe,
Of whyche all mene accordene in to one,
That hit was done not monye yeris[3] agone,
But when noble kynge Edwarde the therde
Regned in grace, ryght thus hit betyde.
Ffor he hadde a manere gelozye
To hys marchauntes, and lowede[4] hem hartelye.
He felde[5] the weyes to reule well the see,[6]
Whereby marchauntes myght have prosperité,
That fro[7] Harflewe and Houndflewe[8] dyd he makene,
And grete werres that tyme were undertakene
Betwyx the kynge and the duke of Bretayne;
At laste to falle to pease bothe were they feyne.

[f] Historia, ostendens quam ordinationem rex Edwardus iij^us^ fecit contra depredatores marinos Britanniæ minoris, ad debellandum eos et subjugandum minores Britannos, non obstante colore ducis eorum, per excusationem sui dicentis se non posse domare suos inobedientes, et insubjicibiles ei erant.

---

[1] *That Hampton esquyer*, D.
[2] *I comoned with bothe*, B.; *amendid*, D.
[3] *daies*, D.
[4] *loved*, B.
[5] *felte*, D.
[6] *He felt wele the waies the rules of the see*, B.
[7] *therfor*, B.
[8] *Harflete and Houndflete*, B.; *Harflew and Hondeflew*, D.

Upon the whyche, made by convencioun,
Oure marchaundys made hem redy boune
Towarde Bretayne to lede here marchaundye,
Wenynge hem frendes, and wente forthe boldelye.[1]
But sone anone oure marchaundes were itake,
And wee spede nevere the bettere for treuse sake.
They loste here goode, here moné, and spendynge;[2]
But there compleynte come[3] unto the kynge.
Then wex he wrothe, and to the duke he sente,
And compleyned that[4] such harme was hente
By convencioun, and pease made so refused.
Whiche duke sent ageyne, and hym excused,
Rehersynge that the mounte of Seynte Michele
And[5] Seynt Malouse wolde never a dele
By subject unto his[6] governaunce,
Ner be undere hys obeysaunce;
And so they did withowten hym that dede.
But whan the kynge anone had takene hede,
He in his herte set a jugemente,[7]
Wythoute callynge of ony parlemente,
Or grete tary to take longe avyse,
To fortefye anone he dyd devyse
Of Englysshe townes iij., that is to seye
Derthmouth, Plymmouthe, the third it is Ffoweye,
And gaffe[8] hem helpe and notable puissance,
Wyth insistence set[9] them in governaunce
Upon Pety Bretayn[10] for to werre.
That gode see-menne wolde no more deferre,

---

[1] *and thedir yode boldly*, B.

[2] *They lost her navy, her goode, and here spendinge*, D. Hakluyt has *navy* in place of *moné*.

[3] *thei complayned hem*, B.

[4] *how*, B.

[5] *Nor*, B.

[6] *undir his*, B.

[7] *Amendes he wold none make, he seide.*
Wherfor the kynge in hart sette a jugement, B.

[8] *garte hem*, D.

[9] *to sette*, B.

[10] *Litelle Bretaigne*, B.

But bete theme home, and made[1] they myght not route,
Tooke prysoners, and lernyd hem for to loutte.
And efte the duke an ensample wysse
Wrote to the kynge, as he ffyrste dyd dewysse,
Hym excusynge; but oure meny wode[2]
Wyth grete poure passed overe the ffloode,
And verrie forth into the[3] dukes londe,
And had neygh destrued free and bonde.[4]
But than[5] the duke knewe[6] that the townes thre
Shulde have loste all hys natale cuntree,[7]
Undertoke by sewrté trewe, not false,
Ffor Mount Mychelle and Seinte Malouse als,
And othere partees[8] of the Lytelle Bretaynne,
Whych to obeye, as seyde was, were nott fayne,
The duke hym selfe for all dyd undertake,
Wyth all hys herte a full pease dyd he make.[9]
So that in all the lyffe tyme of the kynge
Marchaundes hadde pease wythowtene werrynge.
g He made a statute for Lumbardes in thys londe,
That they shulde in no wysse take one honde
Here to enhabite, here[10] to charge and to dyscharge,
Butt xl. dayes, nomore tyme had they large.
Thys good kynge, be wytt of suche appreffe,
Kepte hys marchauntes and[11] the see fro myscheffe.

g Tutum statutum regis Edwardi tertii pro Lombardis.

---

[1] *that*, B.; *made* is omitted in A., and is here supplied from D. and Hakluyt.

[2] *Than the duke in like wise*
Wrote to the kynge for the truse.
The kynge aunswerd how his mayné wode, B.
And after the duke in semblable wyse
Wrote to the kynge, as he fyrst did devise,
Hym excusyng, but our navy woode, D.

[3] *werryd in the*, D.

[4] *To destroie the dukes londe,*
Ayenst his wille, I undirstonde, B.

[5] *And whan*, B.

[6] *sey*, B.

[7] *Shold have destroied his countré*, B.; *notable contré*, D.

[8] *And for alle the parties*, B.

[9] These two lines omitted in B.

[10] Omitted in B. and D.

[11] *in*, B.

Of the commodités of Scotelonde, and drapynge of her wolle in Fflaundres. The iiij. chapitle.

Moreovere[1] of Scotlonde the commoditees
[h] Ar ffelles, hydes, and of wolle the ffleesse.
And alle thesse muste passe bye us aweye
Into Fflaundres by Englonde, sothe to saye.[2]
And alle here wolle was draped[3] for to selle
In the tounes of Poperynge and of Belle,
Whyche my lorde of[4] Glowcestre wyth ire[5]
Ffor here ffalshede sett upon a ffyre.
[i] And yett they of Belle and Poperynge
Cowde never drapere[6] here wolle for any thynge,
But if they hadde Englysshe woll wythalle.
Oure godely wolle that[7] is so generalle
Nedefulle to hem in Spayne and Scotlande als,
And othere costis, this sentence is not fals.
Ye worthi marchauntes, I do it upon yow,
I have this lerned, ye wott wele where and howe;[8]
Ye wotte the staple[9] of that marchaundye
Of this Scotlonde is Fflaundres sekerlye.[10]
And[11] the Scottes bene chargede, knowene[12] at the eye,[13]
[j] Out of Flaundres wyth lytyll mercerye,

[h] Ffelles, hydes, wolleflees, owtewarde.
[i] Hic patet de incendio villarum de Poperynge et de Belle per ducem Gloucestre et suos.
[j] Mercerye, haberdashrye, cartewhelys, barowes, homeward.

---

[1] *Also over alle Sc.*, B.
[2] *this is no nay*, B.
[3] *drapered*, D.
[4] *the duke of*, B.
[5] *in grete ire*, B.; *in ire*, D.
[6] *drape*, B.; *draper*, D.
[7] *it*, B., D.
[8] *That this is trew, ye wote wele how*, B.
[9] *For the staple*, B.
[10] *truly*, B.
[11] *Than*, B.
[12] This word is omitted by B.
[13] *knowen that ye*, D.

And grete plentee of haburdasshers[1] ware,
And halfe here shippes[2] wyth carte whelys bare,
And wyth barowes, are laden as in substaunce.
Thus moste rude ware be in here chevesaunce;
So they may not forbere thys Fflemysshe londe.
Therefor if we wolde manly take on honde
To kepe this see fro Flaundres and fro Spayne,
And fro Scotelonde, lych as fro Pety[3] Bretayne,
Wee schulde ryght sone have pease for all here bostis;
Ffor they muste nede passe by oure Englysshe costis.

Of the commoditees of Pruse,[4] and Hyghe Duchemenne, and Esterlynges. The v. chapitle.

Now goo wee fforthe to the commoditees
That cometh to[5] Pruse in too manere degrees;
Ffor too manere peple have suche use,
This is to saye, Highe Duch men of[6] Pruse[7]
And Esterlynges, whyche myghte not be forborne
Oute of Fflaundres, but it were verrely lorne.
[k]Ffor they bringe in[8] the substaunce of the[9] beere
That they drynken fele[10] to goode chepe, not dere.[11]
Ye[12] have herde that twoo Fflemmynges togedere
Wol undertake, or they goo ony whethere,
Or they rise onys, to drinke a barelle fulle
Of gode berkyne;[13] so sore they hale and pulle,

[k] Nota de proprietatibus et conditionibus populorum Flandrensium.

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[1] *haberdasshe*, B; *haburdashry*, D.
[2] B. omits these three words.
[3] *Litelle*, B.
[4] *Spruce*, D.
[5] *from*, D. and Hakluyt.
[6] *and*, B.
[7] *Spruce*, D.
[8] *hem*, B.
[9] *here*, B.; *their*, D.
[10] *selle*, D.
[11] *thei drynke good chepe dere*, B.
[12] *I*, B.
[13] *bere*, B.; *berekyn*, D.

Undre the borde they pissen as they sitte;
This cometh of covenant[1] of a worthy[2] witte.
[l] Wythoute Calise in ther buttere the[3] cakked,
Whan they flede[4] home, and when they leysere[5] lakked
To holde here sege, they wente lyke[6] as a doo;
Wel was that Fflemmynge that myght trusse and goo.
Ffor fere they turned bake,[7] and hyede faste;
Mi lorde of[8] Gloucestre made hem[9] so[10] agaste
[m] Wyth his commynge, and sought hem in here londe,
And brente and slowe as he hadde take on honde;
So that oure enmyse[11] durste not byde nor stere,
They flede to mewe,[12] they durste no more appere.
Then his meyné seyden that he was dede,
Till we were goo, ther was non bettir rede.
Ffy! cowardy knyghthode was aslepe,
As dede their duk yn mew they did hym kepe,[13]
Rebukede sore for evere so shamefully
[n] Unto here uttere everelastinge vylany.

[l] Nota enormitatem scurrilitatis Flandrensium quando fugas fecerunt relinquentes Caliseam.

[m] Nota de fuga Flandrensium propter adventum strenuissimi principis ducis Gloucestrensis.

[n] Hic redarguitur vecordia fugientium, in perpetuam eorum memoriam.

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[1] *convenyght*, D.
[2] *comethe of an unworthy*, B.
[3] *boture thei*, B.
[4] *wente*, D.
[5] *leve*, B.
[6] *yode light*, B.; *went lyght*, D.
[7] *And her prince tourned his bak*, D.
[8] *The duke of*, B.
[9] *hym*, D.
[10] *sore*, B.
[11] *their duke*, D.
[12] *mew*, B.; *He was in mew*, D.
[13] This and the three preceding lines, omitted in A., are supplied from D.

After bere and bacon, odre gode commodités usene.

[o] Now bere and bacon bene fro Pruse[1] ibroughte
Into Fflaundres, as loved and fere isoughte;[2]
Osmonde, coppre, bow-staffes, stile,[3] and wex,
Peltre-ware,[4] and grey, pych, terre, borde, and flex,
And Coleyne threde, fustiane, and canvase,
Carde, bokeram, of olde tyme thus it wase.
But the Fflemmyngis amonge these thinges dere
In comen lowen[5] beste bacon and bere.
Thus arn they hogges, and drynkyn wele ataunt,
Ffare wele, Flemynge, hay, harys, hay, avaunt.[6]
Also Pruse[7] mene make here aventure
Of plate of sylvere, of[8] wegges gode and sure
In grete plenté, whiche they bringe and bye
Oute of londes of Bealme[9] and Hungrye;
Whiche is encrese ful grete unto[10] thys londe.
And thei bene laden,[11] I understonde,
Wyth wollen clothe alle[12] manere of coloures,
By dyers craftes ful dyverse that bene oures.[13]
And they aventure ful gretly unto the Baye
Ffor salte, that is nedefulle wythoute naye.
Thus if they wolde not oure frendys bee,
Wee myght lyghtlye[14] stope hem in the see;
They shulde not passe oure stremes wythoutene leve,
It wolde not be, but if we shulde hem greve.

[o] Bere, bacon, osmonde, coppre, bowestaves, stele, wex, peltre-ware, grey, pyche, tarre, borde, fflex, Coleyne threde, ffustiane, canvas, carde, bokerame, sylver plate, wegges of silvere and metall.

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[1] *Spruce*, D.
[2] *Flanders, laden ferre isought*, B.
[3] *stele*, D.
[4] *Peltware*, B.
[5] *loven*, B., D.
[6] These two lines are added from D.
[7] *Spruce*, D.
[8] *and*, B.
[9] *Beam*, B.; *Beame*, D.
[10] *in*, B
[11] *lade agayn*, B.
[12] *of alle*, B.
[13] *whiche avayle therof is oures*, B.
[14] *gretly*, B.

Of the commoditees of the Januays, and here grette karekkys.[1] *The vj. chapitle.*

The Janueys comyne in sondre wyses
Into this londe, wyth dyverse marchaundyses,
In grete karrekkis[2] arrayde wythouten lake,
Wyth clothes of golde, silke,[3] and pepir blake
They bringe wyth hem, and of wood[4] grete plenté,
Wolle, oyle, woad aschen, by wesshelle[5] in the see,
Coton, roche-alum, and gode golde of Jene.[6]
And they be charged wyth wolle ageyne, I wene,
And wollene clothe of owres of colours alle.
And they aventure, as ofte it dothe byfalle,
Into Flaundres wyth suche thynge as they bye,
That is here cheffe staple sykerlye;
And if they wolde be oure fulle ennemyse,
They shulde not passe our stremez with merchaundyse.

The commodités and nycetees of Venicyans and Florentynes, with there galees. The vij. chapitle.

The grete galees of Venees and Fflorence
Be wel ladene wyth thynges of complacence,
Alle spicerye and of grocers ware,
Wyth swete wynes, alle manere of chaffare,
Apes, and japes, and marmusettes taylede,
Nifles, trifles,[7] that litelle have availede,[8]
And thynges[9] wyth whiche they fetely blere oure eye,
Wyth thynges not enduryng that we bye;[10]

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[1] *carrikes*, B.
[2] *carrikes*, B.
[3] *silver*, B.; *of golde and sylver*, D.
[4] *waad*, B.
[5] *vessels*, B.
[6] *Gene*, D.
[7] *Nyfells and tryfells*, D.
[8] This line, omitted in A., is here given from B.
[9] *And other thynges*, B.
[10] *Whiche thynges be not duryng that we bye*, B.

[p] Ffor moche of thys chaffare that is wastable
Mighte be forborne for dere and dyssevable.[1]
And that[2] I wene, as for infirmitees,
In oure Englonde is[3] suche comoditees,
Wythowten helpe of any othere londe,
Whych by wytte and practike bethe ifounde,
That alle humors myght be voyded sure;
Whych that we gledre wyth oure Englysh cure,
That wee shulde have no nede to skamonye,
Turbit, euforbe, correcte,[4] diagredie,[5]
[q] Rubarde, sené, and yet they bene to[6] nedefulle;
But I knowe thynges also[7] spedefulle,
That growene here, as these thynges seyde;[8]
Lett of this matere no mane be dysmayde,
But that a man may voyde[9] infirmytee
Wythoute degrees fet[10] fro beyonde the see.
And yett[11] there shulde excepte be ony thynge,
It were but sugre, truste to my seyinge.[12]
He that trustith not to my seyinge and sentence,
Lett hym better serche experience.
In this mater I wole not ferthere prese,[13]
Who so not beleveth, let hym leve and sease.[14]
Thus these galeise for this[15] lykynge ware,
And etynge ware,[16] bere hens oure beste chaffare,

[p] Hic de materialibus et ingredientibus receptas medicinales.
[q] Of druges materiales for receytes of medicines.

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[1] *for thei ben disceivable*, B.
[2] *yitt*, B.
[3] *are*, B.; *our londe arn*, D.
[4] *correctid*, D.
[5] *sagardye*, B.
[6] *two*, B.
[7] *But ther ben thynges also*, B.
[8] *fayned*, B.
[9] *byde*, D.
[10] *Without thise drugges*, B.; *drouggis fett*, D.
[11] *yf*, B.; *if*, D.
[12] *senynge*, B.
[13] *plese*, B.
[14] *cease*, B.
[15] *thœire*, B.
[16] *stuffe*, D.

Clothe, wolle, and tynne, whiche, as I seyde[1] beforne,
Oute of this londe werste myghte[2] be forborne.
Ffor eche other londe of necessité
Have grete nede to by some of the thre;[3]
And wee resseyve of[4] hem into this cooste
Ware and chaffare that lyghtlye wol be loste.
And wolde Jhesu that oure lordis wolde
Considre this wel, both yonge and olde;
Namelye olde,[5] that have experience,
That myghte the yonge exorten to prudence.
What harme, what hurt, and what hinderaunce
Is done to us unto youre[6] grete grevaunce,
Of suche londes and of suche[7] nacions?
As experte men knowe[8] by probacions;
By wretynge as discured[9] oure counsayles,
And false coloure alwey the countertayles
Of oure[10] enmyes, that dothe us hinderinge
Unto oure goodes, oure realme,[11] and to the kynge;
As wysse men have shewed welle at eye,
And alle this is colowred by marchaundrye.

An emsampelle of deseytte.

Also they bere the golde owte of thys londe,
And souketh the thryfte awey oute of oure honde,
As the waffore[12] soukethe honye fro the bee,
So mynuceth[13] oure commodité.
Now wolle ye here how they in Cotteswolde
Were wonte to borowe, or they schulde[14] be solde,

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[1] *as is seid*, B.
[2] *myght wbrse*, B.
[3] *one of thise thre*, B.
[4] *for*, B.
[5] elder, B.
[6] *oure*, B.
[7] *thise*, B.
[8] *shew*, B.; *proved*, D.
[9] *By writyng are discovered*, B.; *and discured*, D.
[10] *Alle wey of our*, D.
[11] *the rynge*, D.
[12] *waspe*, B., D.
[13] *mynnyshethe*, B.; *mynyshe*, D.
[14] *as it shold*, B.

Here wolle gode,[1] as for yere and yere,[2]
Of clothe and tynne they did in lych[3] manere,
And in her galeys schyppe this marchaundye?
Than sone at Venice of them men wol it bye,
Then utterne[4] there the chaffare be the payse.
And lyghtly als[5] ther they make her reys.[6]
And whan tho gode bene at Venice solde,
Than to carrye her chaunge they ben fulle bolde
Into Flaundres, whan thei this money have,
They wyll it profre ther soteltė to save,
To Englysshe marchaundis to yeve it oute by eschaunge,
To be paid agayn, thei make not straunge,[7]
Here in Englonde, semynge for the better,
At the reseyvinge and syght of the lettir,[8]
By iiij. pens lesse[9] in the noble rounde,
That is xij. pens in[10] the golden pounde.
And yf we wolle have of paymente,
A fulle monythe than moste hym nedes assente,
To viij. pens losse, that is shellyngis tweyne,
In the Englysshe pounde, as eftesones ageyne
Ffor ij. monthes xij. pens must be paye,
In the Englysshe pounde, what is that to seye,
But iij. shyllingis, so that in pounde felle
Ffor hurte and harme harde is wyth hem to delle.
And whenne Englysshe marchaundys[11] have contente
This eschaunge in Englonde of[12] assente,
That these seyde Veneciance have in wone,[13]
And Florentynes, to bere here golde sone

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[1] *wolles good*, B.
[2] *fro yere to yere*, B., D.
[3] *like*, B., D.
[4] *Thei utter*, B.
[5] *also*, B.
[6] *weyes*, D.
[7] This line is added from B. and D.
[8] Added also from D.
[9] *losse*, B.
[10] *xij. d. losse in*, B.
[11] *marchauntes*, B.
[12] *by*, B.
[13] *have mowen*, D.

Overe the see into Flaundres ageyne.
And thus they lyve in Flaundres, sothe to sayne,
And in London, wyth suche chevesaunce
That men calle usuré, to oure losse and hinderaunce.

Anothere exemple of disceytte.

Now listen welle how they made us a baleys
Whan they borwed[1] at the towne of Caleys,
As they were wonte, ther wolle that was hem lente,
Ffor yere and[2] yere they schulde make paymente,
And some tyme als too yere and too yere;
This was fayre lone,[3] but yett wolle ye here
How they to Bruges[4] wolde her wolles carye,
And for hem take paymente wythouten tarye,
And selle it faste for redy money in honde?
Ffor fifty pounde of money of losse they wolde not wonde
In a thousande pounde, and lyve therebye,
Tylle the day of paymente easylye,
Some[5] ageyne in exchaunge makynge,
Ffulle lyke usurie, as men make undertakynge.
Than whan thys payment of a thowsande pounde
Was welle contente, they shulde have chaffare sounde,
Yff they wolde fro the staple fulle
Reseyve ageyne ther thousande[6] pounde in wolle.
And thus they wold, if we will beleve,
Wypen our nose with our owne sleve;
Thow this proverbe be homly and undew,
Yet be liklynesse it is for soth fulle trew.[7]

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[1] *borowed*, B., D.
[2] *to*, B., D.
[3] *love*, D.
[4] *Brigges*, B.
[5] *Come*, B., D.
[6] *iiij. thousand*, B.
[7] This and the preceding three lines are added from D., which omits the four which follow.

In Cotteswolde also they ryde aboute,
And al Englonde, and bien, wythouten doute,
What them liste, wythe fredome and fraunchise,
More then we Englisshe may getyn in any wyse.
But wolde God that, wythoute lenger delayse,
These galeise were unfraught in[1] xl. daies,
And in tho xl. dayes charged ageyne;
And that they myght be put to certeyne[2]
To go to oste, as wee there wyth hem doo.[3]
It were expediente that they did right soo
As wee do there; if the kynge wolde itt,
A! what worschip wold falle to Englysshe witte!
What profite also to oure marchaundye,
Whiche wolde of nede be cherisshed hartelye!
Ffor I wolde wete why nowe owre navey fayleth,
Whan many a foo us at oure dorre assayleth,
[r] Now in[4] these dayes, that, if there come a nede,
What navey shulde wee have it is to drede.
In Denmarke ware fulle noble conquerours
In tyme passed, fulle worthy werriours,
[s] Whiche when they had here marchaundes destroyde,
To poverte they felle, thus were they noyede;
And so they stonde at myscheffe at this daye;
This lerned I late, welle wryten, this no naye.[5]
Therefore be ware, I can no better wylle,[6]
Yf grace it wole of other mennys perylle;
Ffor yef marchaundes were cherysshede to here spede,
We were not lykelye to fayle[7] in ony nede.

[r] A woffulle compleyn[te] of lake of navey if nede come.

[s] A storye of destruccion of Denmarke for destruccion of her marchauntes, by presidente of master Richarde Barnet shewynge in a rolle.

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[1] *withyn*, D.
[2] *in certayn*, B., D.
[3] *as we in Flaunders doo*, D.
[4] *at*, D.
[5] *This lerned I late, it is no nay*, B., D.
[6] *while*, D.
[7] *like to falle*, B.

Yff they bee riche, than in prosperité
Schalbe oure londe, lordes, and comonté.[1]
[t] And in worship nowe thinke I on the sonne
Of marchaundy, Richarde of Whitingdone,[2]
That loode-sterre and chefe chosen floure,
Whate hathe by hym oure England of honoure?
And whate profite hathe bene of his richesse?
And yet lasteth dayly in worthinesse,
That penne and papere may not me suffice
Him to describe, so high he was of prise;
Above marchaundis to sette him one of the beste,
I can no more, but God have hym in reste.[3]

Now the principalle matere.

[u] What reason is it that wee schulde[4] go to oste[5]
In there cuntrees, and in this Englisshe coste
They schulde[6] not so, but have more liberté
Than wee oure selfe? now, alle so mot I the,
I wolde men shulde to geftes[7] take no hede
That lettith oure thinge publique for to spede;
Ffor this wee see welle every day at eye,
Geftes and festes stopene oure pollicye.

[t] Memoire of the sonne of marchaunde, Ric. of Whytingdone.

[u] Nota, here is for to be notyde that sithene this seyde ordynaunce of writinge there have be ordeynede to go to oste in Londone, etc[a]. But how this policie is subverted, it is mervelle to knowe, be wyles and gyles, whiche wol be in othere place declarede.

[1] *comynalté*, B.
[2] *Richard Whytington*, D.
[3] This passage relating to Richard Whittington is not found in B.
[4] *shalle*, B.
[5] *hoste*, D.
[6] *shalle*, B.
[7] *yiftes*, B.; *giftis*, D.

Now se that fooles bene eyther they or wee,
But evere wee have the warse in this contré.
Therefore lett hem unto coste[1] go here,
Or be wee free wyth hem in like manere
In there cuntrés; and if it wolle not bee,
Compelle them unto coste,[2] and ye shalle see
Moche avauntage and muche profite arise,
Moche more than I write can in any wyse.

Of oure charge and discharge[3] *at her martis.*

Conseyve welle here that Englysshe men at martis
Be discharged, for alle her craftes and artes,
In the Braban of her marchaundy
In xiiij. dayes, and ageyne hastely
In the same dayes xiiij. are charged efte;
And yf they byde lenger alle is berefte,
Anone they schulde forfet here godes alle,
Or marchaundy, it schulde no bettere falle.
And wee to martis of Braban charged bene
Wyth Englyssh clothe, fulle gode and feyre to seyne,
Wee bene ageyne charged wyth merceyre,
Haburdasshere[4] ware, and wyth grocerye.
To whyche martis, that Englisshe men call feyres,
Iche nacion ofte maketh here repayeres,
Englysshe and Frensh, Lumbardes, Januayes,[5]
Cathalones,[6] theder they take here wayes,
Scottes, Spaynardes, Iresshmen there abydes,
Wythe grete plenté bringinge of salte hydes.[7]

---

[1] *host*, B., D.; *oste*, Hakl.

[2] *host*, B., D.; *oste*, Hakl.

[3] *discharge and charge*, B.

[4] *Haberdassh*, B.; *haburdashe*, D.

[5] *Lombardis*, *Duchmen*, *and Savoies*, D.

[6] *Catolones*, D.

[7] *bryngen of Irissh hides*, B.; *Wiche Bruges grete plenté easith of Irische hydes*, D.

And I here saye that wee in Braban lye,
Fflaundres and Seland, wee bye more marchaundy [1]
In comon use, then done alle other nacions;
This have I herde of marchaundes relacions.
And yff the Englysshe be not in the martis,
They bene febelle, and as noughte bene here [2] partes;
Ffor they bye more, and fro purse [3] put owte,
More [4] marchaundy than alle othere rowte.
Kepte than the see,[5] shyppes schulde not bringe ne feche,
And than the carreys wolde not theder streche;
And so tho martes wolde full evel thee,
Yf wee manly kepte aboute the see.

Of the commoditees of Braban and Selande and Henaulde, and marchaundyses caryed by londe to the martes. The viij. chapitle.

Yit [6] marchaundy of Braban and Selande,[7]
[v] The [8] madre and woode [9] that dyers take on hande
To dyne [10] wyth, garleke and onyons,
And salt fysshe als for husbond and comons;
But they of Holonde [11] at Caleyse byene oure felles,
And oure wolles, that Englyshe men hem selles.
And the chefare that Englysshe men do byene
In the martis, that noman may denyene,

[v] Madere, woade, garleke, onyons, salt fysshe.

---

[1] *And I here say that we in Braban bye*
More plenté of theire marchaundye, B., D.
And I here say that we in Brabant bye,
Flaunders and Zeland, more of marchandy, Hakl.
[2] *in their*, D.
[3] *fre pens*, D.
[4] *For*, B.
[5] *And the see were kept that*, B.; *Kepe than*, D.
[6] *The*, B.
[7] *Zelonde*, D.
[8] *Bethe*, B.; *By*, D.
[9] *wad*, B.
[10] *dyen*, D.
[11] *Selond*, B.

Is not made in Braban that cuntré,
It commeth frome oute of Henaulde, not be the see,
But alle by londe by carris,[1] and frome Fraunce,
Burgoyne, Coleyne, Camerete,[2] in substaunce.
Therfore at martis yf there be a restreynte,
Men seyne pleynly, that liste no fables peynte,[3]
Yf Englysshe men be wythdrawene awey,
Is grete rebuke and losse to here affraye,[4]
As[5] though wee sent into the londe of Fraunce
Tenne thousande peple, men of gode puissaunce,[6]
To werre unto her hynderynge multiphary;[7]
So bene oure Englysshe marchauntes necessary.
[w] Yf it be thus assay, and we[8] schall weten
Of men experte, by whome I have this wryteue.
Ffor seyde is that this carted[9] marchaundye
Drawethe in valew as moche verralye[10]
As alle the gode that commethe in shippes thedyre,
Whyche Englisshe men bye moste and bring it hedire.
Ffor here martis bene feble, shame to saye,
But Englisshe men thedire dresse here waye.

Conclusion of this deppendinge of kepinge of the see.

Than I conclude, yff nevere so moche by londe[11]
Werre by carres brought unto there honde,
Ytf welle the see were kepte in governaunce,
They shulde by see have no delyveraunce,

[w] Nota, what oure marchaundes bye in that costis more than all other, etc[a].

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[1] *icaried*, B.; *in carres*, D.
[2] *Camerite, Colayn*, B.; *Camerik*, D.
[3] *fayn*, D.
[4] *and losse, and affray*, B.; *losse to their astraye*, D.
[5] *Alle*, D.
[6] *vx. thousand men of pussaunce*, B.
[7] *multiplye*, B.
[8] *ye*, B.
[9] *whan this caried*, B.
[10] *as moche to valew sikerly*, B.
[11] *Yf men so moche be of lond*, B.

Wee shulde hem stoppe, and wee shulde hem destroy,
As prysoners wee shulde hem brynge to noy;
And so wee shulde of oure cruelle enmysse
[x] Make oure ffrendes for fere of marchaundysse,
Yff they[1] were not suffred for to passe
Into Fflaundres; but wee be frayle as glasse,[2]
And also bretylle,[3] not thought,[4] nevere abydynge.
But when grace shynethe sone are wee slydynge.
Wee woll it not reseyve in any wysse;
That maken luste, envye, and covetysse.
Expoune me this, and ye shall sothe it fynde,
Bere it aweye, and kepe it in youre mynde.

Thenayle of thys conclusioun.

Than shulde worshyp unto oure noble be,
In feet and forme to lorde and magesté;[5]
[y] Liche as the seale the grettest of thys londe
On the one syde hathe, as I understonde,
A prince rydynge wyth his swerde idraue,
In the othere syde sittynge, sothe it is in sawe,[6]
[z] Betokenynge goode reule and ponesshynge
In verry dede[7] of Englande by the kynge.
And hit is so, God blessyd mote he bee;
So one lyche wysse I wolde were on the see.
By the noble that swerde schulde have powere,
And the shippes one the see aboute us here.

[x] Nota, of oure defautes lettynge oure gode spede in polycye.
[y] Nota, of the kynges grete seale.
[z] By septer and swerde.

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[1] *we*, D.
[2] *but we fre as glasse*, B.; *we be frely, as I gesse*, D.
[3] *And as brasile*, B.; *And also at Brushill*, D.
[4] *tough*, B.
[5] *Rather than to the duke and his meynye*, D.
[6] *sothe is this saw*, B., D.
[7] *sede*, B.

What nedeth a garlande, whyche is made of ivye,[1]
Shew a tavern wynelesse,[2] also thryve I;
Yf men were wysely,[3] the Frenshmen and[4] Flemmynge
Shulde bere no state in see by werrynge.

Of Hankyne Lyons.[5]

[a] Thane Hankyne Lyons shulde not be so bolde[6]
To stoppe wyne, and shippes[7] for to holde,
Unto our shame; he hadde be betene thens.
Allas! allas! why dede wee these[8] offence,
Ffully[9] to shende the olde Englisshe fames,[10]
And the profites of Englonde, and there names?
Why is thys powere called of covetise[11]
Wyth ffals colours caste beforne oure eyes?
That if goode men ben called werryours
Wolde take the see for the comon socours,
And purge the see[12] unto oure grete avayle,
And wynne hem gode, and have[13] up the sayle,
And one oure enmyes there lives to juparte,[14]
So that they myght there pryses well departe,
As reasone wolde, justice, and equité,
To make this lande have lordeshyp of the see.

[a] This tyme anno regis H. VI. xiiij° was Hankyne Lyons archebere one the see, and afore Pety Pynson. Allas, allas!

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[1] *ive*, B.
[2] *Shevardours wiveles now also*, D.
[3] *willy*, B.; *while*, D.
[4] *duke and the*, D.
[5] *Of Hankyn Lyons, a rover on the see*, B.; *Of Hankyng Lyons*, D.
[6] *shold not have ben so bold*, B.
[7] *stoppe us, and our shippes*, B.
[8] *whi do ye this*, B.
[9] *Wilfully*, B.; *Ffoule*, D.
[10] *shend our Englisshe foones*, B.
[11] *this powdre called covetise*, B.
[12] The words *for . . . see*, omitted by the scribe of MS. A., are supplied from B. and D.
[13] *hale*, B., D.
[14] *coarte*, D.

A ffalse colowre in excusyng of prises.[1]

[b] Thane shalle Lumbardes and othere feyned frendes
Make her chalenges by colowre false of fendes,
And sey there chafare in the shippes is,
And chalenge alle, loke yf this be amisse.
Ffor thus may alle that men have brought to sorowe,[2]
And ben excused and saved by false colowre.
[c] Be ware, ye men that bare[3] the grete on honde,
That they destroy the polycye of this londe,
By gifte and goode, and the fyne golden clothes,
And silke and othere, sey ye nat this sothe is?
Bot if ye hadde verry experience,
That they take mede wythe pryvé violence,
Carpettis, and thynges of price and of pleysaunce,
Whereby stopped shulde be[4] gode governaunce.
And if it were as ye seye unto me,
Than wolde I seye, allas, cupidité!
That they that have here lyves put in drede
Schal be sone oute[5] of wynnynge, al for mede,
And lese here costes, and brought to poverté,
That they shalle nevere have luste to go to see.

[b] Lumbardis are cause inoughe to hurte this lande, allethough there were none othere cause.

[c] Allas! for bribes and gifte of goode festes and meanes that stoppen oure pollycye.

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[1] This title is omitted in A., but supplied from B.

[2] *so swore*, B.

[3] *thei bere*, B.

[4] *stoppid is*, B.

[5] *Schalle be showen out*, B., D.

Sterynge to an ordinaunce ayens coloure of mayntenors and excusers.

[d]Ffor thys coloure that[1] muste be seyde alofte,
And by declared of the grete fulle ofte,
That oure seemen wolle by many wysse[2]
Spoylle oure frendys in stede of oure enmyse;
Ffor whyche coloure and Lumbardes mayntenaunce,
The kynge it nedeth to make an ordinaunce
Wyth hys counselle, that may not fayle, I troue,
That frendes shuld frome enmyes welle be knoue,
Oure enmyes taken, and oure frendes spared;
The remedy of hem muste be declared.
[e]Thus may the see be kept in no selle;[3]
Ffor if ought be taken, wotte ye weel,
Wee have the strokes, and enmyes have the wynnyng,
But maynteners ar parteners of the synnynge.
Wee lyfe[4] in luste, and byde in covetyse,
This is oure reule[5] to mayntene marchauntyse,
And polycye that we have on the see;
And, but God helpe, it woll none other bee.

Of the commoditees of Irelonde, and policye and kepynge thereof, and conquerynge of wylde Iryshe, wyth an incident of Walys. The ix. chapitle.

I caste to speke of Irelonde but a lytelle,
Commoditees[6] yit I woll entitelle,

[d] It is a merveyle thynge that so grete a sekenesse and hurt of the londe may have no remedy of so many as letten hem selfe wysemen of governaunce, etc[a].

[e] Et unde mors oritur inde vita resurgat.

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[1] *then*, B.
[2] *wold in any wise*, B.
[3] *be kept every dele*, B., D.
[4] *lige*, B., D.
[5] *tale*, B., D.
[6] *The comodites*, B., D.

Hydes, and fish, samon, hake, herynge,
Irish wollen, lynyn cloth, faldynge,
And marternus[1] gode, bene here marchaundyse,
Hertys[2] hydes, and other of venerye,
Skynnes of otere, squerel, and Irysh are,[3]
Of shepe, lambe, and fox, is here chaffare,
Ffelles of kydde and conyes grete plenté.
So that yf Irelond halpe us to kepe the see,
Because the kynge clepid[4] is *rex Angliæ*,
And is *dominus* also *Hiberniæ*,
Old possessyd[5] by progenitours,
The Yriche men have cause lyke to oures
Oure londe and herres togedre defende,
That none enmye shulde hurte ne offende[6]
Yrelonde ne us, but as one comonté
Shulde helpe to kepe welle aboute the see.
Ffor they have havenesse grete and godely[7] bayes,
Sure, wyde, and depe, of gode assayes,
Att Waterforde and coostis monye one,
And as men seyn in England, be there none
Better havenesse shyppes in to ryde,
Ne more sure for enmyes to abyde.
[8]Why speke I thus so muche of Yrelonde?
Ffor also muche as I can understonde
It is fertyle for thynge[9] that there do growe
And multiplyen, loke who so lust to knowe;
So large, so gode, and so comodyouse,
That to declare is straunge and merveylouse.
Ffor of sylvere and golde there is the oore
Amonge the wylde Yrishe, though they be pore;

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[1] *martorns*, D.
[2] *Hert*, D.
[3] *Irishe hare*, B., D.
[4] *callid*, D.
[5] *O longe passed*, D.
[6] *nor shende*, B., D.
[7] *gardly*, B., D.
[8] B. and D. insert here a new title or rubric, *An exhortacion to kepe sikerly Irland.*
[9] *fructifulle of thynges*, B.; *riche for thinges*, D.

Ffor they ar rude, and can thereone no skylle;
So that if we had there pese and gode wylle,
To myne and fyne, and metalle for to pure,
In wylde Yrishe myght we fynde the cure.
As in Londone seyth[1] a juellere,
Whych brought from thens gold oore[2] to us here,
Whereof was fyned metalle gode and clene,
As[3] the touche, no bettere coude be sene.
Nowe here be ware and hertly take entente,
As ye wolle answere at the laste jugemente,
That for sloughe and for racheshede[4]
Ye remembere, wyth alle youre myghte take hede
To kepe Yrelond, that it be[5] not loste;
Ffor it is a boterasse and a poste
Undre England, and Wales another.
God forbede but eche were othere brothere,
Of one ligeaunce dewe unto the kynge.
But I have pité, in gode feythe, of thys thynge,
That I shalle saye, wythe avysemente,
I ham aferde that Yrelonde wol be[6] shente;
It muste awey, it wolle be loste frome us,
But if thow helpe, thow Jhesu graciouse,
And yeve us grace alle sloughte to leve bysyde.[7]
Ffor myche thynge in my harte is hyde,[8]
Whyche in anothere tretyse I caste to wrytte,
Made alle onelye for that soyle and sitee[9]
Of fertile Yerelonde, whiche mythe not be forborne,
But if Englond were nyghe as gode as gone.[10]
God forbede that a wylde Yrishe wyrlynge
Shulde be chosene for to be there kynge,

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[1] *seid*, B.
[2] *good ure*, B.
[3] *At*, B., D.
[4] *rechelessehede*, B.; *rechelehede*, D.
[5] *were*, B.
[6] *shalle be*, B.
[7] *slouthe to sette aside*, B.
[8] *I hide*, B.
[9] *cete*, D. These two lines are omitted in B.
[10] *lorn*, B.; *lorne*, D.

Aftere here conqueste for oure laste[1] puisshaunce,
And hyndere us by other londes allyaunce.
Wyse mene seyne, whyche folyn not ne dotyn,[2]
That wylde Yrishe so muche of grounde have gotyne
There[3] upon us, as lykelynesse may be,
Lyke as England to sherish two or thre[4]
Of thys oure londe is made comparable,
So wylde Yrishe have wonne unto us unable[5]
Yit[6] to defende, and of no[7] powere
That oure grounde there is a lytelle cornere,[8]
To alle Yrelonde in trewe comparisone.
It nedeth no more this mater to expone,
Which if it be loste, as Criste Jhesu forbede,
Ffarewelle Wales, than Englond cometh to drede
Ffor alliaunce of Scotelonde and of Spayne,
And other moo, as the Pety[9] Bretayne,
And so have enmyes environ rounde aboute.
I beseche God that some prayers devoute
Mutt lett the seyde[10] apparaunce probable[11]
Thys disposed[12] wythought feyned fable;
But alle onely for perelle that I see
Thus ymynent as lykely for to be.[13]
And welle I wote that frome hens to Rome,
And, as men sey, in alle Cristendome,
Ys no grounde ne lond to Yreland lyche,
So large, so gode, so plenteouse,[14] so riche,
That to this worde *dominus* dothe longe.
Than me semyth that ryght were, and not wronge,

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[1] *losse*, D.
[2] *whiche listen not to doten*, B.
[3] *That*, D.
[4] *In Englond unto sheres two or thre*, B.
[5] *on us have wonne unable*, D.
[6] *It*, B.; *Hit*, D.
[7] *defende with our power*, D.
[8] *covcr*, D.
[9] *litelle*, B.
[10] *Might be seid*, B.
[11] *provable*, D.
[12] *Thus dispouned*, B.
[13] *Whiche is like in short tyme to be*, B.; *Thus jugement likly*, D.
[14] *plentevous*, B.; *plentyvous*, D.

To gete that lond, and it were piteouse[1]
To us to lese thys hyghe name *dominus*.
And alle this[2] worde *dominus* of name
Shulde have the grounde obeisaunte, wylde and tame.
That name and peple[3] togedere myght accorde,
Alle[4] the grounde subjecte to the[5] lorde;
And that it is possible to be subjecte
Unto the kynge, well shall it be detecte[6]
In the lytelle boke that I of spake;
I trowe reson alle this wolle undertake.[7]
And I knowe welle with Irland[8] howe it stant;
Allas! fortune begynneth so to stant,[9]
Or ellis grace, that dede is governaunce.
Ffor so mynusshyth partyes of oure puissaunce[10]
In that land, that we lesse[11] every yere
More grounde and more, as welle[12] as ye may here.
I herde a man[13] speke to me fulle late,
[f] Whyche was a lorde of ful grete astate,[14]
That expensis[15] of one yere don in Fraunce
Werred[16] on men welle wylled of puissaunce,
Thys seyd grounde of Yrelonde to conquere,
And yit because Englonde[17] myght not forbere
These seyde expensis gedred in one yere,
But in iij. yere or iiij. gadred up here,

[f] This lorde was the erle of Ormond, that told to me this mater, that he wolde undretake it in peyne of lesse of all his lyveloode, etc[a]; but this profere not by admitted; ergo male.

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[1] *pitevous*, B.
[2] *That of this*, D.
[3] *And that same peple*, B.
[4] *And*, B.
[5] *her*, B.; *their*, D.
[6] *And the kyng wold wele therto adverte*, B.
[7] These two lines are omitted in B.
[8] These two words are restored from B. and D.
[9] *for to stante*, B.
[10] *For so moche lessethe dayly oure puyssaunce*, B.
[11] *that lesith*, D.
[12] *aske welle*, B.
[13] *a lord*, B.
[14] *Whiche was erle of Ormond, a lord and astate*, B.
[15] *experience*, D.
[16] *Wared*, B.
[17] *And yf Englond*, B.

Myght wynne Yrelonde to a fynalle conquest
In one soole yere,[1] to sett us alle in reste.
And how sone wolde thys be payde ageyne,
What were it worthe yerely, yf wee not feyne,
I wylle declare, who so luste to looke,
I trowe ful pleynly in my lytele boke.[2]
But covetyse and singularité
Of one[3] profite, envye, cruelté,[4]
Hathe done us harme, and doo us every daye,
And mustres[5] made that shame it is to saye,
Oure money spente alle to lytelle avayle;
And oure enmyes so gretely done prevayle,
That what harme may falle and overthwarte,[6]
I may unneth wrytte more for sore of herte.[7]

An exhortacion to the keppynge of Walys.

Be ware of Walys, Criste Jhesu mutt us[8] kepe,
That it make not oure childeis[9] childe to wepe,
Ne us also, if it go his waye
By unwarenesse;[10] seth that many a day
Men have be ferde of here rebellioun
By grete tokenes and ostentacioun.[11]
Seche the menys wyth a discrete avyse,
And helpe that they rudely not aryse
Ffor to rebelle,[12] that Criste it forbede;
Loke wele aboute, for, God wote, we have nede,

[1] *In too hole*, D.
[2] These two lines are omitted in B.
[3] *owne*, B.; *comon*, D.
[4] *envie and carnalitie*, B.; *carnalité*, D.
[5] *monsturis*, D.
[6] *over whert*, B.; *ever wererte*, D.
[7] *for sorow in hert*, B.
[8] *it*, B.; *hit*, D.
[9] *childes*, B., D.
[10] *woundernesse*, D.
[11] *demonstracioun*, B.; *of ostentacioun*, D.
[12] *to be rebelle*, D.

Unfayllyngly, unfeynynge,[1] and unfeynte,
That concience for slought you not atteynte.
Kepe welle that grounde for harme that may bene used,
Or afore God mutt ye bene accused.

Of the comodius stokfysshe of Yselonde, and kepynge of the see, namely the narowe see, wyth an incident of the kepynge of Calyse. The tenne chapitule.

Of Yseland to wryte is lytille nede,
Save of stokfische; yit for sothe in dede
Out of Bristow, and costis many one,
Men have practised by nedle and by stone
Thider-wardes wythine a lytel whylle,
Wythine xij. yere,[2] and wythoute perille,
Gone and comen, as men were wonte of olde
Of Scarborowgh unto the[3] costes colde;
And now so fele shippes thys yere there were,
That moche losse for unfraught[4] they bare;
Yselond myght not make hem to be fraught
Unto the hawys; this moche harme they caught.[5]
Thene here I ende of the comoditees
Ffor whiche nede is well to kepe the sees;
Este and weste, sowthe and northe they be;
And chefely kepe the sharpe[6] narowe see,
Betwene Dover and Caleise, and as thus
That fosse passe[7] not wythought gode wyll[8] of us,
And they[9] abyde oure daunger in the lenghte,
What for oure costis and Caleise in oure[10] strenghte.

[1] *unfeylyngly, unseylyngly*, D.
[2] *In yeres few*, B.
[3] *that*, B.
[4] *unfreyght*, D.
[5] This and the three preceding lines are omitted in B.
[6] *sharply the*, B.
[7] *That oure foes passe*, B.
[8] *leve*, B.
[9] *And yf they*, B., D.
[10] *with here*, B.

An exortacioun of the sure keppynge of Calise.

And for the love of God and of his blisse,
Cherishe ye Caleise better than it is;
See welle therto, and here the grete compleynte
That trewe men tellen, that woolle no lies peynte;
And as ye knowe that writynge commyth from thens,
Do not to England for sloughte so grete offens,
But that redressed it be for ony thynge,
Lest that[1] a songe of sorow that wee synge.
Ffor lytelle wenythe the fole, who so myght chese,[2]
What harme it were gode Caleise for to lese,
What woo it were for alle this Englysshe grounde.
Whiche welle conceyved the emperoure Sigesmounde,
That of all joyes made it one of the moste,
That Caleise was soget unto Englysshe coste.
Hym thought it was a jewel moste of alle,
And so the same in Latyn did it calle.
And if ye wolle more of Caleise here and knowe,
I caste to writte wythine a litelle scrowe,[3]
Like as I have done byforene by and bye
In othir parties of oure pollicie.
Loke welle how harde it was at the firste to gete,
And by my counselle lyghtly let not it leete.
For if wee leese it wyth shame of face
Wylfully, it is[4] for lake of grace.
Howe was the Hareflewe[5] cryed upon, and Rone,[6]
That it were likely for slought to be gone,
How was it warened and cryed on in Englonde,
I make recorde wyth this penne in myne honde.
It was warened pleynely in[7] Normandye,
And in England, and I thereone[8] dyd crye.

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[1] This word is inserted from B. *Lesse than a songe*, D.
[2] *what myschefe*, D.
[3] *throw*, B.
[4] *for it is*, B.
[5] *Harfleet*, B.; *Harflete*, D.
[6] *at Roon*, B., D.
[7] *also of Gascoigne and*, B.
[8] *And alle Englond also theron*, B.

The worlde was defrauded, it[1] betid ryght soo;
Ffarewell Hareflewe![2] lewdely it was agoo;[3]
Now ware Caleise, I can sey no bettere,
My soule discharge I by this presente lettere.

Aftere the chapitle of commoditees of dyverse landes, shewyth the conclusioun of kepynge of the see environ by a storye of kynge Edgare, and ij. incidentes of kynge Edwarde the iij^de^ and kynge Herry the v^th^. The xi. chapitle.

Now see wee welle than that this rownde see
To oure noble by paryformytee,[4]
Undere the shypp, shewyd there the sayle,
And oure kynge of royalle apparaylle,
Wyth swerde drawe, bryght and extente,
Ffor to chastise enmyes vyolente,
Shulde be lorde of the see aboute,
To kepe enmys fro wythine, wythoute,[5]
To be holde thorowgh cristianyté
Master and lorde enviroun of the see,
Alle lyvinge[6] men suche a[7] prince to drede
Of suche a regne to be aferde in dede.
[g]Thus prove I welle that it was thus of olde,
Whiche by a cronicle anone shal be tolde,

[g] Dicit chronica, quod iste Edgarus, cunctis prædecessoribus suis felicior, nulli sanctitate inferior, omnibus morum suavitate præstantior, etc^a^, vixit ipse Anglis non minus memorabilis quam Cirus Persis, Karolus Francis, Romulus de Romanis.

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[1] *was deef, and it,* B., D.

[2] *Harflete,* D.

[3] *Farewele Guyen and Normandy, lewdly it is ago,* B.

[4] *parformyté,* B.; *be perfourmere,* D.

[5] *enemyes withyn and withoute,* D.

[6] *lovynge,* D.

[7] *such as a,* D.

Ryghte curiouse, but I wolle interprete
Hit into Englisshe, as I did it gete.
Of kynge Edgare, oo[1] moste merveyllouse
Prince lyvynge, wytty, and chevalrouse,
So gode that none of his predecessours
Was to him lyche in prudens and honours.
He was fortunat, and more gracious
Then other before, and more glorious.
He was benethe no man[2] in holinesse,
He passed alle in vertuuse swetenesse.
Of Englysshe kynges was none so commendable
To Englysshe men, ne lasse[3] memoriable
Than Cirus was to Perse by puissaunce;[4]
And as grete Charlis was to them of Fraunce,
And as to Romanis was grete Romulus,
So was to England this worthy Edgarus.
I may not write more of his worthynesse,
Ffor lake of tyme, ne of his holynesse;
But to my matere I hym examplifie,
Of condicions tweyne and of his policie.
Wythine his land was one, this is no doute,
And anothere in the see wythoute,
That in tyme of wynter[5] and of werre,[6]
Whan boistous wyndes put see-men into ferre,[7]
Wythine his lande aboute bi alle provinces
He passyd thorowghe perceyvynge his princes,
Lordes, and othir of the commontée,[8]
Who was oppressoure, and who to poverté
Was drawe and broughte, and who was clene in[9] lyffe,
Any who[10] was by myscheffe and by stryffe

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[1] *one*, B.
[2] *He was a blessid man*, D.
[3] *nor non more*, D.
[4] *Like Cirus that gate Percy by puyssaunce*, B.
[5] *of aventure*, D.
[6] *of veer*, B.
[7] *feer*, B.
[8] *comynalté*, B.
[9] *of*, B.
[10] This word is inserted from B. and D.

Wyth overeledynge and extorcioun;
And gode and bad of eche condicioun
He aspied, and his mynisters als,
Who did trought, and whiche of hem was fals;
How the ryght and lawes of his londe
Were execute, and who durste take on honde
To disobeye his statutes and decrees,
Yf they were welle kepte in alle cuntrees.
Of these he made subtile investigacioun[1]
By his owyne espye and other menis relacioun.
Amonge othyr was his grete besines
Welle to bene ware that grete men of rycchesse,
And men of myght in citee ner in toune,
Shuld to the pore doo none oppressione.
Thus was he wonte, as in this wynter tyde,
One suche enserchise busily to abyde;
This was his laboure for the publique thinge,
Thus was he[2] occupied, a passynge holy kynge.

[h]Now to the purpose; in the somer ffayre,
Of lusty season, whan clered was the eyre,
He had redy shippes made byfore,
Grete and huge, not fewe but manye a score,
Ffulle thre[3] thousande and sex hundred also,
Statelye inowgh on oure see to goo.
The cronicles seyth these shippes were full boisteous;[4]
Suche thinges longen to kynges victorious.

[h] Dicit chronica, præparaverat naves robustissimas numero tria milia sexcentas, in quibus redeunte æstate omnem insulam, ad terrorem extraneorum et ad suorum excitationem, cum maximo apparatu circumnavigare consueverat.

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[1] *enquiracioun*, B.
[2] *was* is omitted in A.
[3] *ii. m*, D.
[4] *costious*, D.

In somere tide [1] wolde he have in wone,
And in custome, to be fulle redy sone,[2]
Wyth multitude of men of [3] gode array,
And instrumentis of werre of beste [4] assay;
Who coude hem welle in ony wyse describe,
Hit were not lyght for ony man on lyve.
Thus he and his wolde entre shippes grete,
Habilementis havynge and the fete
Of see werres, that joyfull was to see
Suche a naveie, and lord of magesté
There present in persone hem amonge,
To saile and rowe environ alle on londe,[5]
So regaliche aboute [6] the Englisshe yle,
To all straungeours terroure and perille;
Whose sonne wente aboute [7] in alle the worlde stoute,[8]
Unto grete ferre of alle that be wythoute,
And exercise to knyghtis and his meyné
To hym longynge [9] of his natalle [10] contré.
Ffor corage muste of nede have exercise,
Thus [11] occupied for esshewynge of vise.
This knewe the kynge, that policie espied,
Wynter and somer he was thus occupied.
Thus conclude I by auctorité
Of cronique, that enviroun the see
Shulde bene oures subies [12] unto the kynge,
And he be lorde therof for ony thynge,
Ffor grete worship, and for profite also,
To defende his londe fro every foo.
That worthy kynge I leve, Edgar by name,
And alle the cronique of his worthy fame;

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[1] *time*, B.
[2] *to be fortyfied sone*, D.
[3] *in*, B.
[4] *good*, B.
[5] *alonge*, B., D., and Hakl.
[6] *He ransaked aboute*, D.
[7] *out*, D.
[8] *aboute*, B., D.
[9] *lawding*, D.
[10] *noble*, D.
[11] *Yougthe*, B.
[12] *subjecte to*, B., D.; *our subjects*, Hackluyt.

Save onely this I may not passe awey,
A word of myghty strenght til that[1] I seye,
[1]That grauntyd hym God suche worship here,
Ffor his meritis, he was wythoute pere,
That sumtyme at his grete festivité
Kynges and yerles of many a contré,
And provinces[2] fele, were there presente,
And mony lordes come thedire by assente
To his worship; but in a certayne daye
He bade shippes be[3] redy of arraye
Ffor to visite Seynte Jonys chyrche he lyste,
Rowynge unto the gode holy Baptiste.
He assygned to yerles, lordes, knyghtes,
Many shippes ryght godely to syghtes;
And for hym selfe and viij. kynges mo
Subdite[4] to hym, he made kepe one of tho,
A gode shipp, and entred into it,
Wyth viij. kynges, and doune did they sit,
And eche of them an ore toke in hande,
At ore-holes viij.,[5] as I understonde;
And he hym selfe atte the shipp behynde
As steris-man, it hym[6] becam of kynde.
Suche another rowynge, I dare welle saye,
Was not sene of princes many a day.

[1] Dicit chronica, et ut non minus quantam ei etiam in hac vita bonorum operum mercedem donaverit, cum aliquando ad maximam ejus festivitatem reges, comites, multarumque provinciarum protectores, convenissent, quadam die naves jussit parari, gratum habens ecclesiæ beati Johannis Baptistæ Tenete navigio petere; cum itaque comitibus et satrapis naves plurimas delegasset, ipse cum viij. regibus sibi subditis navem unam intravit, ad octo itaque remos regibus totidem collocatis, ipse in puppe sedens gubernatoris fungebatur officio.

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[1] *A worde of myrthe and trouthe yit wolle*, B.; *myrth and truth*, D.
[2] *preences*, D.
[3] *He had sheppes redy*, B., D.
[4] *Subjecte*, B.
[5] This word is inserted from B.
[6] This word also from B.

Lo than how he on waters had[1] the price,
In land, in see, that I may not suffice
To telle, o right! o magnanimité![2]
That kynge Edgar had upon the see.

An incident of the lorde of the see, kynge Edwarde the thredde.

Of kynge Edwarde I passe, and his prowesse
On londe, on see, ye[3] knowe his worthynesse.
The siege of Caleise, ye wott welle alle the mater,
Rounde aboute by londe and by the water,
How it lasted, not yeres many agoo,
After the bataille of Crecy was idoo;
How it was closed environ aboute,
Olde men saue it whiche leyvn, this is no doute.
Olde knyghtis sey that the duke of Burgoyne,
Late rebuked for all his golden coyne,
Of shipp and see made no besegynge there,
Ffor wante of shippes that durste not come for fere.
It was no thynge beseged by the see,
Thus calle they it no seage for honesté.
Gonnes assayled, but assaute was there none,
No sege, but fuge, welle was he that myght gone.
This manere carpynge have knyghtes ferre in age,
Experte of olde this manere langage.[4]
But kynge Edwarde made a sege royalle,
And wanne the toune, and in especialle
The see was kepte, and thereof he was lorde,
Thus made he nobles coigned of recorde.

---

[1] This word from B., D.

[2] *To telle the righte highe maynanymité*, B.

[3] *I*, B.

[4] This and the nine previous lines, alluding to the siege of Calais by the duke of Burgundy, in 1436, are not found in B.

In whose tyme was no navey in the see
That myght wythstonde of hys magesté.[1]
Bataylle of Sluce ye may rede every day,
How it was done, I leve and go my way;
Hit was so late done that ye it knowe,
In comparisone wythine a lytel throwe.
Ffor whiche to God yeve we honoure and glorye,
Ffor lorde of see the kynge was wyth victorie.

Anothere incident of kepynge of the see, in the tyme of the merveillouse werroure and victorious prince, kynge Herry the v^th^, and of his grete shippes.

And yf I shulde conclude al by the kynge,
Henry the fifte, what was hys purposynge,
Whan at Hampton he made the grete dromons,
Which passed other grete shippes of alle the comons,
The Trinité, the Grace-Dieu, the Holy-Goste,
And other moo whiche as now be loste,
What hope ye was the kynges grette entente
Of tho shippes, and what in mynde he mente?
It was not ellis but that he caste to be
Lorde rounde aboute enviroun of the see.
And whan Harflew[2] had his sege aboute,[3]
There came carikkys[4] orrible, grete, and stoute,
In the narowe see wyllynge to abyde
To stoppe us there wyth multitude of pride.
My lorde of Bedeforde[5] came one, and had the cure;
Destroyde they were by that discomfiture.[6]
This was after the kynge Hareflew[7] had wonne,
Whane oure enmyes to besege had begonne,

---

[1] *That cowd withstonde the myght of his magesté*, D.
[2] *Harflete*, B.
[3] *had his swerd bought*, D.
[4] *a bataielle*, B.
[5] *The duke of Bedford*, B.
[6] *scomfiture*, B.
[7] *Harflete*, B.

That alle was slayne or take, by treue relacioun,
To his worship and of his Englisshe nacioun.
Ther was presente the kynges chamberleyne
At bothe batayles, whiche knowethe this in certayne;
He can it telle other wyse than I;
Aske hym, and wite; I passe forthe hasteleye.[1]
What had this kynge of his[2] magnificens,
Of grete corage, of wysdome and prudence,
Provision, forewitte, audacité,
Of fortitude, justice, agilité,[3]
j Discrecioun, subtile avisifenesse,[4]
Atemperaunce, noblesse,[5] and worthynesse,
Science, proesce,[6] devocion, equyté,
Of moste estate his magnanimité,
Liche to Edgare and the seyde Edwarde,
A braunche of bothe, lyche hem as in regarde.
Where was on lyve a man[7] more victoriouse,
And in so shorte tyme prince so mervelouse?
By lande and see so welle he hym acquite,
To speke of hym I stony in my witte.
Thus here I leve the[8] kynge wyth his nobelesse,
Henry the fifte, wyth whome alle my processe
Of this trewe boke of pure[9] pollicie,
Of see kepynge, entendynge[10] victorie,
I leve endely, for aboute in the see
No better was prince of strenuité.[11]

j Nota de conditionibus quibusdam regis Henrici quinti, decentibus magnanimitatem omnis magni principis, belligeri, conquæstoris.

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[1] This and the three preceding lines are omitted in B.
[2] *hie*, B.; *suche*, D.
[3] *Of fortitudo, justice Anglice*, D.
[4] *avisefines*, B.; *avisement*, D.
[5] *nobilité*, D.
[6] *processe*, B.
[7] *ony lives man*, B.
[8] *this*, B.
[9] *trew*, D.
[10] *endyng*, B.
[11] *extremytee*, B.

And if he had to this tyme lyved here,
[k] He had bene prince named wythoutene pere.
His grete shippes shulde have bene put in preffe,
[l] Unto the ende that he mente of in cheffe.
Ffor doute it nat, but that he wolde have be
Lorde and master aboute the rounde see,
And kepte it sure, to stoppe oure enmyes hens,
And wonne us gode, and wysely brought it thens,
That no passage shulde be wythought daungere
And his licence on see to meve and stere.

Of unité, shewynge of our kepynge of the see, wyth ane endely processe of pease by auctorité. The xij. chapitule.

[m] Now than for love of Cryste and of his joye,
Brynge yit Englande out of trouble and noye,
Take herte and witte, and set a governaunce,
Set many wittes wythoutene variaunce
To one accorde and unanimité,
Put to gode wylle [1] for to kepe the see.
Ffurste for worshypp and profite also,
And to rebuke of eche evyl wylled foo;
Thus shalle richesse and worship to us longe;
Than to the noble shalle wee do no wronge,
To bere that coigne in figure and in dede,
To oure corage and oure enmyes to drede.

[k] Nota, prince perelesse.

[l] Grace-Dieu, Holy-Gost, etc.

[m] Exhortatio generalis in custodiam totius Angliæ per diligentiam custodiæ circuitus maris circa litoram ejusdem, quæ debet esse per unanimitatem consiliariorum regis et hominum bonæ voluntatis.

[1] *helpe*, D.

[n] Ffor whiche they muste dresse hem to pease in haste,
Or ellis there thrifte to standen and to [1] waste,
As this processe hathe proved by and bye,
Alle by reason and experte policie,
And by stories whiche preved welle this parte;
And elles I wolle my lyffe put in jeparte,
But many landes wolde seche here pease for nede,
The see welle kepte, it muste be do for drede.
Thus muste Flaundres for nede have unité
And pease wyth us, it wolle none other bee,
Wythine shorte while, and ambassiatours
Wolde bene here sone to trete for ther secours.
This unité is to God plesaunce [2]
And pease after the werres variaunce;
[o] The ende of bataile is pease sikerlye,
And power causeth pease finally.[3]
[p] Kepte [4] than the see abought in specialle,
Whiche of England is the rounde walle;
As thoughe England were lykened to a cité,
And the walle enviroun were the see.
Kepe than the see, that is the walle of Englond,
And than is Englond kepte by Goddes sonde;
That is, for ony thinge that is wythoute,
Englande were at ease wythoutene doute.
And thus shulde everi lande one with another
Entrecomon [5] as brother wyth his brother,

[n] Tres sunt causæ prædictæ custodiæ, scilicet honor, et commodum regni, et opprobrium inimicis.

[o] Finis belli est pax.

[p] De circuitu maris, quod est quasi murus et vicina regni Angliæ.

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[1] *shalle gone to*, B.

[2] *to Goddes p.*, B.

[3] *And poverte causethe pease fynalle verrely*, B.

[4] *kepe*, B., D.

[5] *Entrecome never*, B.

And life togedre werreles[1] in unité,
Wythoute rancoure, in verry charité,
In reste and pese, to Cristis grete plesaunce,
Wythoute striffe, debate, and variaunce.
Whiche pease men shulde enserche[2] with besinesse,
And knytt it sadely holdyng in holynesse.
The apostil seyth, if ye liste to see,
[q] " Be ye busy for to kepe unité
" Of the spirite in the bonde of pease,"
Which is nedefulle to alle, wythouten lesse.
The profete bideth us pease fore to enquere,
[r] To pursue it, this is holy desire.[3]
Oure Lorde Jhesu seith, " Blessed mot they be
" That maken pease, that is tranquillité."
[s] " Ffor pease makers," as Mathew writeth aryght,
" Shull be called the sonnes of God allemight."
God yeve us grace the weyes for to kepe
Of his preceptis, and slugly not to slepe
In shame of synne, that oure verry foo
Mow be to us convers and torned too.
Ffor in [t] Proverbis a text is to purpose,
Pleyne inowgh, wythoute ony glose,
" Whan mennes weyes please unto oure Lorde,
" It shalle converte and brynge to accorde
" Mannes enmyes unto pease verray,
" In unité, to life[4] to Goddis pay."
Which unité, pease, reste, and charité,
He that was here claude[5] in humanité,

[q] Ad Eph. 4: " Soliciti sitis servare unitatem spiritus in vinculo " pacis."

[r] In primo: " Inquire pacem et persequere eam."

[s] Matheus 5[to]: " Beati pacifici, quoniam filii Dei vocabuntur."

[t] Proverbis: " Cum placuerint Domino viæ hominis, inimicos ejus " convertet ad pacem."

[1] *without werre*, B.
[2] *inforse*, B.; *encrese*, D.
[3] *And after it to pursew, with hart clere*, B.
[4] *lyke*, B.; *love*, D.
[5] *cladde*, Hakl.

That came frome hevyne, and stiede up with our nature,
[u] Or he ascendid he yafe to us cure,
And lefte wyth us pease ageyne striffe and debate,
Mote gefe us pease so welle iradicate[1]
Here in this worlde, that after alle this[2] feste
Wee mowe have pease in the londe of byheste,
[v] Jerusalem, which of pease is the sight,
Wyth his bryghtnes of eternalle lighte.
There glorified in reste wyth his tuicione,
The deité to see wyth fulle fruicione,
He secunde persone in divinis is,[3]
He us assume,[4] and brynge us to the blisse. Amen.

Here endithe the trewe processe of the libelle[5] *of Englysshe policie, exhortynge alle Englande to kepe the see enviroun, and namely the narowe see; shewynge whate worshipe, profite, and salvacioun commethe thereof to the reigne of Englonde, etc[a].*

Go furthe, libelle,[6] and mekely shewe thy face,
Apperynge evere wyth humble contynaunce;
And pray my lordes the to take in grace
In opposaile,[7] and cherisshynge the[8] avaunce
To hardynesse, if that not variaunce
Thow haste fro troughte[9] by full experience,
Auctours and reasone, yif ought faile[10] in substaunce,
Remitte to heme that yafe the this science.

[u] "Pacem relinquo vobis, pacem meam do vobis."
[v] "Urbs beata, Jerusalem, dicta pacis visio, etc[a]."

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[1] *irradiate*, B.
[2] *after at his*, B.
[3] *in divinusess*, B.; *divinenesse*, Hac.
[4] *asyng*, B.
[5] *bible*, D.
[6] *lytle bylle*, B., C.
[7] *apposell*, C.; *especialle*, D.
[8] *scherische the and a.*, C.
[9] *hast sore thowt trowthe*, B., C.
[10] *falle*, B., C.

[1] That sythe it is sothe, in verray feythe,
That the wyse lorde baron of Hungerforde
Hathe the oversene, and verrily he seithe
That thow arte trewe, and thus he dothe recorde,
Nexte the gospell; God wotte, it was his worde,
Whanne he the redde alle over in a nyghte.
Go forthe, trewe booke, and Criste defende thi ryghte.

Explicit libellus de policia conservativa maris.

Lament of the Duchess of Gloucester.[2]

Thorowowt a pales as I can passe,
I hard a lady make gret mone,
And ever she syked and sayd, " Alas!
" Alle wordly joy ys from me gone;
" And alle my frendes from me can fle;
" Alas! I am fulle woo begon;
" Alle women may be ware by me.

" Alle women that in this world be wrowght,
" By me they may insaumpulle take,
" As I that was browght up of nowght,
" A prince had chosyn me to his make;

[1] Instead of the lines which follow, B. has in conclusion:

To the gret prelate, the heyghest so confessor,
The gret mayster of the gretest housse,
Cheff tresorere of the gret socoure,
Besschop, herle, and baroun plentivous,
Of highe wyttes lordes thre famous,
To examene thy doubled rendytee,
I offer the tham to be gracious,
To myn excuse, farwelle, my own treté.

MSS. C. and D. conclude in the same words.

[2] The duchess of Gloucester performed her penance on the 13th of November 1441. The poem here printed is preserved in a MS. of the latter half of the fifteenth century, in the Library of Balliol College, Oxford, No. 354, fol. 169, v°, written by a citizen of London named Richard Hill, but the poem itself appears to have been composed at the time of the event to which it refers.

" My sofferen lorde so to forsake,
" Yt was a dulfulle destenye.
" Alas! for to sorow how shuld I slake;
" Alle women may be ware by me.

" I was so high upon my whele,
" Myne owne estate I cowld not know,
" Therfor the gospelle seythe fulle welle,
" Who wille be high, he shalle be low.
" The whele of fortune, who may it trow,
" Alle ys but veyn and vanyté;
" My flowris off joy be alle down blow;
" Alle women may be ware by me.

" In worldly joy and worthynes
" I was besette on every side;
" Of Glowcestere I was duches,
" Amonge alle women magnyfyed.
" As Lucyfer felle down for pryde,
" I felle ffrom alle felycyté;
" I hade no grace my self to gyde;
" Alle women may be ware by me.

" Alas! what was myne adventure,
" So sodenly down for to falle,
" That hade alle London at my cure,
" To crok and knele, whan I wold calle?
" Now, fader of hevyn celestyalle,
" Of my complaynt have pyté.
" Now am I made sympulest of alle;
" Alle women may be ware by me.

" Before the counselle of this londe,
" At Westmynster, upon a day,
" Ffulle rewfully ther dide I stonde;
" A worde for me durst no man say.

" Owre soverayn lorde withowt delay
" Was there he myght both here and see
" And to his grace he toke me ay.
" Alle women may be ware by me.

" Hys grace to me was evermore gayne,
" Thowgh I had done so gret offence;
" The lawe wolde I hade bene slayn,
" And sum men dyde there delygence.
" That worthy prynce of high prudence
" Of my sorow hade gret petye.
" Honour to hym, with reverence!
" Alle women may be ware by me.

" I come before the spiritualité;
" Two cardynals, and byshoppis fyve,
" And oder men of gret degré,
" Examened me of alle my lyffe.
" And openly I dyde me shryffe
" Of alle thyng that they asked me.
" Than was I putt in penaunce belyffe;
" Alle women may be ware by me.

" Thorow London in many a strete,
" Of them that were most pryncypalle,
" I went bare fote on my fette,
" That sum tyme was wonte to ride rialle.
" Fader of hevyn and lorde of alle,
" As thou wilt, so must yt be.
" The syne of pryde wille have a falle;
" Alle women may be ware by me.

" Ffarewelle, London, and have good day;
" At the I take my leve this tyde.
" Farewelle, Grenwych, for ever and ay;
" Ffarewelle, fayer places on Temmys syde;

" Ffarewelle, alle welth and the world so wide.
" I am asigned where I shalle be ;
" Under mens kepyng I must abide.
" Alle women may be ware by me.

" Ffarewelle, damask and clothes of gold ;
" Ffarewelle, velvet, and clothes in grayn ;
" Ffarewelle, robes in many a folde ;
" Ffarewelle, I se you never agayn.
" Ffarewelle, my lorde and sufferayn ;
" Ffarewelle, that may no bettere be ;
" Owr partyng ys grownd of felyng payn.
" Alle women may be ware by me.

" Ffarewelle, my mynstrels, and alle your songe,
" That ofte hath made me for to daunce.
" Ffarewelle ; I wott I have done wronge ;
" And I wyte my mysgovernaunce.
" Now I lyste nother to pryke nor praunce ;
" My pryde ys put to poverté.
" Thus, both in Englond and in Fraunce,
" Alle women may be ware by me.

" Ffarewelle, alle joy and lustynesse ;
" Alle worldly myrth I may forsake.
" I am so fulle of hevynesse,
" I wotte not to whom my mone to make.
" Unto hym I wille me take
" That for me dyed upon a tre.
" In prayer I wille both walke and wake ;
" Alle women may be ware by me."

Here endith the lamytacion of the duches of Glowcettre.

On the Prospect of Peace.[1]

Mercy and Trouthe mette on an hih mounteyn,
  Briht as the sonne with his beemys cleer,
Pees and Justicia walkyng on the pleyn,
  And with foure sustryn, moost goodly of ther cheer,
  List nat departe nor severe in no maneer,
Of oon accoord by vertuous encrees
  Joyned in charité, pryncesses moost enteer,
Mercy and Trouthe, Rihtwisnesse and Pees.

Misericordia, ground and original
  Of this processe, *Pax* is conclusioun;
Rihtwisnesse of vertues pryncipal,
  The swerd to modefye of executioun,
  With a sceptre of discrecioun;
Ther sustir *Equitas* wil put hir silf in prees,
  Which with hir noble mediacioun
Sette alle vertues in quiete and in pees.

In this woord *Pax* ther be lettrys thre;
  P set toforn for polityk prudence;
A for augmentum and moore auctorité;
  X for Xpus, moost digne of reverence,
  Which on a cros by mortal violence
With blood and watir wrot by a relees
  Of our trespacys, and for ful confidence
With hym to regne in his eternal pees.

[1] This poem, by the well-known monk of Bury, John Lydgate, appears to have been composed during the negotiations for peace between England and France in the latter part of the year 1443. It is printed from a nearly contemporary copy in MS. Harl. No. 2255, fol. 21, r°.

In inward pees ther is eek of the herte
  Which callid is a pees of conscience;
A pees set outward, which that doth averte
  To worldly tresours with to gret dilligence;
  Glad pees in povert, groundid on pacience,
Professyd to which was Diogenees,
  Which gruchyd nevir for noon indigence,
Such as God sent, content in werre and pees.

Ther is also a pees contemplatif,
  Of parfiht men in ther professioun;
As some that leede a solitary lif,
  In fastyng, prayng, and devout orisoun;
  Visite the poore, and of compassioun,
Nakyd and needy, and hungry socourlees,
  And poore in spirit, which shal have ther guerdoun,
With Crist to regne in his eternal pees.

Pees is a princesse, douhtir to Charité,
  Kepyng in reste cités and roial touns,
Folk that be froward, set in tranquyllité,
  Monarchies and famous regiouns;
  Pees preservyth them from divisiouns;
As seith the philisophre callid Socratees,
  Among alle vertues makith a discripcioun,
He moost comendith this vertu callid pees.

Pees is a vertu pacient and tretable,
  Set in quyet discoord of neihboures,
Froward cheerys, pees makith amyable,
  Of thorny roseers pees gadrith out the floures,
  Makith the swerd to ruste of conqueroures,
Provided by poeetys nat slouh nor reklees,
  And mediacioun of wise enbassitoures,
The spere maad blont, brouht in love and pees.

And who that list plenté of pees possede,
Live in quyete fro sclaundre and diffame,
Our Lord Jhesus he muste love and drede,
Which shal preserve hym fro worldly trouble and shame.
This woord Jhesus in Nazareth took his name,
Brouht by an angil, which put hym silf in prees,
Whan Gabriel cam, the gospeleer seith the same,
Brouht gladdest tydynges that evir was of pees.

And in rejoisshyng of this glad tydyng,
Angelis song devoutly in the ayr
Gloria in excelsis, at comyng of this kyng;
And thre kynges havyng ther repayr,
With a sterre that shoon so briht and fayr,
Brouht hem to Bedleem, a place that they chees,
Of ther viage broulht out of despayr,
Where poorly loggyd they fond the kyng of pees.

Briht was the sterre ovir the dongoun moost,
Wher the hevenly queen lay poorly in jesyne,
With the seven douhtren of the Hooly Goost
On hire awaytyng, moodir and virgine;
Tofore whos face lowly they did enclyne,
Song *laudes Deo* pastores doutlees,
Ffyl doun to ground, bowyd bak and chyne,
And of ther song the refreit was of pees.

Of thes seven douhtren of the Hooly Goost,
Caritas in love brente briht as levene,
And for bicause that she lovyd moost,
Hir contemplacioun rauht up to the hevene.
The next sustir in ordre, as I can nevene,
Was Pacience, which put hir silf in prees,
And moost was besy, of alle the sustryn sevene,
Folk at discoord to settyn hem in pees.

Gaudium in spiritu to rejoisshe every wrong,
Ffor Cristes comyng, among hir sustrys alle,
With a glad spirit this was hir newe song,
Gaudete in Domino, born in an oxis stalle;
A new myracle in Bedleem is now falle,
Kyng Davidis heir, mong prophetis perlees,
Shal at Jerusalem, in that royal halle,
As lord of lordys, callyd sovereyn lord of pees.

In thes seven sustryn was no divisioun;
Cheef of ther consayl was *Humilitas;*
Content with litel was Discrecioun;
Moost meke of alle was *Leta-paupertas;*
Alle of accord, cause that *Benignitas*
Set governaunce that noon was rekless.
Of cardinal vertues *Perfecta-societas,*
What evir they wrouhte, concludid upon pees.

Thes sustryn alle, pacient and pesible,
Lyk ther princesse moost fayr, moost gracious,
Callyd Maria, as ferre as was posible,
Ffulfilled with vertues she was moos plentevous,
Queen of hevene, lay in a symple hous,
A poore stable, mong beestys rewleless,
An oxe, an asse, no courseers costious,
In a streiht rakke lay ther the kyng of pees.

At Cristes birthe, as I reherse can,
This pees cam in, almoost at merk mydnyht,
Tyme of thempyre of Octovian,
Whan Cibile cast hir look upriht
Toward the Orient, and sauh an auhteer briht,
Callyd *ara cœli*, of beuté peerlees;
Theron an empresse moost fayr of face and siht,
A child in hir armys callyd cheef lord of pees.

The pees of grace long while did endure,
Tyme that iij. kynges wer conveyd with the sterre,
Tyl Herodes of froward aventure
Geyn Jhesus by malys gan a werre,
Sent his knyhtes both nyh and ferre,
Slouh innocentys of malys giltlees,
In Bedleem boundys this tyraunt list so erre
Ageyn the prynce callyd soverayn lord of pees.

This Herodis tiraunt ful of pryde,
In his malys surquedous and cruel,
Thoruh alle the citees that stood there besyde
Slouh alle the childre, geyn Crist he was so fel.
Of compassioun moost pitously Rachel
Wepte, whan she sauh the knyhtes mercilees
Slouh so hir childre born in Israel,
Ffor his sake, sovereyn lord of pees.

Ther be figures dolorous of pité,
Of fals tyrauntes vengable to do wraak;
Caym slouh Abel for his great equité;
Attwen Ismael was stryff and Isaak;
Esaw wolde have founde a laak,
Cause that Jacob was put out of prees;
By Rebecca a while set abaak,
Atwen the brethre tyl ther wer maad a pees.

The Apocalips remembryd of seyn Johan,
In his avisiouns the ewangelist took heede,
With a sharp swerd he sauh ridyng oon,
Ffers and proudly, upon a poleyn steede,
Of colour reed, his journé for to speede,
By his array vengable and reklees;
Whos power was bothe in lengthe and breede,
To make werre, and distroye pees.

His swerd wex bloody in the mortal werre
  Attween Grekys and them of Troye toun,
Gan spreede abrood bothe nyh and ferre,
  Thebes aforn brouht to destruccioun;
  Kyng Alisaundre put Darye doun
In Perce and Meede, the crowne whan he chees;
  Vowes of the Pecok the Ffrenssh makith mencioun,
Pryde of the werrys, moost contrary unto pees.

Othir werrys that were of latter age,
  Afftir Jerusaleem and gret Babiloon,
Werrys attween Roome and Cartage,
  Of thre Scipiouns, moost sovereyn of renoun;
  Rekne Hanybal, the proude champioun,
Brak Rome wallys, furious and reklees,
  At the laste, stranglyd with poisoun,
Of marcial ire koude lyve nevir in pees.

At werrys dreedful vertuous pees is good;
  Striff is hatful, pees douhtir of plesaunce.
In Charlys tyme ther was shad gret blood;
  God sende us pees twen Ynglond and Ffraunce!
  Werre causith povert, pees causith habundaunce,
And attween bothen, for ther moor encrees,
  Withoute feynyng, fraude, or varyaunce,
Twen al cristene Crist Jhesu send us pees.

The ffifte Herry, preevyd a good knyht
  By his prowesse and noble chivalrye,
Sparyd nat to pursue his riht,
  His title of Ffraunce and of Normandye,
  Deyed in his conquest, and we shal alle dye.
God graunt us alle, now aftir his discees,
  To sende us grace, attween ech partye,
By love and charyté to live in parfiht pees.

Criste cam with pees at his nativité,
Pees songe of angelis for gladnesse in Bedleem;
And of his mercy to make us alle fre,
He suffryd deth at Jerusaleem.
The day wex dirk, the sonne lost his beem;
The theef to paradyse by mercy gan in prees;
Gladdest kalendis to every cristen reem,
Ffor us to come to evirlastyng pees.

Explicit quod Lydgate.

On the Truce of 1444.[1]

Sum man goth stille of wysdam and resoun
Aforn provided can kepe weel scilence;
Fful offte it noyeth, be recoord of Catoun,
Large language concludyng off no sentence;
Speche is but fooly and sugryd elloquence
Medlyd with language wheer men have noght to don;
An old proverbe groundid on sapience,
Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe schoon.

To thynke mochyl, and seyn but smal,
Yiff thow art feerffulle to ottre thy language,
It is no wisdam a man to seyn out al;
Sum bird can synge merily in his cage.
The stare wyl chatre and speke of long usage,
Though in his speche ther be no greet resoun;
Kepe ay thy tounge fro surfeet and outrage;
Alle go we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

[1] This poem, also by Lydgate, appears to have been occasioned by the truce concluded by the earl of Suffolk in 1444, and the treaty of marriage between Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou. It is printed, like the preceding, from MS. Harl. No. 2255, fol. 131, v°.

Unavised speke no thyng toforn,
  Nor of thy tounge be nat rekkelees,
Uttre nevir no darnel with good corn,
  Begyn no trouble whan men trete of pees;
  Scilence is good, and in every prees,
Which of debate yevith noon occasyoun;
  Pacience preysed of prudent Socratees;
Alle go we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Comoun astrologeer, as folk expert weel knowe,
  To kepe the howrys and tydis of the nyght,
Sumtyme hih and sumtyme he syngith lowe;
  Dam Pertelot sit with hire brood doun right;
  The fox comyth neer withoute candellyght
To trete of pees, menyng no tresoun,
  To avoyde as gile and ffraude he hath behight,
Alle go we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Undir fals pees ther may be covert ffraude;
  Good cheer outward, with face of innocence;
Ffeyned fflaterye, with language of greet laude;
  But what is wers than shynyng apparence,
  Whan it is prevyd ffals in existence?
Al is dul shadwe whan Phebus is doun goon,
  Berkyng behynde, ffawnyng in presence;
Alle go we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

The royalle egle, with his ffetherys dunne,
  Of nature so hih takith his flyght,
No bakke of kynde may looke ageyn the sunne,
  Of ffrowardnesse yit wyl he ffleen be nyght
  And quenche laumpys, though they brenne bright.
Thynges contrarye may nevir accorde in oon;
  A fowle gloowerm in dirknesse shewith a lyght;
Alle go we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

The wourld is tournyd almoost up-so-doun,
Undir prynces ther dar noon officeer,
Peyne of his lyff, do noon extorcioun;
Ffreerys dar nat fflatere, nor no pardowneer,
Where evir he walke al the longe yeer,
Awtentyk his seelys everychoon,
Up peyne of cursyng, I dar remembre heer,
Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon,

Alle estatys of good condicioun
Wille noon of them offende his conscience.
Bysshoppis, prelatys, of oon affeccioun
Kepe ther chargys of entieer dilligence;
Avaunsyd persownys holde residence
Among ther parysshens, make a departysoun
Of ther tresours to folk in indigence;
Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

I saugh a kevelle, corpulent of stature,
Lyk a materas redlyd was his coote,
And theron was sowyd this scripture,
A good be stille is weel wourth a groote.
It costith nat mekyl to behoote,
And paye ryght nought whan the feyre is doon.
Suych labourerys synge may be roote,
Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Atwen a shipe with a large seyl
And a cokboot that goth in Tempse lowe,
The toon hath oorys, to his greet avayl,
To spede his passage whan the wynd doth blowe;
A blynd maryneer, that doth no sterre knowe,
His loodmannage to conveye doun;
A ffressh comparisoun, a goshawk and a crowe;
Alle go we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

The royalle egle, with his fetherys dunne,
  Whoos eyen been so cleer and so bryght
Off nature, he perce may the sunne;
  The owgly bakke wyl gladly fleen be nyght
  Dirk cressetys and laumpys that been lyght;
The egle aloffte, the snayl goth lowe doun,
  Darythe in his shelle, yit may he se no sight;
Alle go we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

The pecok hath ffetherys bryght and shene;
  The cormeraunt wyl daryn in the lake;
Popyngayes froo Paradys comyn al grene;
  Nyghtynggales al nyght syngen and wake,
  For longe absence and wantyng of his make;
Withoute avys make no comparysoun
  Atween a laumperey and a shynyng snake;
Alle go we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Where is also a thyng incomparable,
  By cleer repoort, in al the wourld thorugh right;
The ryche preferryd, the poore is ay cowpable,
  In ony quarelle gold hath ay moost myght.
  Evir in dirknesse the owle takith his flight;
It were a straunge unkouth devisyoun,
  Tersites wrecchyd, Ector moost wourthy knyght;
Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Is noon so proude, pompous in dignyté,
  As he that is so sodeynly preferryd
To hih estaat, and out of poverté;
  Draco volans on nyght his tayl is sterryd;
  Stellæ erraticæ nat ffix, for they been erryd;
Stable in the eyr is noon inpressioun;
  This wourld wer stable, yif it were nat werryd;
Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Among estatys whoo hath moost quiete?
Hih lordshippes be vexid with bataylle;
Tylthe of ploughmen ther labour wyl nat lete;
Geyn Phebus uprist syngen wyl the quaylle;
The amerous larke of nature wyl not faylle
Ageyn Aurora synge with hire mery sown;
No laboureer wyl nat for his travaylle;
Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Foo unto hevys and enemy is the drane;
Men with a tabour may lyghtly cacche an hare;
Bosard with botirflyes makith beytis for a crane;
Brechelees beerys be betyn on the bare;
Houndys for favour wyl nat spare
To pynche his pylche with greet noyse and soun;
Clepith he merye that slombryth with greet care;
Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

I sauh a krevys, with his klawes longe,
Pursewe a snayl, poore and impotent;
Hows of this snayl, the wallys wer nat stronge,
A slender shelle, the sydes al torent.
Whoo hath no goold, his tresour soone spent;
The snaylis castel but a sklendir coote;
Whoo seith trouthe, offte he shalle be shent;
A good be stille is offte weel wourth a groote.

Whoo hath noon hors on a staff may ryde;
Who hath no bed, may slepyn in his hood;
Whoo hath no dyneer, at leyser must abyde,
To staunche his hungir abyde upon his ffood.
A beggers appetight is alwey ffressh and good,
With voyde walet, whan al his stuff is doon,
Ffor fawte of vitaylle may knele afore the skood;
Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

The ryche man sit stuffyd at his stable;
The poore man stant hungry at the gate,
Of remossaylles he wolde be partable;
The awmeneer seyth he cam to late.
Off poore men doolys is no sekir date,
Smal or ryght nought whan the feeste is doon.
He may weel grucche and with his tounge prate;
Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

A good be stille is weel wourth a groote;
Large language causith repentaunce;
The kevel wroot in his rydlyd coote,
Out with al this marke in your remembraunce.
Whoo cast his journé in Yngelond or in Ffraunce,
With gallyd hakeneys, whan men have moost to doon,
A ffool presumptuous, to cacche hym acqueyntaunce;
Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Whoo that is hungry, and hath no thyng but boonys
To staunche his apetyght, is a froward foode;
Among an hundryd oon chose out for the noonys
To dygestioun repastys be nat goode.
To chese suych vitaylles ther braynes wer to woode.
That lyoun is gredy that stranglith geos or capoun;
Fox and ffulmard, togidre whan they stoode,
Sang, be stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Here al thyng and kepe thy pacience;
Take no quarelle, thynk mekyl and sey nought;
A good be stille, with discreet scilence
For a good grote may not wel be bought.
Keep cloos thy tounge, men sey that free is thought,
A thyng seid oonys, outhir late or soon,
Tyl it be loost, stoole thyng is nat sought;
Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Explicit quod Lydgate.

On the Popular Discontent at the Disasters in France.[1]

(Written about 1449.)

Bedforde.[2] Gloucetter.[3]
The Rote is ded, the Swanne is goone,
Excetter.[4]
The firy Cressett hath lost his lyght;
Therfore Inglond may make gret mone,
Were not the helpe of Godde almyght.
Roone.[5]
The castelle is wonne where care begowne,
Somerset.[6]
The Portecolys is leyde adowne;
Cardinalle.[7]
Iclosid we have oure welevette hatte,
That keveryd us from mony stormys browne.

---

[1] The various events alluded to in these curious verses, such as the deaths of the dukes of Gloucester and Exeter and of cardinal Beaufort, which occurred in 1447, and especially the loss of Rouen, which was surrendered to the French in that year, seem to fix their composition to the year following, or at latest to 1449. They are preserved in the Cotton. Rolls, ii. 23, in the British Museum. This was one of the songs which paved the way for the popularity of the house of York.

[2] John Plantagenet, duke of Bedford, third son of king Henry IV., and regent of France, had died in 1435.

[3] Humphrey Plantagenet, duke of Gloucester, fourth son of Henry IV., died under arrest at Bury St. Edmunds in 1446, and is believed to have been murdered.

[4] John Holland, duke of Exeter, who died on the 5th of August 1446.

[5] Rouen was surrendered to the French in 1447.

[6] Edmund Beaufort, earl of Somerset, under which title he was made regent of France on the recall of the duke of York in 1445, and created duke of Somerset on the 31st of March 1448. After the loss of Rouen and Caen, he was recalled from his command in France, and had to encounter great unpopularity, both for his mismanagement in France, and because he was one of the court favourites.

[7] Cardinal Beaufort died on the 11th of April 1447.

Northfolke.[1]
The White Lioun is leyde to slepe,
Southfolk.
Thorou3 the envy of the Ape clogge;
And he is bownden that oure dore shuld kepe,
That is Talbott oure goode dogge.[2]
Fawkenberge.[3]
The Fisshere hathe lost his hangulhooke;
Gete theym agayne when it wolle be.
Wylloby.[4]
Oure Mylle-saylle wille not abowte,
Hit hath so longe goone emptye.
Warwik.[5]
The Bere is bound that was so wild,
Ffor he hath lost his ragged staffe.
Bokyngham.[6]
The Carte nathe is spokeles,
For the counseille that he gaffe.
Danyelle.[7]
The Lily is both faire and grene;
Norreys.[8]
The Coundite rennyth not, as I wene.

---

[1] John de Mowbray, duke of Norfolk. The reference is probably to the duke who died in 1432, and who had distinguished himself in the French wars under Henry V.

[2] The great warrior John Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury, who had been recalled from active service in France.

[3] William Neville lord Fauconberg, one of the distinguished heroes of the French wars.

[4] Robert lord Willoughby, another of the heroes of the French wars.

[5] Richard Neville, created earl of Warwick on the 4th of May 1442. He espoused the party of the duke of York, and was taken and beheaded at the battle of Wakefield. He was the father of the king-maker.

[6] Humphrey de Stafford, created duke of Buckingham on the 14th of September 1444. He was killed in the battle of Northampton, in 1460.

[7] Thomas Daniel, "armiger," or esquier, was one of the unpopular courtiers, who appears in this same Cottonian Roll, ii. 23, as one of those indicted at Rochester on the feast of the Assumption of the Virgin, 29th Hen. VI. (August 15, 1451).

[8] John Norris, one of the officers of the household to Henry VI.

Trevilian.[1]
The Cornysshe Chowgh offt with his trayne
Rex.
Hath made oure Egulle blynde.
Arundelle.[2]
The White Harde is put out of mynde,
Because he wolle not to hem consent;
Therfore the commyns saith is both trew and kynde
Bothe in Southesex and in Kent.
Bowser.[3]
The Water-Bowge and the Wyne-Botelle,
Prior of Saint Johanis.
With the Vetturlockes cheyne bene fast.
Excettur.
The Whete-yere wolle theym susteyne
As longe as he may endure and last.
Devynshire.[4]
The Boore is farre into the west,
That shold us helpe with shilde and spere;
Yorke.[5]
The Fawkoun fleyth, and hath no rest,
Tille he witte where to bigge his nest.

---

[1] Daniel Trevilian, included in the articles against the duke of Suffolk. A John Trevylian is enumerated among the persons indicted at Rochester in 1451, as "nuper de "London, armiger."

[2] William Fitz-Alan, earl of Arundel.

[3] Henry lord Bourchier, whose arms were argent, a cross ingrailed gules, between four water-bougets, sable. The wine-bottle may perhaps refer to James Butler, created earl of Wiltshire in 1449.

[4] Thomas Courtenay, earl of Devon, one of the heroes of the French wars, and a staunch supporter of the Lancastrian cause.

[5] The duke of York had at this time retired to his government in Ireland.

On the Arrest of the Duke of Suffolk.[1]

Now is the Fox[2] drevin to hole; hoo to hym, hoo! hoo!
Ffor and he crepe out, he wille yow alle undo.
Now ye han founde parfite, love welle your game;
For and ye renne countre thenne be ye to blame.
Sum of yow holdith with the Fox, and rennythe hare;
But he that tiede Talbot oure doge, evylle mot he fare!
Ffor now we mys the black doge withe the wide mouthe;
Ffor he wolde have ronnen welle at the Fox of the southe.
And alle gooth bacwarde, and Donne is in the myre;
As they han deservede, so pay they ther hire.
Now is tyme of Lent, the Fox is in the Towre;
Therfore sende hym Salesbury to be his confessoure.[3]
Many mo ther bene, and we kowde hem knowe;
But wonne most begynne the daunce, and alle come arowe.
Loke that your hunte blowe welle thy chase;
But he do welle is part, I beshrew is face!
This Fox at Bury slowe oure grete gandere;[4]
Therfore at Tyborne mony monne one hym wondere.
Jack Napys, with his clogge,
Hath tiede Talbot oure gentille dogge.

---

[1] From the Cotton. Rolls, ii. 23.

[2] The duke of Suffolk, who was accused, among other crimes, of having promoted the murder of the duke of Gloucester.

[3] Richard Neville, earl of Salisbury, was one of the great political opponents of the duke of Suffolk.

[4] The duke of Gloucester, who was accused and arrested when attending the parliament held at Bury St. Edmunds in 1446.

Wherfore Beamownt,[1] that gentille rache,
Hath brought Jack Napis in an eville cache.
Be ware, al menne, of that blame,
And namly ye of grete fame,
Spiritualle and temperalle, be ware of this,
Or els hit wille not be welle, iwis.
Gave save the kynge, and God forbede
That he suche apes any mo fede.
And of the perille that may befalle
Be ware, dukes, erles, and barons alle.

Gens erit australis rector regni generalis,
Et regit injuste, periet quoque postea juste.

He is wise that is wode, he is riche that hase no goode;
He is blynde that may se, he is riche that shalle never ithe;
He is fledde that is not ferde, and he abideth that makethe alle your berdes.

On Bishop Boothe.[2]

Boothe, be ware, bisshoppe[3] thoughe thou be,
Sithe that Symoun hym selff set the in thy sete,
Petur his pagent pleyed not with the;
Caro and *Sanguis* did pryvely plete;
Thy goode and thy catelle made the to mete
With the churche of Chester, whiche crieth, alas!
That to suche a mafflarde marryede she was.

---

[1] John lord Beaumont, lord constable of England, who in that capacity arrested the duke of Suffolk.

[2] From the Cotton. Rolls, ii. 23. It was evidently written in the middle of the excitement against the duke of Suffolk.

[3] William Boothe, made bishop of Coventry and Lichfield in 1447, was promoted to the archbishopric of York in 1453. This see was, during several centuries after the Norman conquest, called popularly the bishopric of Chester.

Prese not to practise on the priveté
Of princes powere, but pluk at the ploughe;
Clayme thou a Carter crafty to be;
Medille the no ferthere, for that is ynoughe.
Thow hast getyne gret goode, thou wost welle how.
By symoni and usure bilde is thy bothe;
Alle the worlde wote welle this sawys be sothe.

The psalmus of the sawter, or Salamonis boke,
Austyne or Ambrose, or othere tretyes ther are,
But litelle on the lessons lust the to loke.
Be not to bolde, but be thou wel ware.
The wit of this worlde wantonly ware,
And likenyde to lewdenes lorne in my lore;
Shame sewith sone, whenne syn gooth byfore.

Sum servyne silver, and sorow they doone seche;
Synne is ther soveraigne, se what I say.
Loke on this lessoun, and lerne of a leche,
Thy soule for to save with *miserere mei.*
The printe of a palsy wisith the thy way,
And shewith by thy semblant to sey the ther sothe,
That tyme is to course hens, and breke up the bothe.

Cast in thy conciens clerkly to knowe,
Publique and privathe is alle one;
Tullius hit tellith fulle trewly y trowe,
The regentes of Rome mony day gone,
In honours and havour lile hem allone,
And of the wide worlde worthiest they were,
To the commyne thynge in charité they kere.

But whenne they begane godes to encrese,
To prevat persons sorow and shame,
Dishonoure, dispite, rebuke dide in prese,
With alle maner myscheff disserityng ther fame;
Lost alle ther lose of ther nobille name,
Disperpiled theyme in warde, and put theyme to declyne;
Remembre now how Rome felle to a ruyne.

Justice ne was egaly execute,
Fredome was forfarene for lak of liberté,
Right was repraysede and founde for no repute,
They were punysshede and tokyne in gré.
Rigour of lawe hit wolle no better be;
Dethe thoghe hit were, they myȝt no better escape,
But the grete and the goldede they made but a jape,

And lepe over lawe at ther owne lust;
Ffavour and favelle, foulle faille they ferys,
Broghte forthe avarice fast by the fiste.
* * * * *
These were the rasours and the sharpe sheres,
These were the same that Rome overthrewe;
Wittenes of writyng alle this is trewe.

These made ther enmyes thenne to summyse,
And put fro ther powere with shenshippe and shame;
Cronicols thise causis craftly canne devise,
And tellene how trechery brought in the blame.
Hit is not in Englonde now the selff same;
Discusse it with diligens, and telle iff hit be,
This pagent is pringnant, sir Pilat, pardé.

And ye in youre olde age put in pres,
And pecus the parlious youre parfettes to play,
And pray for the party to make his pees,
That alle the worlde crieth oute on, sotly to say.
The voyse of the pepille is clepede *vox Dei;*
It is agayns grace and a gret griff
To maynetayne a mater of suche myscheffe.

Vox oppressorum one the prince playnyth,
And one the priste eke, be warre yow off wreche;
Juggement and justice tho that theym waynyth,
Serche out and se welle, sorow they seche.
The juge that is unjuste is a shrewede leche;
Tent to the tale of Treviliane,
And ffynde by his falsed what worshippe he wan.

Be ware of this warnyng, and wayte welle aboute,
I counselle the corse not, ne blame not the bille,
* * * * *
Yt is myche lesse harme to bylle thanne to kylle.
Be no more blynde, but weynyth youre wille,
To set yow in sewrté holde up youre honde,
God save the kyng, his lawe, and his londe.

Men seyne that youre secte is opynly knowyne and asspiede,
Concludede in conciens wonne of the tweyne,
That ye be ychone with tresoun aliede,
Or els hit is lucre that maketh you to leyne.
Pité for to here the people complayne,
And riken up the ragmanne of the hole rowte,
That servyth silvyre and levyth the law oute.

Se alle the set that for the swayne sewe,
Whether mony or mede make yow to mewe,
Try out the trouthe, myght he be trewe,
That covetise hath causede this gret myscheff.
By rapyne of richese put this in prefe;
Muse one this mater, and be no more blynde;
Be faitheffulle and feynte not fawtus to fynde.

God kepe oure kyng ay, and gide hym by grace,
Save hym fro Southefolkes, and frome his foois alle;
The Pole is so parlyus men for to passe,
That fewe can ascape hit of the banck rialle.
But set under suger he shewithe hem galle;
Witnes of Humfrey, Henry, and Johan,[1]
Whiche late were one lyve, and now be they goon.

And mony other that nedith not to telle,
Sum bene ago, and summe abidene here;
Hit is a shrewde pole, pounde, or a welle,

[1] Humphrey Plantagenet, duke of Gloucester; Henry Beaufort, cardinal of Winchester; and John duke of Bedford.

That drownythe the dowghty, and bryngethe hem abeere.
And alle is for the lordane lovithe no pere.
Practyse his preff of alle that I sey,
God kepe oure kyng, and hym to convey.

Bridelle yow, bysshoppe, and be not to bolde,
And biddeth yowre beawperes se to the same;
Cast awey covetyse now be ye bolde,
This is alle ernest that ye calle game.
The beelesire ye be, the more is youre blame.
Trowthe tellithe the tale, and wille it not hide;
Your laboure for lucre is playnly aspiede.
God, for his mercy alle this reme gyde.

A Warning to King Henry.[1]

Ye that have the kyng to demene,
And ffrauncheses gif theyme ageyne,
Or els I rede ye fle;
Ffor ye have made the kyng so pore,
That now he beggeth fro dore to dore;
Alas, hit shuld so be.

Tome of Say[2] and Danielle bothe,
To begyn be not to lothe;
Then shalle ye have no shame.
Who wille not, he shalle not chese,
And his life he shalle lese,
No resoun wille us blame.

---

[1] From the Cotton. Charters, ii. 23.

[2] James Fienes, lord Saye and Sele, lord treasurer, was one of the unpopular statesmen of the day, and having been, as a matter of policy, committed to the Tower, he was dragged thence by the mob in Jack Cade's rebellion, and was beheaded by them on the 4th of July 1451. This song was written apparently before this nobleman was thrown into the Tower.

Trowthe and pore men ben appressede,
And myscheff is nothyng redressede;
The kyng knowith not alle.
Thorowout alle Englonde,
On tho that holdene the fals bonde
Vengeaunce wille cry and calle.

The traytours wene they bene so sly,
That no mane can hem aspy;
We cane do theme no griffe.
We swere by hym that hairwede helle
They shalle no lenger in eresy dwelle,
Ne in ther fals beleve.

So pore a kyng was never seene,
Nor richere lordes alle bydene;
The communes may no more.
The lorde Say biddeth holde hem downe,
That worthy dastarde of renowne,
He techithe a fals loore.

Suffolk Normandy hath swolde,
To gete hyt agayne he is bolde,
How acordeth these to in one;
And he wenythe, withouten drede,
To make the kyng to avowe his dede,
And calle hit no tresoun.

We trow the kyng be to leere,
To selle bothe menne and lond in feere;
Hit is agayne resoun.
But yef the commyns of Englonde
Helpe the kynge in his fonde,
Suffolk wolle bere the crowne.

Be ware, kynge Henré, how thou doos;
Let no lenger thy traitours go loos;
They wille never be trewe.
The traytours are sworne alle togedere
To holde fast as they were brether;
Let hem drynk as they hanne brewe.

The chaunselere that last was hath staffes take,
Blanke charters, to done us wrake,
No nombre of them, hit is ferde.
He wolle not suffre the clerkes preche;
Trowthe in no wise he wille not teche;
He is the devels sheparde.

This bille is trewe; who wille say nay,
In Smythfelde synge he a day,
And the helpe of the rode;
That traitours shalle provide;
More resoun canne not be mevide;
Ther shalle hit be made goode.

O rex, si rex es, rege te, vel eris sine re rex;
Nomen habes sine re, nisi te recte regas.

VERSES AGAINST THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK.[1]

Ffor feer or for favour of ony fals mane,
Loose not the love of alle the commynalté;
Be ware and sey, by seint Juliane,
Duke, jwge, baroun, archebisshope and he be,
He wolle repent it within this monthes thre.
Let ffolke accused excuse theym selff, and they cane;
Reseyve no goode, let soche bribry be;
Support not theyme this wo bygane,
And let theym suche clothis as they spane,
And take from theym ther wages and ther fee,
or, by God and seint Anne!
Som must go hens, hit may none othere weys be,
And els is lost alle this lond and we;
Hong up suche menne to oure soverayne lorde,
That ever counselde hym with fals men to be acorde.

Anno milleno Domini centumque quaterno
L. simplex pleno caveat omnis homo.

[1] From the Cottonian Rolls, ii. 23.

On the Death of the Duke of Suffolk.[1]

May 3, 1450.

In the monethe of May, when gresse groweth grene,
Flagrant in her floures, with swete savour,
Jac Napes wolde one the see a maryner to ben,
With his cloge and his cheyn, to seke more tresour.
Suyche a payn prikkede hym, he asked a confessour.
Nicolas[2] said, "I am redi thi confessour to be;"
He was holden so that he ne passede that hour.
For Jac Napes soule *Placebo* and *Dirige.*

Who shalle execute his exequies with a solempnité?
Bisshopes and lordes, as grete reson is;
Monkes, chanons, prestes, and other clergie,
Pray for this dukes soule that it might come to blis;
And let never suyche another come after this;
His interfectours blessed might thei be,
And graunte them for ther dede to regne with angelis;
And for Jac Nape soule *Placebo* and *Dirige.*

"*Placebo,*" begynnethe the bisshop of Herforde.[3]
"*Dilexi,* for myn avauncement," saithe the bisshop of Chestre.[4]
"*Heu mei,*" saith Salisbury,[5] "this gothe to ferre forthe."
"*Ad Dominum cum tribularer,*" ssaith the abbot of Gloucestre.[6]

[1] From MS. Cotton. Vespas. B. xvi. fol. 1, v°.

[2] Nicholas was the name of the ship which arrested the vessel on which the duke of Suffolk was embarked.

[3] Reginald Baker, who had been promoted to this see from the abbacy of Gloucester in 1450.

[4] Boothe, bishop of Coventry and Litchfield. See the note, p. 225.

[5] Richard Beauchamp was elected bishop of Salisbury in 1450.

[6] Reginald, abbot of St. Peter's in Gloucester; he was one of the unpopular courtiers indicted at Rochester in 1451, according to the Cottonian Roll.

"*Dominus custodit,*" saith the abbot of Rouchestre.
"*Levavi oculos,*" saith frere Stanbury, "*volavi.*"
"*Si iniquitates,*" saith the bisshop of Worcetre;[1]
"For Jac Nape soule *de profundis clamavi.*"

"*Opera manuum tuarum,*" seith the cardynal wisely,[2]
That brought forthe *confitebor*, for alle this Napes reson.
"*Audivi vocem,*" songe Allemightty God on hye;
And therfore syng we "*Magnificat anima mea "Dominum.*"
Unto this dirige most we gon and come
This pascalle tyme, to say veryli
Thre psalmes and thre lessouns, that alle is and somme,
For Jac Nape soule, *Placebo* and *Dirige.*

Executors of this office *Dirige* for to synge,
Shalle begyn the bisshop of synt Asse;[3]
"*Verba mea auribus,*" saith abbot of Redynge;
"Alle your joye and hope is come to alasse."
"*Committere, Domine,* yet graunte us grace,"
Saith abbot of synt Albans ful sorily.
The abbot of the Toure hille, with his fat face,
Quaketh and tremuleth for "*Domine, ne in furore.*"

Maister Water Liard[4] shal synge "*Ne quando.*"
The abbot of Westmynstre, "*Domine Deus meus, in "te speravi;*

[1] John Carpenter, bishop of Worcester, who was also a great supporter of the high church party, and therefore of the court.

[2] John Kemp, archbishop of York, had been made a cardinal at the close of the year 1439.

[3] Thomas, bishop of St. Asaph, a prelate who appears to have gained no degree of celebrity.

[4] Walter Liard (in the ordinary lists of bishops he is called Hart and Lyhart) was bishop of Norwich from 1445 to 1472. This name also occurs in the list of unpopular courtiers indicted at Rochester.

"*Requiem æternam* graunte them alle to come to."
Therto a pater-noster saith the bisshop of synt Davy[1]
For thes soules that wise were and mightty,
Suffolk, Moleyns, and Roos, thes thre;[2]
And in especial for Jac Napes, that ever was wyly,
For his soule *Placebo* and *Dirige*.

Rise up, Say, rede *parce in Domine*,
"*Nihil enim sunt dies mei*," thou shalt synge.
The bisshop of Carlyle[3] sing "*Credo*" ful sore.
To suyche fals traitours come foule endynge!
The baron of Dudley with grete mornynge,
Redethe, "*Tædet animam meam vitæ meæ*."
Who but Danyel *qui Lasarum* shal syng?
For Jac Nape soule *Placebo* and *Dirige*,

John Say[4] redethe, "*Manus tuæ fecerunt me*."
"*Libera me*," syngethe Trevilian, "warre the rere,
"That thei do no more so, *requiescant in pace*."
Thus prayes alle Englond ferre and nerre.
Where is Somerset? whi aperes he not here,
To synge "*Dies iræ et miseriæ*?"
God graunte Englond alle in fere
For thes traitours to syng *Placebo* and *Dirige*.

Meny mo ther be behynde, the sothe for to telle,
That shal messes oppon thes do synge.
I pray som man do rynge the belle,
That these forsaiden may come to the sacrynge;
And that in brief tyme, without more tarienge,
That this messe may be ended in suyche degré;
And that alle Englond joyfulle may synge
The commendacioun with *Placebo* and *Dirige*.

---

[1] John Delamere was consecrated bishop of St. David's in 1447.

[2] Lord Hungerford had at this time succeeded, by right of his wife, to the title of lord Molines. He was a partizan of the house of Lancaster. Thomas Lord Ros was also a stanch partizan of the party of Henry VI.

[3] Nicholas Close.

[4] In the Rochester list, John Say is described as "esquire, of London."

On the Corruptions of the Times.[1]

Ffulfyllyd ys the profe[s]y for ay
That Merlyn sayd, and many on mo,
Wysdam ys wel ny away,
No man may knowe hys f[r]end fro foo.
Now gyllorys don gode men gye;
Ryȝt gos redles alle behynde;
Truthe ys turnyd to se trechery;
Ffor now the bysom ledys the blynde.

Now glosery̆s fulle gayly they go;
Pore men be perus of this land;
Sertes sum tyme hyt was not so,
But sekyr alle this ys synnes sonde.
Now maynte[ne]rys be made justys,
And lewde men rewle the lawe of kynde;
Nobulle men be holdyn wyse,
Ffor now the bysom ledys the blynde.

Truthe is set at lytyl prys;
Worschyp fro us longe hath be slawe;
Robberys now rewle ryȝtwysenesse,
And wynnerys with her sothe sawe;
Synne sothfastnesse has slawe;
Myrth ys now out of mannys mynde;
The drede of God ys al todrawe;
Ffor now the bysom ledys the b[l]ynde.

---

[1] From MS. Harl. *5396, fol. 295, r°.* Unfortunately two lines are lost by the close cutting of the bottom of the leaf. An entry on the *last page of the manuscript, in the same handwriting as this* poem, gives the date of St. Bartholomew's day, in the thirty-fourth year of the reign of Henry VI., *i.e.*, August 24, *1456.*

Now brocage ys made offycerys;
And baratur ys made bayly;
Knyȝtus be made custemerys,
* * * *
Flatererys be made kyngus perys;
Lordys be led alle out of kynde;
Pore men ben knyȝtus ferys;
Ffor now the bysom ledys the blynde.

The constery ys combryd with coveytyse,
Ffor trouth his sonkyn undur the grounde;
W[ith] offycyal nor den no favour ther ys,
But if sir symony shewe them sylver rounde.
Ther among sp[irit]ualté it ys founde,
Ffor peté ys clene out of ther mynde.
Lord, whan thy wylle is, al ys confounde;
Ffor now the bysom ledys the blynde.

He ys lovyd that wele can lye;
And thevys tru men honge;
To God I rede that we cry,
That this lyfe last not longe.
This werld is turnyd up-so-doune among;
For frerys ar confessourys, ageyn a kynde,
To the chefe ladyes of this londe;
Therfor the bysom ledys the blynde.

Lordys the lawe they lere,
* * * *
Japerys syt lordys ful nere;
Now hath the devylle alle hys devys;
Now growyth the gret flour-de-lys;
Wymmonis wyttes are fulle of wynd;
Now ledres ladyn the leward at her debres;
For caus the bysom ledys [the] blynde.

Now prelates don pardon selle,
And holy chyrche ys chaffare,
Holynes comyth out of helle,
Ffor absoluciouns waxyn ware.
Gabberys gloson eny whare,
And gode feyth comys alle byhynde;
Ho shalle be levyd the sothe wylle spare?
Ffor now the bysom ledys the blynde.

The grete wylle the sothe spare,
The comonys love not the grete;
Therfor every man may care,
Lest the wade growe over the whete.
Take hede how synne hath chastysyd Frauns,
Whan he was in hys fayrest kynde;
How that Flaundrys hath myschannys;
Ffor cause the bysom ledyth the blynde.

Therfor every lord odur avauns,
And styfly stond yn ych a stoure;
Among ȝou make no dystaunce,
But, lordys, buskys ȝou out of boure.
Ffor to hold up this londus honour,
With strenkyth our enmys for to bynde,
That we may wynne the hevynly tour;
Ffor here the bysom ledys the blynde.

Explicit.

On the Corruptions of the Times.[1]

How myschaunce regnythe in Ingeland.

Now God, that syttyst an hyghe in trone,
  Help thy peple in here greet nede,
That trowthe and resoun regne may sone,
  For thanne schal they leve owt of drede.
  In that wyse conscience schal hem lede,
Hem to brynge onto good governaunce;
  That yt may sone be doon in dede;
Of alle oure synnys, God, make a delyveraunce.

And men wolde, and take good hede,
  This lond ys now full of inyquyté;
And al that causyth the mayde Mede,
  The wyche feer bannyd ys from felycyté.
  There that sche regnyth ther ys no prosperyté,
To holy cherche sche doth greet grevaunce;
  For of here apeyryd ys the hyghe dygnyté,
Of al oure synnys, God, make a delyveraunce.

Mede makyth fele men for to weepe,
  Wyth here frendys sche wol abyde,
The wyche cunne here goodys wysely kepe,
  Be manye false weyes here wyttys gyde.
  Untrowthe regnyth in many a syde,
For agayn here ys a greet distaunce,
  That knowen ys ful feer and wyde;
Of al oure synnys, Good, make a delyveraunce.

---

[1] From a MS. in the University Library, Cambridge, Ff. 1. 6, fol. 134, v°, in a handwriting of the reign of Henry VI.

Meed and falseheed assocyed are;
Trowthe bannyd ys, the blynde may not se;
Manye a man they make fulle bare,
A strange compleynt ther ys of every degré.
The way ys now past of tranquyllyté,
The wyche causyth a full greet varyaunce;
Amange the comunys ther ys no game nor gle;
Of al oure synnys, God, make a delyveraunce.

And men myghte wel the hyghe wey fynde
Of trowthe and resoune, and where they dwelle;
Meede wyth here help stand scholde behynde,
In dyspyte of alle the develys of helle.
Untrowthe wyt many oon scholde no more melle;
Falsehed and sche byn bothe of oon substaunce,
Alle be they not worth an oyster-schelle;
Of alle oure synnys, God, make a delyveraunce.

Murdre medelythe ful ofte, as men say;
Usure and rapyne stefly dothe stande,
Here abydynge ys wythe her that goon ful gay;
For whanne they wele they have hem in hande.
And thus they regne throughe thys lande;
Ful manye they brynge to myschaunce.
Wyse men, beholden, be wayr al afore hande;
Of alle oure synnys, God, make a delyveraunce.

Idylnesse and thefte ȝyt have they no care,
Thoughe that thys worlde thus endure ever more;
Oftyn tymes here wyde purse is full bare,
And other whyles here schoon be al totore;
The mete that thei ete ys alle forlore;
On the galwys they scholde anhaunse;
They greve the comunys, and that ryghte sore;
Of alle oure synnys, God, make a delyveraunce.

Slowthe and neclygence ful sore empeche
  Justise, that scholde regne contenually;
Coveytyse causyth that, for he dothe teche
  Of all astatis seme fulle besyly.
  The prosperité of thys land thus they gy
Forthewyth togedere al to the daunce;
  A wronge way to werke alle they be redy;
Of alle oure synnys, God, make a delyveraunce.

Wyght ys blak, as many men seye,
  And blak ys wyght, but summe men sey nay;
Auctoryteys for hem they toleye;
  Large conscience causyth they croked way.
  In thys reame they make a foul aray.
Whanne the dyse renne, ther lakkythe a chaunce;
  Clene conscien bakward goth alway;
Of al oure synnys, God, make a delyveraunce.

Myscheef mengid ys, and that in every syde;
  Dyscord medelythe ful fast amonge;
The gatis of glaterye standen up wyde,
  Hem semythe that al ys ryghte and no wronge.
  Thus endurid they have al to longe;
Crosse and pyle standen in balaunce;
  Trowthe and resoun be no thynge stronge;
Of alle oure synnys, God, make a delyveraunce.

Rychesse renewyd causithe the perdicioun
  Of trowthe, that scholde stande in prosperyté;
Between here and hope ys mayd a devisioun,
  And that ys al for lak of charyté;
  Wherfore ther regnethe no tranquillyté;
Thys mateer causithe the fool ignoraunce,
  That the peple may not in eese be;
Of alle oure synnys, God, make a delyveraunce.

He that hathe the word at hys owne wylle,
Helthe, rychesse, and contynual tranquillyté,
Ech mannys hestes ys glad to fulfylle,
He thenkyth upon noon deversité.
Ful unsewyr atte the laste may he be
To sette hys herte in swyche abundaunce;
Dampnacioun yt schewythe, as thenkythe me;
Of alle oure sennys, God, make a delyveraunce.

Wyghte is wyghte, ȝyf yt leyd to blake;
And soote ys swettere aftur bytternesse;
And falsenesse ys evere drevene abake,
Where tho throughte ys rootyd wytheowte dubbilnesse.
Wytheowte preef may not be sykernesse;
Wherfore trowthe and resoun scholde hem avaunce,
For to take to hem stedefastnesse.
Of alle oure synnys, God, make a delyveraunce.

That unhappy insacyable simonia
Now regnethe in Ingeland, and that sore;
He sparithe not for closynge of alleluya;
Woo worthe the tyme that evere was he bore!
Unavysyd clerk soone may be forlore
Unto that theef to donne obeysaunce;
For as afore God they ben forswore;
Of alle oure synnys, God, make a delyveraunce.

Hatrede and praptyk of fals auctorité
Al good consciencie they putten owte;
Of trowthe and resoun lettynge the prosperyté;
Wherfore concord ys put feer abowte.
And ȝyf men wolde stonden owt of dowte
Drede of God, with a good atemperaunce
From these synnys scholde make hem schowte,
And put hem alle to a pleyne delyveraunce.

Vengeaunce and wrathe in an hastyvyté,
Wyth an unstedefast speryte of indyscrecioun,
Been the cause that men may not yn eese be;
For here consentynge drawith to confusioun.
Al londys putten thys land in derisioun.
For thys usyd ys oonly of acustomaunce,
Ȝyf that day may come of a good conclusioun,
Of alle oure synnys to make a delyveraunce.

Men of holy cherche, that been ful wyse,
Scholde meekly preye with good devosioun,
That trowthe and resoun myghte sone aryse,
For to bryng away thys false tribulacioun;
And that the heyere herd with good medytacioun
May the pore peple swych wyse avaunce,
In the drede of God to sette here ocupacyoun,
Of al here synnys to make a delyveraunce.

And men wolden weel hem self knowe,
Grace for to aske in here greet nede,
To God here hertis bowyng ful lowe,
Almesse doynge weel to taken heede,
Pylgremage goyng to gete hem mede,
Prayeng and fastynge with good rememoraunce,
Body and sowle so they may hem lede
Into blysse of eternalle purvyaunce.

Now, God, that art ful of al pletevousnesse,
Of al vertuys grace and charyté,
Putte from us al thys unsekyrnesse,
That we stande ynne in grete necessyté,
That agayn trowthe no varyeng be,
Al tymes that art founteyne of al felycité,
Of al oure synnys thou make a delyveraunce.

AGAINST THE LOLLARDS.[1]

Lo, he that can be Cristes clerc,
  And knowe the knottes of his crede,
Now may se a wonder werke
  Of harde happes to take goud heede.
  The dome of dethe is hevy drede
For hym that wol not mercy crie;
  Than is my rede, for mucke ne mede
That no man melle of lollardrye.

I sey for meself, yut wist I never
  But now late what hit shuld be,
And, by my trouthe, I have wel lever
  No more kyn than my a, b, c.
  To lolle so hie in suyche degré
Hit is no perfit profecie;
  Sauf seker sample to the and me
To be war of lollardie.

The game is noȝt to lolle so hie
  Ther fete failen fondement;
And yut is a moche folie
  For fals beleve to ben brent.
  Ther the Bibelle is al myswent
To jangle of Job or Jeremye,
  That construen hit after her entent
For lewde lust of lollardie.

[1] From MS. Cotton. Vespas. B. xvi. fol. 2, v°. I have put together here a few short pieces on the religious disputes of this period. The first belongs, perhaps, to a rather earlier date, as it seems to contain a continuous allusion to the celebrated Sir John Oldcastle, who was put to death in 1418, but all the others belong evidently to the reign of Henry VI.

Hit is unkyndly for a knȝt,
  That shuld a kynges castel kepe,
To bable the Bibel day and nȝt
  In restyng tyme when he shuld slepe;
  And carefoly awey to crepe,
For alle the chief of chivalrie.
  Wel aught hym to waile and wepe,
That suyche lust hath in lollardie.

An old castel, and not repaired,
  With wast walles and wowes wide,
The wages ben ful yvel wared
  With suiche a capitayn to abide;
  That rerethe riot for to ride
Agayns the kynge and his clergie,
  With privé peyne and pore pride;
Ther is a poynt of lollardie.

For many a man withyn a while
  Shal aby his gult ful sore;
So fele gostes to begile
  Hym aught to rue evermore.
  For his sorowe shal he never restore
That he venemed with envye;
  But ban the burthe that he was of bore,
Or ever had lust in lollardie.

Every shepe that shuld be fed in felde,
  And kepte fro wolfes in her folde,
Hem nedethe nether spere ne shulde,
  Ne in no castel to be withholde.
  For ther the pasture is ful colde,
In somer seson when hit is drie;
  And namly when the soyle is solde,
For lewde lust of lollardie.

An old castel draw al doun,
  Hit is ful hard to rere hit newe,
With suyche a congregacioun
  That cast hem to be untrewe.
  When beggers mow nether bake ne brewe,
Ne have wherwith to borow ne bie,
  Than mot riot robbe or reve,
Unde[r] the colour of lollardie.

That castel is not for a kynge
  That the walles ben overthrowe;
And yut wel wors abidynge
  Whan the captayn away is flowe,
  And forsake spere and bowe,
To crepe fro knyȝthode into clergie.
  Ther is a bitter blast yblowe,
To be bawde of lollardie.

I trowe ther be no knyȝt alyve
  That wold have don so open a shame,
For that crafte to studi or strive,
  Hit is no gentel mannes game;
  But if hym lust to have a name
Of pelour under ipocrasie,
  And that were a foule defame
To have suyche lose of lollardie.

And, pardé, lolle thei never so longe,
  Yut wol lawe make hem lowte;
God wol not suffre hem be so stronge
  To bryng her purpos so abowte,
  With saunz faile and saunz doute,
To rere riot and robberie;
  By reson thei shul not long route,
While the taile is docked of lollardie.

Of the hede hit is las charge,
When grace wol not be his gide,
Ne suffre hym for to lepe at large,
But hevely his hede to hide.
Where shuld he other route or ride
Agayns the chief of chivalrie,
Not hardi in no place to abide,
For alle the sekte of lollardie.

A! God, what unkyndly gost
Shuld greve that God grucchede nouȝt!
Thes Lollardes that lothen ymages most
With mannes handes made and wrouȝt,
And pilgrimages to be souȝt;
Thei seien hit is but mawmentrie.
He that this lose first up brouȝt,
Had gret lust in lollardie.

He wer ful lewde that wold byleve
In figure mad of stok or ston,
Yut fourme shulde we none repreve,
Nether of Marie ne of Jon,
Petre, Poule, ne other none
Canonised by clergie;
Than the seyntes everychone
Be litel holde to lollardie.

And namly James among hem alle,
For he twyes had turnement,
Moche mischaunse mot him befalle
That last beheded hym in Kent;
And alle that were of that assent.
To Crist of heven I clepe and crie,
Sende hem the same jugement,
And alle the sekte of lollardie.

For that vengans agayns kynde
  Was a poynt of cowardyse;
And namly suyche on to bete or bynde
  That mi3t not stande, set, ne rise.
  What dome wold ye hym devyse
By lawe of armes or gentrie,
  But serve hym in the same wise,
And alle the sekte of lollardie.

When falsnes faileth frele folie,
  Pride wol preseyn sone amonge;
Than willerdome with old envy
  Can none other way but wronge.
  For synne and shame with sorowe stronge,
So overset with avutrie,
  That fals beleve is fayn to fonge
The lewde lust of lollardie,

And under colour of suiche lollynge,
  To shape sodeyn surreccioun
Agaynst oure liege lord kynge,
  With fals ymaginacioun.
  And for that corsed conclusion,
By dome of kni3thode and clergie,
  Now turneth to confusioun
The sory sekte of lollardie.

For holy writ berithe witnes,
  He that fals is to his kynge,
That shamful dethe and hard distres,
  Shal be his dome at his endynge.
  Than double dethe for suyche lollynge
Is hevy, when we shul hennes hye.
  Now, Lord, that madest of nou3t alle thinge,
Defende us alle fro lollardie.

To the King.[1]

O rex Anglorum, quæ sunt jam facta videto,
Dudum gestorum signacula dura timeto.
Quid, rex, est clerum sic per laicos laniari?
Ut fatear verum signat proceres superari.
En, rex, a Græcis bellans fortuna recessit,
Cleri facta necis hujus prognostica gessit.
Signum, Roma, tibi quæ nunc armis viduatur,
Cur? quia clerus ibi nec floret nec dominatur.
En, rex, pro studio per singula regna timeris,
Tu quia de proprio clero responsa mereris.
O rex, tu videas spes hic distantibus an sit,
Ut faculam foveas, scintilla decora remansit.
Rex, si sit per te cleri facies relevata,
Est tibi tunc certe victoria magna parata.
Si fons siccetur, laico regnante furore,
Miles vincetur belli privatus honore.
Tu miles juras cleri defendere jura,
Cur nunc non curas inflicta sibi mala dura.
Rex, princeps, miles, clero rogo consocia te,
Quisquis ad ista siles fugiet decus et vigor a te.
Hæc duo si coeant sociari juncta valore,
Non sunt qui valeant nostros privare vigore.
Hoc scio quod clero miles bonus omnis adhæret,
Solus pro vero falsus sua prospera mœret.
Oxoniæ pereant rores et germina terræ,
Singula te subeant strages et jurgia guerræ.
O plebs ingrata regi, mala signa parasti,
Dura tibi fata veniant quia tanta patrasti.
O rex invicte, pueros recolas spoliatos,
Sis rex vindictæ revocans terrore fugatos.

[1] From MS. Col. Merton, Oxon. No. 306, fol. 8, r°.

A Political Prophecy.[1]

When Rome is removith into Englonde,
And ilke preest haiit the popeis poure in hande,
Betuene the iij^{d} and the sixte, who wold onderstonde,
Moche were and wo schalle arysse in Englonde.
Thayr challe tyde then a striffe be the stremis of Hommour,
That a northyne slave schalle follow him for ever,
The iij^{d} schalle recuire and rekyn of rulys,
That haiit lywith in Lowthe many longe days.
Than worthe upp, Walis, that vantithe no vylis,
And holpe up thi brother with brithe hardde brandis,
Thi kynnys men of Yrlonde, lordes of honour,
Thy schalle spende ther speres with dentes of dolour.
To bringe owt of brawlis the kynd blod of Brutes,
The whiche schalle lyve on to lyve of landes.

Against the Friars.[2]

Freeres, freeres, wo ȝe be!
ministri malorum,
For many a mannes soule bringe ȝe
ad pœnas infernorum.
Whan seyntes felle fryst from hevene,
quo prius habitabant,
In erthe leyfft the synnus vii.,
et fratres communicabant.

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[1] From MS. Cotton. Cleopatra C. iv. fol. 84, v°.

[2] From a MS. in Trin. Coll., Cambridge, O. 2, 40, fifteenth cent.

Falnes was the ffryst fflauré
quæ fratres pertulerunt;
For falnes and ffals derei
multi perierunt.
Freeres, ȝe can weyl lye,
ad fallandum gentem;
And weyl can blere a mannus ye
pecunias habentem.
Yf thei may no more geytte,
fruges petunt isti;
For falnes walde thei not lette,
qui non sunt de grege Christi.
Lat a freer of sum ordur
tecum pernoctare,
Odur thi wyff or thi doughtour
hic vult violare;
Or thi sun he weyl prefur,
sicut furtam fortis;
God gyffe syche a freer peyne
in inferni portis!
Thei weyl assaylle boyth Jacke and Gylle,
licet sint prædones;
And parte off pennans take hem tylle,
qui sunt latrones.
Ther may no lorde of this cuntré
sic ædificare,
As may thes freeres, where thei be,
qui vadunt mendicare.
Mony-makers I trow thei be,
regis proditores,
Therfore ylle mowyth thei thee,
falsi deceptores.
Fader fyrst in Trinité,
filius, atque flamen.

Omnes dicant Amen.

On the Corruption of Public Manners.[1]

Ye prowd galonttes hertlesse,
With your hyghe cappis witlesse,
And youre schort gownys thriftlesse,
Have brought this londe in gret hevynesse.

With youre longe peked schone,
Therfor your thrifte is almost don,
And with youre long here into your eyen,
Han brought this lond to gret pyne.

Ye poopeholy prestis fulle of presomcioun,
With your wyde furryd hodes voyd of discrecioun,
Unto your owyn prechyng of contrary condicioun,
Wheche causithe the people to have lesse devocioun.

Avauncid by symony in cetees and townys,
Make schorter youre taylis and broder your crounys;
Leve your schort stuffide dowbelettes and your pleytid gownys,
And kepe your owyn howsyng, and passe not your boundis.

Repreve non other men, I schalle telle you whye,
Ye be so lewyd youer selfe, there settithe no man you bye,
It is not but a schame y[e] wold be callyd holly,
And worse dysposyd people levythe not undir the skye.

Ffirst make fre your selfe, that now to syne be bounde,
Leve syne, and drede it, than may ye take on hand
Othir to repreve, and that I undirstonde,
Ye may amende alle other and bryng pese to londe.

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[1] From MS. Harl. No. 372, fol. 113, r°, of the time of Henry VI.

Epigrams on the Public Extravagance.[1]

Luffe, luffe, where is thi reste?
Of Englond I am oute keste,
Thurgh sir Envye.
Thise longe berdes to middis the breste
Has putt luffe oute of his neste,
Thurgh felonye.

Fleshly lustes and festes,
Furres of ferly bestes,
Costefulle crouperes with crestes,
Fules that it first fonde;
Robes made of scredes,
Grisely othes and grete medes,
Flaterers and false dedes,
Has schent Englond.

On the Times.[2]

Now ys Yngland alle in fyght;
Moche peple of consyens lyght;
Many knyghtes, and lytyl of myght;
Many lawys, and lytylle ryght;
Many actes of parlament,
And few kept wyth tru entent;
Lytylle charyté, and fayne to plese;
Many a galant penyles;

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[1] From a MS. in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, No. 274, fol. 155.

[2] From a MS. in Corp. Chr. Col., Oxford, No. 237, fol. 236, v°.

And many a wondurfulle dysgyzyng,
By unprudent and myssavyzyng;
Grete countenanse, and smalle wages;
Many gentyllemen, and few pages;
Wyde gownys, and large slevys;
Wele besene, and strong thevys;
Moch bost of there clothys,
But wele I wot they lake none othys.

On the Times.[1]

De miserrima responsione populi quæ jam instat.

Proh dolor! o crudi gestus sparsim juvenescunt,
Rarescunt ludi, solatia cuncta senescunt.
Crimen avaritiæ dominatur ubique locorum,
Quæ quasi blanditiæ tollit terras miserorum.
Dormit militia vitiata cupidine rerum,
Pro quibus in vitia jam pugnat amor mulierum.
Clerus decrescit, vestitu vulgus olescit,
Curia ditescit, virtus in vilia cessit.
Heu! ratio moritur, pretio judex hebetescit,
Fraude fides premitur, pietas cum lege recessit.
Secta quidem consci perit entia pseudo-coloris;
Inde sumus consi querula quocunque doloris:
Dico parum prodest pro jure tribunal adire,
Dum ratio vivat quæ jus faciet revenire.

[1] From a MS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, Bodl. 832, fol. 177, r°.

On the Procession to St. Paul's of the Reconciled Parties.[1]

(March 25, 1458.)

Whan charité is chosen with states to stonde
  Stedfas and skille without distaunce,
Than wrathe may be exilede out of this londe,
  And God oure gide to have the governaunce.
  Wisdom and wellthe, with alle plesaunce,
May rightful regne, and prosperité;
  For love hath underlaide wratheful venjaunce,
Rejoise, Anglonde, oure lordes acordede to be.

Rejose, and thanke God for evermore,
  For now shal encrese thi consolacion;
Oure enemyes quaken and dreden ful sore,
  That peas is made ther was division.
  Whiche to them is a gret confusion,
And to us joy and felicité.
  God hold hem longe in every season,
That Anglonde may rejoise concord and unité.

Now is sorowe with shame fled into Fraunce,
  As a felon that hathe forsworn this londe;
Love hath put out malicious governaunce,
  In every place bothe fre and bonde.
  In Yorke, in Somerset, as I understonde,
In Warrewike, is love and charité,
  In Sarisbury eke, and in Northumbrelande,
That every man may rejoise concord and unité.

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[1] From MS. Cotton. Vespas. B. xvi. fol. 4, r°.

Egremown and Clifford, with other forsaide,
  Ben set in the same opynyon.
In every quarter love is thus laide;
  Grace and wisdom hathe thus the dominacion.
  Awake, welthe, and walke in this region,
Rounde aboute in toun and cité;
  And thanke them that brought hit to this conclusion;
Rejoise, Anglond, to concord and unité.

At Poules in Londoun, with gret renoun,
  On oure Ladi day in Lent this peas was wrought;
The kyng, the quene, with lordes many oone,
  To worship that virgine as thei ought,
  Wenten a procession, and spariden right nought,
In sighte of alle the comynalté,
  In token that love was in herte and thought;
Rejose, Anglond, in concorde and unité.

Ther was bytwyn hem lovely countynaunce,
  Whiche was gret joy to alle that ther were;
That long tyme hadden be in variaunce,
  As frendes for ever that had be in fere.
  Thei wenten togeder and made goud chire.
France and Britayn repente shul thei;
  For the bargayn shul thei abye ful dere;
Rejose, Anglond, in concorde and unité.

Oure soveraigne lord kynge God kepe alwey,
  The quene, and the archebisshope of Canterbury,
And the bisshop of Wynchestre, chanceller of Anglonde,
And other that han labured to this love-day;
  God preserve hem, we pray hertly,
  And Londoun, for thei ful diligently
Kepten the peas in trowbel and adversité,
  To bryng in reste thei labured ful truly;
Rejoise, Anglond, in concorde and unité.

Of thre thynges I praise the worshipful cité;
The first, the true faithe that thei have to the kynge;
The seconde, of love to the comynalté;
The thrid, goud rule for evermore kepynge;
The whiche God maynteyn evermore durynge,
And save the maier and alle the worthi cité;
And that is amys God brynge to amendynge,
That Anglond may rejoise to concorde and unité.

Epitaph for Richard Duke of York.[1]

A remembrer à tous ceurs de noblesse
Que ycy gist la fleur de gentillesse,
Le puissant duc d'York, Rychart ot nom,
Prince royal, preudomme de renom,
Saige, vaillant, vertueux en sa vie,
Qui bien ama loyaulté sans envie,
Droyt heritier, prouvé en mainte terre,
Des couronnez de France et d'Engleterre.
Ou parlement tenu à Vestmestre,
Bien fut congneu et trouvé vray heir estre.

[Translation.]

Let it be remembered by all noble hearts—that here lies the flower of gentility,—the powerful duke of York, Richard was his name,—a royal prince, a gentleman of renown,—wise, valiant, virtuous in his life,—who loved well loyally without envy,—the right heir, proved in many a land,—of the crowns of France and England.—In the parliament held at Westminster—he was fully acknowledged and found to be

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[1] From MS. Harl. No. 48, fol. 81, v°.

Sy fut roygent et gouverneur de France,
Normandie il garda d'encombrance,
Sur Pontaysse la ryviere passa,
Le roy Francoyez et son doulfin chassa.
En Erllande mist tel gouvernement,
Tout le pais rygla paisiblement.
D'Engleterre fut long temps prottetur,
Le peuple ama, et fut leur deffendeur.
Noble lygne ot d'enfans, que Dieu garde.
Dont l'aysné fylz est nomé Edouarde,
Qui est vray roy, et son droit conquessta,
Par grant labeur qu'il en prinst l'aqueta,
Il est regnant solitaire ou jour d'uy,
Dieu et ses sainz sy le gardent d'enuy!
Ce noble duc à Wacquefylde mourut,
Doux paix traitant force sur luy courut,
L'an soixnte, le xxx^e^ de Decembre,
Cinquante ans ot d'age, comme on remembre,
En priant Dieu et la tresbelle dame
Qu'en Paradiz puist reposser son ame!
Amen. *Chester le H^t^.*

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the right heir.—And he was regent and governor of France,—Normandy he guarded from danger,—he passed the river at Pontoise,—and drove away the French king and his dauphin.—In Ireland he established such government,—that he ruled all the country peaceably.—Of England he was long protector,—he loved the people, and was their defender.—He had a noble lineage of children, whom may God have in his keeping.—The eldest of whom is named Edward,—who is true king, and conquered his right,—he purchased it by great labour which he bestowed upon it,—he is reigning singly at the present day,—God and his saints preserve him from injury!—This noble duke died at Wakefield,—while treating of sweet peace, force rushed upon him,—the year sixty, the thirtieth of December,—he was fifty years of age, as people remember,—Praying God and the very fair lady—that his soul may repose in Paradise!—Amen. Chester the Herald.

On the Civil Wars.[1]

Processus sub brevibus in metro belli illius primi quod actum erat apud villam Sancti Albani temporibus regis Henrici sexti.

Martia splendiferum regerent cum sidera lucem,
Aspicerentque feros torvis aspectibus Anglos,
Albani villam tranquilla pace vigentem
Fœdarunt multo violenter sanguine fuso.
Rex aderat præsens, secumque cohors satis ingens
De dominis regni; contrarius his Eboraci
Duxque duo comites Warwici et Sarsburiensis
Venerunt; media fit grandis pugna platea,
In qua corruerant qui nobilitate vigebant
De patria Boreæ, comes insignis dominusque,
Corruit ac ipse qui belli causa fuisse
Fertur, dux magnus de Somerseth vocitatus,
Ac alii plures; satis aspera sors fuit ipsis.
Multi fugerunt, aliter se non properarunt
Quam faciunt trepidæ nisum fugiendo columbæ,
Insultumve canis damus, lepus, aut fera quævis.
Dum fugiunt, nemora petierunt sive frutecta;
In quibus, ut pueri virgam metuendo magistri,
Se pudet id ferre, vecorditer occubuere.
Qui fuerant nostra propius penetralia tecta
Ad nos fugerunt, sub stallis et latuerunt,
Aut infra latebras; timor ingens duxerat ipsos.

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[1] This piece, written by the well-known monk of St. Alban's, John de Whethamstede, was evidently composed immediately after the decisive and sanguinary battle of Towton, which is mentioned in it. The author seems to be chiefly desirous of recording the ill-treatment which the abbey of St. Alban's received from the northern partizans of the house of Lancaster. It is printed from a manuscript in the Bodleian Library, MS. Laud. No. 697, fol. 29, r°.

Sic imbecillis tergum dedit hostibus hostis,
Non sine dedecore, nec nominis absque rubore.
Mors est, non vita, sub turpi vivere fama.
Et patet in paucis sors belli quæ fuit hujus,
Qualis et eventus domini ducis et comitatus.

Ter deno trino domini regis fuit anno
Henrici sexti, facies hæc obvia cœli,
In Maio mense bis dena bis quoque luce.

Providentia Dei misericordis mediatione martyris sui Albani actum esse credimus, ut rex ad villam cum accideret diverteret se a monasterio ac ad villæ medium properaret, unde quia tam tanta tam gratuita quæ fuerant mediatione sui martyris in salvationem suæ ecclesiæ misericordia domini plasmatoris, ideo in laudem et gloriam utriusque scribitur ulterius de hac materia metrice sub his verbis.

Dum Maius madidi flos floruit imbribus Austri,
Mollibus et Zephyrus refoveret flatibus arvos,
Flora velut riguos herbis ditaverat hortos,
Post glacies inopes hos fecerat et locupletes,
Sic rapidis Stilbon prædonibus undique regnum
Repleratque nimis, sic late sparserat ipsos,
Ut villam tandem tantus pervaderet istam
Illorum numerus, ut vix evaderet unus
Quin spolium lueret, spoliantes vel trepidaret.
Accidit ex causa spoliatio tam gravis ista;
Mars cœli dominus fuerat tunc, et soror ejus
In terris domina belli Bellona vocata,
Unde malum multum signanter partibus istis
Contigit, et bellum fuit istis grande peractum,
Sanguis et effusus multus, dux et jugulatus
Illius pugnæ qui fertur causa fuisse.
Bello finito, strepitu quoque pacificato,
Indultum est prædæ, prædones quippe fuere

Victores omnes, nulli quasi compatientes.
Tunc rex, tunc proceres, tunc villani quoque plures,
Ac alii varii, fuerant rebus spoliati.
Attamen ecclesia simul ecclesiæ bona cuncta,
Infra quæ fuerant sub clausuraque jacebant,
Manserunt salva, nec ei res defuit ulla.
Laus igitur Domino, laus in specieque patrono,
Cujus per media stabant sua singula salva,
Salvus et a cunctis simul abbas, frater, et omnes.
Spiritus ille bonus sine fallo, spiritus almus,
Ad villam regem qui direxit venientem
Illius ad medium, nec tunc permiserat ipsum
Ecclesiam petere, conservavit sua quæque.
Sed patronus erat qui pro monachis mediarat,
A raptore locumque suum servavit, et omnem
Ipsius ornatum, fœdari nec tulit ipsum.
Si rex intrasset, secumque ducem sociasset,
Valvas ecclesiæ, paruissent cuncta rapinæ,
Nec poterat furias quisquam compescere plebis.
Laus igitur Domino rursus rursusque patrono!
Stat locus iste suo salvus munimine solo,
Salvaque supposita, sua salvaque prædia cuncta.
Tempore dilapso miracula plura patrono
Concessum facere fuit, utique ab omnipotente
Laude celebrandum præ cunctis creditur unum,
Quod dum prædator stabat pro tempore liber,
Et raperet varia, bene servavit sua cuncta,
Flere nec ecclesiam rem raptam pertulit ullam.

Nota de bello apud Wacfeld habito.

Anno milleno centum quater, x. quoque seno,
Terdenoque die duodeno mense Decembre,
Infra Eboracensem juxta Vacfeld comitatum,
Dux dominus villæ fertur pugnans habuisse
Conflictum grandem contra gentem borealem
Ac proceres plures præerant qui gentibus ipsis;

Quo docuit quia sors quod res fortuna secundas
Vitat habere moras, cecidit dux, natus et ejus,
Ac comes insignis, sors belli sors fuit ipsis
Obvia, sicque satis regni fuerat brevis hæres,
Omen et id lætum tulerat mutamine mæstum,
Deflendum multis; jus regni jus fuit ejus.

Processus belli illius sive prælii secundi sub metrico stylo, quod inter Australes et Boreales commissum fuerat infra et extra villam Sancti Albani.

M. semel x. seno centum quater et simul uno,
Cum lux septena fuerat mensis quoque dena,
Numinis illius venerantur quod morientes,
Inter Solares pugnantes et Boreales
Magna cohors cecidit, duo milia plebs numeravit,
Sors apud Albani villam protomartyris almi
Et pugnæ campum cæsis dedit et tumulatum,
Quod dolet ac doluit annis multisque dolebit
Villicus ac monachus prope eos habitator et omnis.
Principio pugnæ potiores marte fuere
Australes, tandem vicit Boreasque triumphum
Abstulerat secum, stat sors mox versa retrorsum
Martis, ut eventum fore scires sic dubiosum.
Ut veniunt cinifes, culices, brucique, locustæ,
Ac vastant segetes, aliæ muscæ quoque multæ,
Sic advenerunt similes illis Boreales
Ac vastaverunt segetes et opes populares
Austri totius; his judex sit Radamantus,
Et Minos Cretæ conjunctus eis Æacusque,
Atque modum pœnæ pensent seu demeruere.
Vix infernalis pro pœna sufficit ipsis
Aut focus aut furiæ, licet essent agmine mille.
Gens est Cerberea, gens Sphyngea, gens Briarea,
Latratu, raptu, spolii prædæque voratu,
Laus hæc, laus Boreæ, laus est hæc laus sine laude.

Nunc quia de viris Borealibus sit sæpe et sæpius mentio in præmissis, ideo de eorum moribus et conditionibus scribitur hic ulterius metrice sub his verbis.

Qui mores plebis agnoscere vis borealis,
Perlege, pange metra, tibi dicent nil nisi vera.
Gens Boreæ, gens Tisiphonæ, gens alta Megæræ,
Gens lactata Styge, potataque plebs Acheronte,
Sævit in Australes, stimularet seu furor omnes,
Non vigor attrahere victus, non visve moveret,
Est furor aut furia quicquid gens egerit ista.
Gens Boreæ, gens Cerbereæ linguæque loquelæ,
Latrat et elatrat et verba rudissima tractat.
Proditor est quisque vir nobilis ejus in ore,
Presbyter et monachus, puer et vir, sexus et omnis,
Fœmineæ sive probri quod possit vilius edi,
Semper ut inficiat vir vilis vilia tracta.
Gens Boreæ gens proluvie fœdissima de se
Harpyiis similis violando vasa liquoris,
Ac mensas hominum, tabulatas ac mulierum.
Fœdior est fatu, bis turpior est moderatu,
Nescit honesta loqui vir fœdæ progeniei.
Gens Boriæ gens perfidiæ, gens prompta rapinæ,
Gens est centimano raptu similis Briareæ,
Et Tityo jecore, Sisypho saxoque ruente;
Et licet ulterius societur Tantalus istis,
Non portat metrum, mos est his pejor eorum,
Diripiunt, rapiunt, post se vix saxa relinquit
Gens Boreæ, gens nequitiæ, gens absque pietate,
Et sine lege veris vindex, sine judice juris.
Decisor quia vi vult cuncta regi gladiali,
Moreve barbarico, licitum foret in spoliando,
Ut fierent propriæ per raptum res alienæ.
Friguit aut caluit nimis id quod tollere nollet.
Gens Boreæ, gens viperæe pellis generisque,

Mordet et emordet, rodit, corrodit, et urget
Matris ad interitum, male sicut tendat ad ortum.
Devorat ad patriam quæ sæpe cibaverat ipsum,
Per matrisque modum dederat sibi lac ad edendum,
Et linguæ stimulo noceat caudæque veneno
Australi populo sibi res et opes rapiendo,
Austiterat præda raptrix Boreasque rapina.
Hinc gens, gens ista quia fertur tam vitiosa,
Quod mihi, si centum linguæ sint oraque centum,
Ferrea vox, et item vix singula dicere possem.
Hanc cantaream sibi quæsivit propriandam,
Extinctis cereis sonituque nolæque libellis,
Et pro perpetuo maledicta sit Arctos ab Austro.

Processus sub brevibus sub forma et modo quibus comes Marchiæ, filius et hæres domini ducis Eboraci interfecti, audita fama de morte sui patris, mox associata sibi non pauca multitudine plebis, ad partes Boreales secessit contra proceres et alios rebelles pugnaturos, ideo scribitur hic ulterius sub breviloquio stylo metrico sub his verbis.

X. numero seni lapsi sunt circiter anni,
Postquam successit rex juris jureve rexit
Anglorum regnum, vis non jus rexerat ipsum;
Jam nova progenies quia cœlo venit ab alto.
Saturni soboles qui nomine dicitur altro,
Edwardus quartus, Ricardo sanguine junctus.
Creditur a multis redient Saturnia nostris
Temporibus secla; lis, visque, nefas simul una
Deperient; jura, lex, et pax sint reditura;
Fraus etiamque dolus cessabunt, ac violentus
Raptus avaritiæ subeunt verumque fidesque.
Hæc spes plebis erat, cleri chorus hæcque putabat:
Det seu speratur regnum Deus ut statuatur,
Et plebs tranquille vivat clerusque quiete.

Deinde de tempore illius belli quo domiti stabant Boreales, et prædomiti, pro excessibus patratis in patria australi, ulterius metrice sic scribens inquit.

M. semel x. terno centum quaterni simul uno,
In Martis mense ter dena denique luce,
In patria Boreæ Ferebrius prope jugera villæ
Pugna fuit plebis acris nimis et satis atrox.
Vicerat Arctos in bello martius heros
Junior Edwardus, Hector novus, alter Achilles,
Prostravit multos; Austro tunc cesserat Arctos,
Et doluit casum supra x. bis millia, quorum
Quamplures domini, plures et erant generosi.
Illius patriæ flos et sors tunc cecidere,
Et merito, quoniam spoliarunt nequiter Austrum.
Laus igitur Domino, sit honor, sit gloria Christo!
Cessat nunc flatus grandis Boreæque boatus,
Inque Austrum rediit, Æolus ventum variavit.
Est Boreas mordens et valde ventus adurens;
Est Auster justus, vult morsu rodere morsus,
Et male mordentem vere vires tollere eidem;
Est Zephyrus placidus, est suavis frater et ejus;
Hinc Boreasque Aquilo pro tunc clauduntur in antro.

Quia in præmissis sit mentio de titulis utriusque jam dicti regis, ideo in recensionem et recitationis recordationem scribitur hic ulterius de utrisque metrice sub horum verborum tenore.

In sibi conjunctis Edwardi semine natis
Ortus erat primo Lionellus, Johannesque secundo;
Cedat lex regni vult junior ut seniori.
Attamen Henricus hæres genitusque Johannis,
Per vim sceptrigerum regimen tuleratque coronam,
Et tenuit multis sed non sine viribus annis.

Illi successit rex, qui si non caruisset
Justitiæ titulo, non Hector dignior ipso,
Non judex Æacus, non ore politus Ulixes.
Ipso defuncto successit filius, in quo
Stirps ea cessavit; hæres rectus remeavit,
Scilicet Edwardus Leonelli proximus hæres.
Hic petiit regimen, rex obstat datque negamen.
Res agitur belli, vicit sanguis Leonelli
Et palmam tulerat, Henricus rex fugiebat.
Bello finito, multo quoque sanguine fuso,
Cum victor secum palmam ferretque triumphum,
Vendicat hoc iterum, plebs applaudabat eidem,
Clamabatque sibi, vivat felicior omni
Rege vel Augusto, melior regat Octaviano.
Hæc vox cunctorum clamor fuit ac populorum.
Rex igitur factus, rex in solioque levatus,
Quod fractum fuerat iterum bene consolidabat,
Jureque quo potuit vim pressit, jus renovavit.
Sic vetus id dictum fuerat bene verificatum,
De male quæsitis vix gaudet tertius hæres,
Stare diuque nequit mala quicquid vis stabilivit;
Jus nescitque mori, valeat licet ense ferire;
Ex bene patratis bene crescit honos quoque virtus.
O rota versatilis nimis oque rotabilis axis,
Sorte novercante fatoque modum variante,
Corruit Henricus isto sub nomine sextus,
Et casum tulerat, titulus sibi deficiebat,
Defecitque bonus, heus! pro moderamine sensus,
Proque bono campi cor defuit Herculis illi.
Matris non patris fuit ortus filius excors,
Matrem nec coluit, nimis a patre degeneravit,
Quo melior miles non Teucer erat vel Atrides,
Sive timor Phrygiis Ajax robustus in armis.
Hic fuit in verbis rex mitis, rex pietatis,
Attamen in factis nimiæ vir simplicitatis.
Hinc postquam triginta novem rex præfuit annis,
Cæca suam fortuna rotam, quasi fortis in armis,

Volverat, et regimen rapiebat regis, eundem
Compulit ac subito sic dicere, "sum sine regno."
O sors prosperior, o gratia sorteque major,
Qui diuturna nimis fuit expectatio plebis,
Sed mittendus erat, jam dante Deo veniebat.
Hic Martis soboles et nomine martius heros,
Marte triumphante jus sceptri jusque coronæ
Ut decuit sumpsit, ut debuit ac sibi junxit.
Tunc bona spes fuerat sors prospera quod reveniret,
Lætaque pro voto coleret plebs secla sub ipso.
Det Deus ac faciat bona ne spes irrita fiat!
Qui veteres recolis veteranaque gesta revolvis,
Ferreque scis si vis thore quis fuit ac pater ejus,
Dic si legisti, legisseve te meministi,
Quenquam decrepitum qui cesserat opilionem,
Et steterat multis absens in partibus annis,
Rursus gestantem baculum baculoque regentem
Conventum pecorum concordi voce legentum.
Res hæc rata satis, nec contingens retroactis
Temporibus multis, nostris tamen accidit annis.
In patre qui sextus fuit ordine primo Johannis,
Sed post octavus bis præfuerat quia dictus,
Hoc duplex nomen sibi vendicat unus et idem,
Deque loco segetis pater est cognomine dictus,
Hac nunc in decade numerus qui dicitur esse,
In qua totius residet perfectio legis,
Scriba suo calamo pausam finemque libello
Imposuit fessus, senio morboque repressus,
Cæcutiens steterat, auditus deficiebat,
Contractique manus digiti fuerant simul omnes,
Semper et ad valvas stabat mors improba pulsans;
Dixit et ecclesiæ, dispone tuo, moriere.
Hac igitur causa scriptor nihil addidit ultra;
Addere nec poterat, quia visus deficiebat,
Idem scribendi sibi finis eratque videndi.

Explicit, expliciunt qualia scripta ferunt.

A Political Retrospect.[1]

To have in mynde callyng to remembraunce
  The gret wrongys doon of oold antiquité,
Unrightful heyres by wrong alyaunce
  Usurpyng this royaume caused gret adversité;
  Kyng Richard the secounde, highe of dignytee,
Whiche of Ingeland was rightful enheritoure,
  In whos tyme ther was habundaunce with plentee
Of welthe and erthely joye, without langoure.

Than cam Henry of Derby, by force and myght,
  And undir the colour of fals perjury,
He toke this rightwys kyng, Goddes trew knyght,
  And hym in prison put perpetuelly,
  Pyned to dethe, alas! ful pyteuxly;
Holy bisshop Scrope, the blyssed confessour,
  In that quarel toke hys dethe ful paciently,
That alle the world spak of that gret langoure.

Whos dethe ys a very trew evidence
  To alle Ingeland for the just title and lyne,
Whiche for the trowthe by tyranny and violence
  Was put doune and suspect holde venyrsyne;
  Many a trew lord then put to mortel fyne;
Alway they have ben aboute withe rigoure
  The lynaige of kyng Richard to undirmyne,
That longe have lyved in gret langoure.

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[1] This poem, which appears to have been composed in 1462 or 1463, is preserved in a contemporary manuscript in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, No. 101, fol. 98, r°.

God smote the said Henry, for hys gret fersnesse,
With a lepre holdyng hym to hys ende fynally.
Next hym Henry the fyfte, of knyghtly prowesse,
Named the best of that lyne and progeny,
How be it he regned unrightfully,
Ȝit he upheld in Ingeland the honnour;
Henry hys sone of Wy[n]desore, by gret foly,
Alle hathe retourned unto huge langoure.

Callyng to mynde the fals engendred treson
And myschyefz that were in hys dayes regnyng;
The good duc of Gloucestre, in the season
Of the parlement at Bury beyng,
Was put to dethe; and ay sithe gret mornyng
Hathe ben in Ingeland, with many a scharp schoure,
Falshode, myschyef, secret synne upholdyng,
Whiche hathe caused in Engeland endelez langoure.

Noo mervail though Engeland hathe ben unhappy,
Whiche hathe be mysrewled ȝerys sertayne;
Scripture saithe heritage holdyn wrongfully
Schal never cheve ne with the thred heyre remayne,
As hathe be verified late ful playne,
Where as iij. kynges have regned by erroure,
The thred put ouȝte, and the right brought agayne,
Whos absence hathe caused endlez langoure.

Also scripture saithe, woo be to that regyon
Where ys a kyng unwyse or innocent;
Moreovyr it ys right a gret abusion,
A womman of a land to be a regent,
Qwene Margrete I mene, that ever hathe ment
To governe alle Engeland with myght and poure,
And to destroye the ryght lyne was here entent,
Wherfore sche hathe a fal, to here gret langoure.

And now sche ne rought, so that sche myght attayne,
Though alle Engeland were brought to confusyon,
Sche and here wykked affynité certayne
Entende uttyrly to destroye thys regioun;
For with theym ys but dethe and distruccioun,
Robberye and vengeaunce, with alle rygour,
Therfore alle that holde of that oppynioun,
God sende hem a schort ende with meche langour.

O it ys gretly agayne kynde and nature,
An Englyshe man to corrumpe hys owne nacion,
Willyng straungiers for to recure,
And in Engeland to have the domynacioun,
Wenyng thanne to be gret of reputacion;
For sothe they that soo hope, least schal be theyre pour;
He that woold be high schal be undir subjecioun,
And the fyrst that schal repente the langoure.

Wherfore I lykken England to a gardayne,
Whiche that hathe ben overgrowen many yere
Withe wedys, whiche must be mowen doune playne,
And than schul the pleasant swete herbes appere.
Wherfore alle trewe Englyshe peuple, pray yn fere
For kyng Edward of Rouen, oure comfortoure,
That he kepe justice and make wedis clere,
Avoydyng the blak cloudys of langoure.

A gret signe it ys that God lovythe that knyght,
For alle thoo that woold have destroyed hym utterly,
Alle they ar myschyeved and put to flyght.
Than remembre hys fortune with chevalry
Whiche at Northamptoun gate the victory,
And at Mortimers Crosse he had the honnour;
On Palme Sonday he wan the palme of glorye,
And put hys enemyes to endelez langour.

And drave hys adversary ouȝt of the lande;
Aftyr cam to Londun and was crouned kyng.
Ryght late God ȝaf hym grace to undirstonde
The fals traytours agayne hym ymagynynge.
The prophecie saithe, there schal dere hym noo thinge,
He it ys that schal wynne castelle, toune, and toure;
Alle rebellyous undyr he schal hem bryṅge,
Willyng to hys highenesse any langoure.

Richard the erl of Warwyk, of knyghthode
Lodesterre, borne of a stok that evyr schal be trewe,
Havyng the name of prowes and manhoode,
Hathe ay ben redy to helpe and resskewe
Kyng Edward, in hys right hym to endewe;
The commens therto have redy every houre;
The voyx of the peuple, the voix of Jhesu,
Who kepe and preserve hym from alle langoure.

Now blyssed saint George, pray the vierge immaculat
To be good mediatrix, praying her sonne
That Edward of Rouen may be victorieux and fortunat,
Withe alle the trew lordes of hys regioun,
That they may se a good way and directioun
To make peas in Engeland, that riche and pouer
May joyfully synge at the conclusyon,
Welcom everlastyng joye, and farewal langoure.

On the Recovery of the Throne by Edward IV.[1]

Remembyr with reverens the Maker of mankynde,
How myȝty, how mercyfulle, how glorius he is,
Alle erthly creaturus in thayre reasonys byn blynde,
Whan they compar with his power thay do alle amys.
Agaynste his power no thynge impossible is;
Wherefore lett us say in wele and in woo
Good Lorde, evermore thy wille be doo.

How mervelous to man, how dowtfulle to drede,
How far paste mannys resoun and mynde hath it bee,
The comyng of kynge Edwarde, and his good spede,
Owte of Dochelonde into Englonde over the salte see.
In what parell and trowbill, in what payne was hee!
Whan the salte water and tempest wrought hym gret woo;
But in adversité and ever, Lorde, thy wille be doo.

His knyȝtehode, his power, his ordinance, his ryȝte,
Agaynst this trowblis tempest avaylid hym no thynge.
What may manhode do agaynst Goddes myȝte?
The wynde, the water spareth nodyr priynce ne kyng.
Haply that trowbill was for wickyd lyvyng;
God wolde every creature his Maker shulde know,
Wherefore, good Lorde, ever more thy wille be doo.

[1] From MS. Reg. 17 D. xv. fol. 327, r°.

Lorde, the unkyndnes was shewid to kynge Edward
that day!
At his londyng in Holdyrnes he had grett payne;
His subjectes and people wolde not hym obey,
Off hym and his people thay had grett disdayne.
There schewid hym unkyndnes, and answerid hym
playne,
As for kynge he shulde not londe there for wele ne woo;
Yett londid that gentill prynce, the will of God was soo.

To Yorke this nobille prynce and his pepull did passe,
Magré his enmyes, no man hym lett myȝte;
At wiche cité trowbelid the ryalle prynce was,
Yett into the cité he enterid be Goddes power and
myȝte;
And whan the pepull of his persone had a verrey syȝte,
Thayre malice was quenchid, were they never so woo.
Wherefore, good Lorde, ever more thy wille be doo.

That shortly to ride that nobill prynce was redy,
By Pomfrett castell he paste, his enmys not with-
stondyng.
Marques Mountigew of that passage was verrey hevy,
Wyth the prynce he durste not mete, but ther lay
the mornyng;
His tresoun in his mynde before done was remiyng,
Supposyng that kyng Edwarde remembryd it also.
Wherefore, good Lorde, ever more thy wille be doo.

At Covyntré that gentill prynce was trowblid mer-
velously,
Wyth the scourge of God thus betyn was hee.
Mete, dryncke, and logynge his pepulle lackyd certaynly,
Yett he pight his felde in placis thre,
To fyght with Warwicke and all his meny.
But he was affrayed, and his people also.
In every thynge, Lord, thy wille be doo.

O glorius God, how thou haste assigned
Hertes disceveryd to be stablisshyd ayene,
In love of matremonye thou haste hem joynyd,
Kyng Edwarde and the duke of Claranse gret honour to attayne.
Thay were dysceveryd by a sottell meane;
Nature hath compellid hem agayne togere go;
Thus in every thyng, Lorde, thy wille be doo.

At Warwicke the knot was knytt agayne,
Unknowyng to many a man in this londe;
God sent his grace by a sovereyne meane,
Yett the pepulle ben blynde, they will not understonde.
Stryve not with the peopull, ne the werkys of his honde,
And thoncke hym hertely it plesith hym so to do;
And lett us say, "Good Lorde, ever thy wille be doo."

Longe lay the kyng there, away wolde not hee,
Dayly he prophered batayle, his enmys durst not fyghte;
Lacke of logynge and vitayle, it was grett peté,
Causid the gentill prynce to remeve, suche was Goddes myȝte.
Lowe how the good Lorde his owne gentill knyȝte,
Because he shulde remembir hym in wele and in woo.
Thus in every thyng, Lorde, thy wille be doo.

As the priynce passid to Londone, God shewid ryghte
Secrett thyng to hym, tokyn of victory;
In presence of the same priynce, by Goddes powere and myȝte,
And ymage wiche was closid brake opyn sodenly.
God sheid hym this comforte in the abbey of Deyntré,

Because he shulde be stidfast in wele and in woo;
The ymage was of saynte Anne, God wolde it shulde
be so.

The gentill priynce and his pepull to Londone did passe,
Into the cité he enterid with a company of men trew.
For the wiche his enmys cryed, "Owte and alas!"
Thayre red colowrus chaungid to pale hewe.
Than the nobill prynce began werkys new.
He toke prisoners a kyng and a clerke, loo,
How the will of God in every thynge is doo.

To Westmynster the kyng be water did glide,
Worshypfully resayvid with processioun in ffeet,
Resayvid with reverence, his dewté not denye;
The cardenall uppone his hede the crowne did sett,
The septure in his honde, withowte intrumpcioun or
lett.
Then to seynt Edwardes shryne the priynce did goo,
Thus in every thyng the wille of God is doo.

The kyng comfortid the quene, and other ladyes eke;
His swete babis full tendurly he did kys;
The yonge priynce he behelde, and in his armys did bere.
Thus his bale turnyd hym to blis;
Aftur sorow joy, the course of the worlde is.
The siȝte of his babis relesid parte of his woo;
Thus the wille of God in every thyng is doo.

How sodenly that tyme he was compellid to parte
To the felde of Barnet with his enmys to fyghte.
God lett never prynce be so hevy in his herte
As kynge Edwarde was all that hole nyȝte.
And aftur that shone a ster over his hede full
bryȝte,
The syght of the wiche made his enmys woo;
It was a tokyn of victory, Goddis will was soo.

This prynce it perceyvid, and he let it passe and goo,
That was to Cryst his creature he did calle,
To oure lady and to saynt George, and other seyntes moo;
Then sodenly uppone his knes the prynce did falle,
Besechyng the good Lorde and his seyntes alle
His ryght hym to sende, and defende hym of his foo,
And said ever, "Good Lorde, thy wille be doo."

Thow knowyst my ryȝte, Lorde, and other men also;
As it is my ryȝte, Lorde, so thou me defende,
And the quarell that is wronge it may be overthrow,
And to ryght parte the victory thou sende,
And I promesse the, good Lorde, my lyffe to amende,
I knolege me a synner wrappid in woo.
And all said with one voyse, "Lorde, thy will be doo."

His meditacioun thus made, his herte hevy,
Yet his hede he up lyfte with a mery chere,
And said, "Frendis, to this jorney it is tyme we hye;
"Latt us all call to Cryst and his seyntes in fere,
"As he uppone a crosse boght us ryght dere.
"I knolege me a synner wrappid in woo;
"In this adversité evir, Lorde, thy wille be doo."

"Avaunce, baner," quod the kyng, "passe forthe anone,
"In the name of the Trinyté and oure Lady bryghte,
"Seynt Edward, seynt Anne, and swete seynt Johan,
"And in the name of seynt George, oure ladis "knyȝte,
"This day shew thy grett power and thy gret "myȝte,
"And brynge thy trew subjectes owte of payne and "woo;
"And as thy wille is, Lorde, thys jorney be doo."

There was shotyng of gonnys and arows plenté;
There was showtyng and crying that the erth did quake;
There was hewyng of harnes, peté was to see;
For fere of that fray many man did shake.
There was tremelyng and turnyng thayre woo did wake.
There was hewyng of helmettes and salettes also;
Hit plesid God that seasoun it shulde be soo.

There was jollyng, ther was rennyng for the sovereynté,
There was rorynge and rumbelynge, peté to here;
Fayne was the waykyer away for to flee.
That day many a stowte man was ded there;
Warwicke and Mowntegew were slayne in fere,
Knyȝtes and gentilmen and other men moo.
In all thynges, good Lorde, every thy wille be doo.

There was rydynge and rennyng; sum cryed, "Wayle-away!"
Unknowyng to many man who the better hadde.
Sum souȝte thayre maysters, sum hit thaym that day,
Sum ran here and there like men that were madde;
Sum were ryght hevy and harde bestadde,
Ryght besy in thayre wittes away to goo.
Alle was for the best, oure Lorde wold it shulde be so.

Kynge Edward and his brothere, dowtyng no fere,
Lordis and other gentilmen in the kynges ryȝte,
Stidfastyly and worshypfully thayre parte did there,
Manly and freshely that day did thay fyȝte.
To kynge Edwarde fille the victorye, throw Goddes myȝte.
Many one whan thay wist thay were ryȝte woo.
Hit bootid hem not to stryve, the wille of God was soo.

To London com the kyng whan the batell was doo,
  Levyng behynde hym many a dede man;
Sum hurte, sum slayne, sum cryinge "Alas!"
  Gretter multitude than I con telle.
  Sum waloyng in blood, sum pale, sum wan.
Sum sekyng thayre frendis in care and in woo.
In every thynge, Lord, thy wille be doo.

In Sothwerke, at Bambere heth, and Kyngston eke,
  The bastarde and his meané in the contré abowte,
Many grett men in London they made seke,
  Man, wyff, ne childe there durst non rowte.
  Oxin, shepe, and vetayle, withowtyn any dowte,
Thay stale away and carrid ever to and froo.
God suffirs moche thyng, his wille to be doo.

Moche sorow and shame the wrecchis thay wroughte,
  Fayre placis thay brend on the water side.
Thayre myschevus dedis avaylid ham noughte,
  Schamfully thay wrougte, and so thaym betyd.
  Thay wolde not leve ther malice, but therin abyde,
Thay cryed kynge Edward and Warwicke also.
Thus the wille of God in every thynge is doo.

At Londone brygge thay made asawte, sham to see,
  The utter gate on the brygge thay sett on fyre;
Into Londone shott arows withowte peté.
  With gunnus thay were bett that sum lay in the myre.
  Thay askyd wage of the brygge, thay paid them thayre hire.
Ever amonge thay had the worse, then wakynd thaire woo.
False men most be poyneshyd, the will of God is soo.

At Londone brige anodyr sawte thay made agayne,
Wyth gunpowdir and wildefire and straw eke;
Fro the gate to the drawbrygge thay brent down playne,
That x. myle men myȝte se the smeke.
Thay were not of thayre entent the nere of a leke,
For into the cité thay myȝte not com for wele ne for woo;
God restid thayre malice, the wille of hym was soo.

At Algate thay sawtid in an ill seasoun;
Thay brente fayre howsis, peté was to se.
Thus these false men did opyne tresoun,
Supposynge evermore to enture into cité.
God and good seyntes thereof had pité.
Thayre malice was sesid and turned hem to woo.
Thus in every thynge, Lorde, thy will be doo.

The erle of Esex, and also the aldurmen,
At Bysshopus gate togedder thay mette,
And owte therat sewde like manly men.
Thay bete hem down, no man myȝte hem lett;
Freshely on thayre enmyes that day did thay fyȝte.
Thayre false treson brouȝte theym in woo;
Thus in every thynge, Lorde, thy wille be doo.

The erle Revers, that gentill knyȝte,
Blessid be the tym that he borne was!
By the power of God and his grett myȝte,
Throw his enmyes that day did he passe.
The maryners were kellid, thay cryed "Alas!"
Thayre false trêsoun brouȝte hem in woo,
Thus in every thynge, Lorde, thy wille be doo.

There aventurid the erle then into the honde,
Contravelde the welefaire of London that day;
When the comens the skomfertour did understonde,

Thay seuyd owte freshly, thay kepud none araye;
Glad with the Kentyschmen thay were for to fraye.
Thay were kyllid down, away thay myȝte not goo.
Thus the wille of God is evermore doo.

God wolde the erle Revers there shulde be;
He purchesid grett love of the comyns that seasoun;
Lovyngly the cetysens and hee
Pursuyd thayre enmyes, it was but reason,
And kyllid the peple for thayre false tresoun,
Or the chase were do, cc. and moo.
Thus in every thynge, Lorde, thy will be do.

When the Kentyschmen herd of that fraye,
Like maysterles men away thay wente,
Erly in the mornyng, or it were day,
Throw halkys and hegges resortid into Kent.
Thay vanysshyd away as thayre tayles had be brente,
Remembrynge thayre false tresoun, in hertes woo.
Thus in every thynge, Lorde, thy will be doo.

O glorius God, what vexacioun was then
To the quene and the lordis and other lades eke,
To the mayre, and the comens, and the aldurmen;
Thay nedid no fere ne sorow to seke.
Then aftur kynge Edwarde thay cryed and did wepe;
The lacke of his presence made the pepull woo.
Thus the wille of God in every thynge is doo.

O that nobill prynce and emperour flouere,
To sitt at Londone resorte he than;
Nothur Alisaunder ne Artur, ne no conquerouere
No better were acompenyd with nobill men.
Like none of the rounde tabulle were beseyn,
Ryally horsid and aparelde in the fere of thayre foo.
Thus victoriusly he come, Goddes wille was soo.

The duke of Glocetter, that nobill prynce,
Yonge of age and victorius in batayle,
To the honoure of Ectour that he myȝte comens,
Grace hym folowith, fortune, and good spede.
I suppose hes the same that clerkis of rede,
Fortune hathe hym chosyn, and forthe wyth hym will goo,
Her husbonde to be, the wille of God is soo.

In the kynges forwarde the prynce did ride,
Withe nobill lordis of grett renowne;
The erle of Penbroke, the lorde chamberlayne be his side;
Many other knyȝtes and yomen of the crowne;
With tru[m]ppus and clarions thay rode to Londone.
In the kynges forwarde were viij. m^{l} and moo.
Thus in every thynge the wille of God is doo.

The lorde chambirlayne, that gentill knyȝte,
Whiche failid his mayster nother in storme ne stoure;
Off goodly men he had a faire syȝte,
Wiche rode afore the kynge to his honoure.
He hathe deservid thancke amonge other paramour,
In Dochelonde, in Englonde, in wele and in woo;
He hath beddyn with his kynge, the wille of God is soo.

Then the glorius prynce, victorius and ryalle,
Kynge Edwarde the iiij^{the}, I wille ye undurstonde,
Viij. aldermen of Londone, I wille ye undyrstonde,
In the felde he dubbid thaym knyȝtes, and bade them up stonde,
Fulle nobille and worshypfully with his honde.
Wyth reverence and worshyp thay thanckyd hym also;
He remembirde thayre trew hertes, God wolde soo.

The duke of Claranse, that honorabill knyȝte,
Can alowe the cité notabully.
Hym to beholde it was a goodly syȝte,
He is an excellent prynce certaynly.
He thonckyd the cetisence of thayre fidelité
Done to the kynge, it plesid hym soo.
Thus in every thynge the wille of God is doo.

Then to the gate the kynge did ride,
His brethir and his lordis in ordre, a good siȝte to see.
iiij. m[l] harnessid men the kynge did abide,
And worshypfully resayvid hym into the cité.
Cryste preserve the pepull, for his grett peté!
xx. m[l], I suppose, and many one moo,
Welcomyd kyng Edward, the will of God was soo.

Throw the cité to Poulus thai did ride;
He was resayvid with prosessioun solemply;
His brether and his lordis knelyng hym beside,
Thayre offeryng thay made devoutly,
Lovyng and thonckyng God of his victory.
His brether and his lordis said the same also.
Thus in every thynge, Lorde, thy wille be doo.

O quene Elizabeth, o blessid creature,
O glorius God, what payne had sche?
What langowr and angwiche did sche endure?
When hir lorde and sovereyn was in adversité.
To here of hir wepyng it was grett peté,
When sche remembirde the kynge, sche was woo.
Thus in every thynge the wille of God is doo.

Here aftir, good lady, in youre felicité,
Remembir olde trowblis and thynges paste,
And thyncke that Cryste hym selfe is hee
That is kynge of kynges, and ever shall laste.
Knytt it in youre herte suerly and faste,
And thyncke he hathe delyveryd you owte of woo;
Hertly thoncke hym, hit plesith hym so to doo.

And ever, good lady, for the love of Jhesu,
And his blessid modir in any wise,
Remembir suche personus as have be trewe,
Helpe every man to have justice.
And thes that wille othir maner maters device,
Thay love not the kynge, I dar say soo,
Besechyng ever God that his wille be doo.

Explicit the balet off the kynge.

On England's Commercial Policy.[1]

Anglia, propter tuas naves et lanas, omnia regna te salutare deberent.

Goo forth, lybell, and mekly schew thy face
Afore my lordes, with humble countenaunss,
And pray theym all to take the to grace,
In appoysaylle and in cheryschyng the to avaunce.

Ffor thow mayst expertly be provyd by prudence,
Among alle discrete men havyng sapyence,
Ffor oone of the best that may be thought
Ffor the welth of Ynglond, yf it be well sowthe.

Ffor ther ys no reme in no maner degree,
Butt they have nede to oure Englysshe commodyté;
And the cawse theroff I wylle to yow expresse,
The wiche ys soth as the gospelle of the masse.

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[1] This poem was written to enforce the same principles as those contained in the larger tract of an earlier date, the Libel of English Policy, of which it is partly a sort of abstract adapted to the time. It is taken from a manuscript in the British Museum, MS. Lansdowne, No. 796, fol. 2, v°, of about the reign of Edward IV., at which period it appears to have been composed.

Ther ys noothir pope, emperowre, nor kyng,
Bysschop, cardynal, or any man levyng,
Of what condicion or what maner degree,
Duryng theyre levyng thei must have thynges iij.

Mete, drynk, and cloth, to every mannes sustynaunce,
They leng alle iij., withowtt varyaunce.
Ffor who so lackyth any of thyse iij. thynges,
Be the popys or emperowrs, or soo royall kynges,

Yt may not stonde with theym in any prosperyté;
Ffor who so lackythe any of thyse, he suffryd adversyté;
Wilys this ys soth be yowre wyttes dyscerne,
Of alle the remes in the worlde this beryth the lanterne.

Ffor of everyche of thyse iij. by Goddes ordynaunce,
Wee have suffycyenly unto oure sustynaunce,
And with the supplusage of oone of thyse iij. thynges,
We myȝgth rewle and governe alle crystyn kynges.

And paynymys also we myȝthe mak theym ful tame,
Ffor the cause we take no hed we be mykylle to blame;
For of alle the pepylle that be lyvyng on grounde
To praye and to please God we be most bownde.

Ffor thow thei have met, drynke, in every kyngges londe,
Yet they lacke clothe, as y undyrstonde;
And for to determyn that the trouthe ys soe,
Lestyn wel to me, and ye moste acord therto.

Ffor the marchauntes comme oure wollys for to bye,
Or elles the cloth that is made theroff sykyrly,
Oute of dyverse londes fer byyond the see,
To have thyse merchaundyss into theyr contré.

Ffrom Arteyse, Pekardy, Henaude, and Normandy,
Bretayne, Fraunse, Petowe, and Barry,
Gasscoyne, Gyon, and also Aragun,
Portyngale, Spayne, and Naverun.

Castyle, Cesyle, Coleyn, and Swethyn,
Pruse-londe, Florence, Venyse, and Jene,
Melane, Catelony, and alle Ytally,
Bewme, Hungry, Greke, and gret Turky.

And many moo londes that I can not nevene,
But y dar sey alle that be unther hevyne,
Bothe crystyn [and] hethyn of alle maner degreys,
They have nede to oure Englysshe commodyteis.

Therfor let not owre woole be sold for nowȝte,
Neyther oure clothe, for they must be sowth;
And in especyalle restrayne strayttly the wool,
That the comyns of thys land may wyrke at the fulle.

And yf any wooll be sowlde of thys londe,
Lete yt be of the worst bothe to ffre and bonde,
And noone other in [no] maner wyse,
Ffor many dyverse cawsys, as y can devyse.

Yf the woole be corse, the cloth is mykyll the worse,
Yet into lytylle thei putt owte of purse,
As myche for gardyng, spynnyng, and wevyng,
Ffullyng, rowyng, dyyng, and scheryng.

And yet when suche clothe ys alle ywrowte,
To the maker it waylyth lytylle or nowȝtte,
The pryce ys sympylle, the cost ys never the lesse,
They that wyrkkyd soche wooll in wytte be lyke an asse.

The costes into lytyll trewly at the fulle
Ys as myche as yt were maad of the fyne woll,
Yet a ȝerde of that oon ys worth v. of that other;
Bettyr can not I seye, thow yt were to my brother.

Take hed to my lessoun that y have schewyd here,
Ffor yt ys necessary to every clothyer,
And the most prevayle to theym that may be fownde,
Yf they wylle take hede therto and yt undyrstonde.

A ordynaunce wolde be maad for the poore porayle,
That in thyse dayes have but lytyll avayle,
That is to sey for spynners, carders, wevers also,
Ffor toukers, dyers, and schermyn thereto.

For in thyse dayes ther is a hewsaunce,
That puttyth the pore pepylle to grett hynderaunce,
By a strange mene that is late in londe
Bygun and usyd as y undyrstonde

By merchaundes and cloth-makers, for Godys sake take kepe,
The wyche makythe the poreylle to morne and wepe;
Lytyll thei take for theyre labur, yet halff ys merchaundyse;
Alas! for rewthe, yt ys gret pyté.

That they take for vj^{d}, yt ys dere ynow of iij.,
And thus thei be defrawdyd in every contré,
The pore have the labur, the ryche the wynnyng;
This acordythe nowȝte, it is a hevy partyng.

Butt to voyde fraude, and sett egallyté,
That syche wyrfolk be payd in good moné,
Ffrom this tyme forthe by suffycyent ordynaunce
That the poreylle no more be putte to suche grevaunce.

For and ye knew the sorow and hevyness
Of the pore pepyll levyng in dystress,
How thei be oppressyd in alle maner of thyng,
In yevyng theym to myche weythe into the spynnyng.

Ffor ix^{li} I wene they schalle take xij.,
This is very trewthe, as y know my selff;
Theyre wages be batyd, theyre weyte ys encresyd,
Thus the spynners and carders avaylys be alle seasyd.

Yt were profytabyl also and exspedyent for oure kyng,
And a gret awawntage of myche wynnyng,
And a gret enscherychyng to alle the comynalté,
That dwelle abowte ther that the mynys be,

The wyche have hyt in usage
To myne in the erthe to gete theyre sustynaunce,
Ther myght be had x. tymys more wynnyng
Than ys now adayees with good governyng.

For and ther were a myntte ordeynyd ny therby,
And a ordynaunce maad therto sykyrly,
That alle the sylver, whan yt fynyd were,
Thether schold be broȝtthe and yconyd there.

And mony to be caryyd into another place,
But oonly to be coynyd in a schort space,
Wherby that the wyrkfolk myghte trewly be payd,
Then I dar sey yt wold not be denayyd,

But ayenst oon man then schuld ye have x.,
For the good payment of the wyrkmen;
And the moe peopyll that wyrk in the mynys,
The more sylver schuld be had up at alle tymys.

And thus the kyng schold be enrychyd for his parte,
More than he is now, I dare play[n]ly joparte,
After the rate of theyre gret wynnyng,
The wiche schold be to hym a profytable thyng.

And thus this lond may be enrychyd ageyne,
The kyng, the lordes, and alle maner of men,
Knyghtis, squyers, and alle the comynalté,
They may playnly voyd alle poverté.

And so to contynow owtt of hevyness,
Fro penowry and nede, and to be put owt of dystress;
And for to cawse owre enmyss be this ordynaunss
To seke love and pese withowtt varyaunss.

And ffulle fayne that they may be subyet to this lond,
Yf we kepe the woollys straytly owt of theyre hond;
For by the endraperyng theroff they have theyre sustynaunce,
And thus owre enmys be supportyd to owre gret hynderaunce.

And therfor, for the love of God in trinyté,
Conceyve welle these matorss, and scherysshe the comynalté,
That theyre pover levyng synfulle and adversyté
May be altratyd unto welth, rychess, and prosperyté.

Here endythe the boke of Ynglysshe polysye,
That may cause alle the worlde yt to obeye;
Ther may no man denye but that it ys sothe,
For every man must have met, drynk, and clothe.

THE END.

GLOSSARY AND INDEX OF MEDIEVAL LATIN WORDS.

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A.

accidia, i. 175 ; sloth, listless melancholy.
acroma, i. 118, for *acroama ;* a concert of music.
adamas, i. 286 ; the diamond.
adunare, i. 259 ; to unite, to bring together in one.
affugere, i. 37 ; to fly from, to escape.
aldirmannus, i. 284 ; an alderman.
alle, i. 33.
alpha theos, i. 120.
ambassiator, i. 441 ; an ambassador.
amodo, i. 104 ; henceforth.
ancillare, i. 227 ; to bring into subjection.
anigerulus, i. 285 ; an error for *avigerulus ;* a dealer in birds.
antos, i. 43.
applaudare, ii. 265 ; to applaud.
arcta, ii. 157 ; the straits, between Dover and Calais.
arestasio, i. 143 ; an arrest.
argumentare, i. 260 ; to argue, to dispute.
armiger, i. 138 ; an esquire.
ars, i. 284, 287, &c. ; a trade, a trading corporation.
artifex, i. 287 ; an artizan, a member of a guild or company.
apothecarius, i. 284 , a dealer in drugs, an apothecary.
applicare, i. 160 ; to apply one thing to another.
assisæ, i. 194 ; the assizes.

B.

baga, i. 185 ; a ring, a jewel.
balearea, ii. 150 ; shots from an arbalest or military machine.
balearis, ii. 150 ; an arbalest, or other military machine for throwing missiles.
ballivus, i. 141 ; a bailif.
bannire, i. 135 ; to banish, to put under ban.
bannitio, i. 136 ; ban, banishment.
baro, i. 110, 196, ii. 3 ; a baron.
barra, i. 294 ; a bar.
barridus, i. 176, 177, 194, 196 ; strong, powerful, proud.
barrus, i. 196 ; an elephant.
bastardus, i. 108 ; a bastard.
bipartitus, i. 287 ; party-coloured.
bladum, i. 175 ; wheat, *blé.*

bombinare, i. 183, 184 ; crepitum edere.
bombus, i. 184 ; crepitus ventris.
brucus, i. 44 ; a sort of locust which devours the vegetation.
bubo, i. 194 ; a camp-follower, a scamp.
bumbardus, ii. 150 ; a gun, a cannon.
burgensis, i. 166 ; a burgher, a burgess.
bursista, i. 285 ; a maker of purses.

C.

caballus, i. 288 ; a horse, *cheval.*
calamizare, i. 192, 193 ; to sing joyfully.
calippus, i. 27.
camerarius, i. 461 ; a chamberlain.
cancellarius, i. 228 ; a chancellor.
candelarius, i. 285 ; a maker of candles.
cantarea, ii. 263 ; a chantry.
capellare, i. 227 ; to put a hat on.
capitalis, i. 120 ; put to death.
capito, i. 194 ; a fish, the gurnard.
capitulum, i. 257 ; a chapter or meeting of the monks.
capucium, i. 243 ; a capuce.
carbunculus, i. 286 ; a carbuncle, the precious stone.
catalla. i. 418 ; chattels.
caudare, ii. 128 ; to give a tail to.
cerarius. i. 285 ; a maker of wax tapers.
certificare, i. 105 ; to certify, to give information of.
cervicatus, ii. 119 ; proud, overbearing.
ceses, i. 117.
chekmat, i. 29 ; a term in the game of chess—checkmate.
chronica, i. 362 ; a chronicle. This was the most common form of the word in medieval Latin.
cirothecarius, i. 285 ; a glover.
cissura, i. 205 ; for *scissura.*
cistula, i. 293 ; a musical instrument.
clepere, i. 203 ; to steal.
cleptes, i. 201 ; a thief, a bandit.
climat, i. 29 ; apparently a term in chess.
clunagitare, i. 159, 160, 171 ; futuere.
coir, i. 28.
coliberti, i. 95, 121 ; the free companions, or freebooters, who, under Duguesclin and other chiefs, ravaged the provinces of France. It is an unusual sense of the word.
collistrigium, i. 230 ; the pillory.
comes, *passim ;* an earl.
comitissa, i. 461 ; a countess.
compotus, i. 33 ; an account, reckoning.
conjectuari, i. 124 ; to conjecture, to divine.
consi, ii. 253 ; perhaps for *conscii,* but the line appears to be corrupt.
conventiculum, i. 299 ; a conventicle, an assembly in secret.
counare, i. 29 ; to collect, to amass.
crustum, i. 190 ; a crust of bread.
cullus, i. 176, for *culus.*
curtus, i. 201, ii. 127; short.
cy, i. 36.

D.

damus, ii. 258 ; for *dama*.
dextrarius, i. 286, 288 ; a war-horse, *destrier*.
distractus, i. 134; drawn ; *distractus et suspensus*, drawn and hanged.
ducissa, i. 460 ; a duchess.
duellum, i. 111 ; a single combat.
duplare, i. 282 ; to double.
dux, *passim ;* a duke.

E.

ethelinga, i. 98 ; a prince.
exactivus, i. 39 ; exigent, one who exacts.
excillare, i. 159, 171; manere cum uxore propria.

F.

fallare, ii. 250 ; to deceive.
fatare, i. 36; to be fated.
favissor, i. 195 ; a favourer or maintainer.
feodum, i. 31 ; homage.
feriare, i. 95 ; apparently for *ferire*, to strike.
finis, i. 188 ; a fine.
firet, i. 29 ; apparently a term in the game of chess.
fortunium, i. 30 ; fortune ; *fortunia dura*, misfortunes.
furire, i. 118 ; to be mad with rage.

G.

garcio, i. 227 ; a lad, a camp-follower ?
gardianus, i. 257 ; the guardian.
gaudiosus, i. 192, 212 ; full of joy.
generosus, i. 125 ; *vir generosus*, a gentleman, an esquire.
genulos, i. 120.
girfalco, i. 45 ; a large species of falcon, a gerfalcon.
gith, i. 101; a plant, the corn-cockle.
glabrio, i. 173, 174 ; a beardless man.
glomerare, i. 285 ; to assemble in a cluster round anything.
gluto, i. 116, 118 ; a glutton, a loose fellow, a ribald.
griseus, i. 256; grey.
guerra, *passim;* war.

H.

hogge, i. 35 ; a sort of ship, perhaps the same word as the modern *hoy*.

I.

igris, i. 33.
immo, i. 99, &c. ; the usual medieval form of *imo*.
impetuensis, i. 204, 205 ; impetuous.
improperare, i. 177 ; to reproach, to abuse.

improperium, i. 177; reproach, abuse, insult.
ingratuitas, i. 230; ingratitude.
ingrediens, ii. 173; an ingredient (in medicine).
insubjicibilis, ii. 165; insubmissive, ungovernable.
intrusor, i. 114; a usurper.

J.

jocari, i. 444; to rejoice, to be glad and joyful.
jubilus, i. 40, 253; a joyful shout.
junctor, i. 285; a joiner (the trade).
justitia, i. 172; a just claim, or right.

K.

koghe, i. 35; a sort of ship, usually interpreted a cock-boat.

L.

laboritium, i. 259; properly, agricultural labour.
lapides, i. 160; testiculi.
latrones, i. 116; the free companies.
ligures, i. 116; ribalds, camp-followers, plunderers.
lista, i. 192; the border or list, in cloth.
livaret, i. 29; apparently an old term in the game of chess.
lorinarius, i. 285; more correctly *lormarius*, a maker of horses' bits.

M.

magistrari, i. 258; to take the degree of master of arts.
maleys, i. 27; an Anglo-Norman word, signifying uncomfortable.
maligni, i. 436; the malignants, a term applied to the court party in the reign of Richard II. It reminds us of the term as used by the puritans at a later period.
mannus, i. 169; a horse, a palfrey.
marcha, i. 156; a mark (the coin).
marescallus, i. 106; a marshal.
mediola, i. 247.
megarus, i. 194; a mackarel.
memoramen, ii. 129; a memorial, a record.
mendicantes, i. 255; the mendicant friars.
metrista, ii. 150; a versifier.
millus, i. 194, 196; for *mullus*, a mullet (the fish).
minores, i. 256; the minorites, or friars minors.
ministrallus, i. 143; a minstrel.
miserea, ii. 114; a misery.
missa, i. 114; the service of the mass.
monacordium, i. 293; a musical instrument with one string, more usually written *monochordum*.
monacornus, i. 294; a unicorn.
mortificare, i. 95; to kill.
morus, i. 194; a haddock (the fish).

moys, i. 180, 182; water.
multare, i. 184; for *mulctare*.
multo, i. 126, 162, &c.; a sheep, *mouton*.

N.

nablum, i. 293; a musical instrument.
nobile, i. 139, ii. 159; a noble, the name of a coin struck first in the 18th Ed. III.
notus, i. 94; for *nothus*, a bastard.
novalia, i. 236; some sort of tax exacted by the church.
novercare, ii. 265; to play the stepmother, to treat with cruelty.

O.

obstringillis, i. 176, 177; it appears by the context to mean obstructed, but according to Ducange *obstringilli* was a word signifying a sort of loose shoes.
opponere, i. 124; to subscribe.
otiva, i. 226.

P.

palafridus, i. 169, palefridus, i. 289; a palfrey.
pancratiatus, i. 161; punished, tormented.
pandoxator, i. 285; a brewer.
pares, i. 57; the peers.
pellicia, i. 256; a fur cloak, or mantle.
penna, i. 346; a pen.
phy, i. 27; an exclamation of disgust.
pilatus, i. 260; wearing a hat, the mark of an academic degree.
pir, i. 180, 182; fire.
pirata, i. 194; a robber on the sea.
pirgus, i. 28; a way, a road.
pisticus, i. 30; pure, unadulterated.
plagare, i. 109; to wound.
pomilio, i. 285; a fruiterer.
pos cy pes cy, i. 36.
possessionatus, i. 255; endowed, having possessions.
pour est ny, i. 36.
præminentia, ii. 115; prerogative or privilege.
prætendere, i. 124; to assert, to declare.
propiare, i. 288; to approach.
propriare, ii. 263; to appropriate.
provisores, i. 280; provisioners?
pugnalea, i. 56.

Q.

quietare, i. 124; to satisfy.
quietatio, i. 150; inactivity.

R.

rato, i. 43, 162; a rat.
recepta, ii. 173; a receipt.
rectores, i. 250; ecclesiastical dignitaries.
reserare, i. 125, 126; to interpret, reveal.
reseratio, i. 127; an interpretation.

rosum, i. 118; for *roseum*, red.
rumbus, i. 194; a kind of fish, the sturgeon.
rumphea, i. 37, 39; a javelin, a dart.

S.

saligia, i. 173; a factitious word, explained in the text.
scacci, i. 46; the game of chess.
scannum, i. 183, 186; for *scamnum*.
scortum, i. 140; *in scortis*, in fornication; *scorta*, fornication.
scutifer, i. 138; a knight.
scutum, i. 137, 139; a coin, called in English a noble, in French an *écu*.
secta, i. 285; a suit, uniformity of dress, livery.
seduus, i. 183, 185; one who lisps, and cannot pronounce the letter *s* properly.
senescallus, i. 106; a seneschal, or steward.
seon, i. 29.
shopa, i. 254; a shop.
siba, i. 48.
singlaris, i. 28, 33; a wild boar, *sanglier*.
situla, i. 293; a musical instrument.
sotilaris, i. 233; a shoe.
spata, i. 119; a sword, *épée*.
statutum, i. 273; a statute.
staurum, i. 30, 47, 137, &c.; provisions of all kind, stores.
strata, i. 288; a street.
streparius, i. 285; a maker of stirrups.
subarratus, i. 102; engaged, bound by duty?
summare, i. 117; to count, reckon.
suffragia, i. 257; suffragies, explained in the text.
supponere, i. 126; to be put in the place of something, to represent.
supponere, i. 171, 172; to support.
supponere, i. 248; to suppose.
supponere, i. 160; futuere.

T.

tantomodo, i. 259; to such a degree.
taxa, i. 143; a tax.
taxare, i. 143; to levy a tax.
temerare, i. 27; to occupy by violence, to usurp.
temptare, i. 132; the medieval form of *tentare*, to attempt.
tenementum, i. 191; landed property.
terminare, i. 140; to decide.
terminus, i. 125, 127; a term, or appellation.
tiro, tyro, i. 110, 115; a youth not yet experienced in military affairs.
tractatus, i. 450; treated.
tractatus, ii. 129; a treaty.
treuga, i. 37, 39; *et passim*; used generally in the plural, *treugæ*; a truce.
triphones, i. 48.
trulla, i. 184; crepitus ventris.
turmosus, i. 174; belonging to the mob, or to the lower classes.

U.

unus, *passim;* used for the indefinite article *a*, Fr. *un.*

V.

vendicare, ii. 265 ; to claim ; *vendicare sibi*, i. 133.
venerinus, i. 102 ; adulterine ; *fratres venerini*, illegitimate brothers.
vespilio, i. 194 ; a thief, a robber.
veteratus, i. 206 ; antiquated.
vicarii, i. 280 ; vicars, in the ecclesiastical sense of the word.
viella, i. 293 ; a fiddle, a violin.
villagium, i. 244 ; a village.
villanus, i. 140 ; a villain, a rustic.
vinceps, ii. 150.

Y.

ymas, i. 44.
ymon, i. 228.
ypotarus, i. 194 ; a kind of fish ; perhaps for *ypotamus*, which is found in the medieval glossaries in the sense of a sea-horse.

Z.

zelotopatus, i. 204 ; struck with jealousy.

GLOSSARY AND INDEX OF OBSOLETE ENGLISH WORDS.

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[As the letters *i* and *y* are so continually interchanged in English words of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, it has been thought better to class them together in the following Glossary, except in particular cases where *y* only is correct, and where it commences a word. *G* and ȝ are also classed together.]

A.

a, ii. 43 ; on ; *leyen hem a water*, put them on water, or, as we should say, to sea, *i.e.*, overthrow them.
a, i. 70 ; at, *a half eb*, at half ebb.
abate, i. 76 ; to reduce, put down.
abateth, i. 408 ; lowers, diminishes.
abated, ii. 14 ; diminished.
abeere, ii. 229 ; to their bier.
abide, ii. 281 ; to wait for.
abyde, ii. 191 ; to endure, to suffer.
abidyng, ii. 245 ; dwelling place.
abit, ii. 12 ; remains, endures.
abite, ii. 67 ; a habit.
aby, ii. 244 ; to be punished for, to pay for.
a-cale, i. 305 ; cold.
achieved, ii. 5, 7 ; obtained, succeeded.
acombrede, i. 38, 415, 416 ; encumbered, confused.
acountid, i. 399 ; reckoned, put to account.
acresith, ii. 105 ; increaseth.
acustomaunce, ii. 242 ; habit, custom.
adoune, i. 378 ; down.
adrad, ii. 6 ; in fear, in alarm.
afefe, ii. 51 ; to enfeof, to give in feof.
afferme, ii. 6 ; to strengthen, to consolidate.
afforse, i. 413 ; by force, by necessity.
affraye, ii. 181 ; fright, alarm.
afore, ii. 241 ; before.
afraie, i. 329 ; to frighten.
agadred, i. 344 ; assembled.
against, i. 318 ; contrary to.
aȝenward, ii. 66 ; back.
agilte, i. 343 ; to offend against.
agoo, i. 404 ; gone.
agramed, i. 313 ; angered, displeased.
agrise, i. 314, 329 ; to be terrified.
aie, i. 330 ; an egg.
aielle, ii. 138 ; an ancestor.
ailed, i. 85 ; perhaps used in the sense of diseased. *Ailed unsele*, in a bad or unfortunate condition of health.
aken, ii. 11 ; ache.
alblast, i. 69 ; an arbalest, or crossbow.

alee, i. 416; to the lee-ward.
algate, ii. 11 ; nevertheless.
alie, i. 392 ; an ally.
aller, ii. 65 ; of all, *plural.*
alls, i. 60 ; also.
almesse, i. 319 ; alms.
alowe, ii. 281 ; to approve.
als, *passim ;* as.
als, i. 337 ; also.
also, *passim;* as.
alsone, i. 251 ; as soon as.
altratyd, ii. 287 ; altered.
alumners, ii. 110 ; disciples.
alweldand, i. 75 ; all ruling.
amarride, i. 369 ; marred.
ambassiatours, ii. 202 ; ambassadors.
amenusith, ii. 105 ; diminishes.
amorwe, i. 414 ; on the next day.
amounteth, ii. 91 ; is, what it amounteth to.
an, ii. 124 ; on ; *an hy,* on high.
ancres, ii. 64 ; anachorites.
ane, *passim ;* one.
anet, ii. 50 ; dill (the plant)
anewe, i. 392 ; to renew, to make new.
angerliche, i. 323 ; in anger.
anhaunse, ii. 239 ; be raised up.
annuels, i. 267 ; payment for saying anniversary masses for the dead.
annuellers, i. 80, 95 ; priests employed to sing anniversary masses for the dead.
apaid, ii. 23; *apaied,* ii. 31; satisfied.
aparte, i. 316 ; openly.
apechyng, ii. 46; impeaching, accusing.
apeire, i. 372, 384 ; to impair.
apend, i. 323 ; belong.
aperid, i. 377 ; decayed, failed.
apertli, ii. 68 ; openly.
apis, ii. 76 ; ape's.
aplace, ii. 5 ; into place; *is come aplace,* has taken the place of heathenism.
appoysaylle, ii. 282 ; inquiry, question.
appreffe, ii. 167 ; contrivance.
apprisist, ii. 113 ; settest value on.
araie, i. 326 ; array, dress.
are, i. 78 ; formerly, ere.
are, ii. 186; the hare.
areche, i. 412 ; to reach, to attain.
archebere, ii. 183 ; an archpirate.
aredy, i. 387 ; ready.
arere, i. 397 ; back.
aresoneth, ii. 40 ; argues against.
arith, i. 397 ; aright.
arouutid, i. 403 ; driven away ?
arowe, ii. 146 ; on a row.
arseworde, ii. 64 ; backwards.
astate, ii. 137 ; estate.
aschen, ii. 172 ; ashes.
aschonne, i. 390 ; to avoid.
ascry, i. 67 ; to proclaim or cry, to report.
askapid, ii. 156 ; escaped.
aspie, ii. 58 ; a spy, a scout.
assaute, ii. 195 ; assault.
assay, ii. 196 ; trial, proof ; *of beste assay,* of the best description ; *at assay,* i. 215, when brought to trial ; *of gode assayes,* ii. 186, proved to be good.
asseye, ii. 41 ; inquire.
assised, ii. 11 ; judged, regulated.
assoille, ii. 131 ; absolve, pardon ; assoiled, ii. 32 ; absolved.
assoiled, ii. 38, 113; answered or solved a question.
astonye, ii. 51 ; to astonish, to confound.

astonyed, i. 380 ; astounded, stunned, confounded.
atamed, i. 392 ; tamed, disciplined.
atasten, ii. 90 ; to taste.
ataunt, ii. 171 ; so much.
atcheved, ii. 5, 7 ; succeeded.
ate, ii. 6 ; at the.
atempre, ii. 139 ; temperate.
atrete, i. 217 ; distinctly, positively.
attemperance, atemperaunce, ii. 143, 241 ; moderation.
atwen, ii. 213 ; between.
auters, ii. 42 ; altars.
autorise, ii. 80 ; to allege authority for.
availe, ii. 140 ; to descend, to go down.
avayle, ii. 285 ; advantage, profit ; *avaylys*, 286 ; profits.
availed, ii. ; profited, with advantage.
avant, ii. 124 ; forward.
avaunt, ii. 156 ; a boast.
avys, avyse, i. 277, ii. 190 ; advice, council, deliberation.
avysemente, ii. 187 ; counsel, deliberation.
avisifenesse, ii. 200 ; good counsel.
avisy, ii. 137 ; advised, cautious.
avow, ii. 11 ; to vow, to take a vow.
avowries, ii. 35 ; patrons, protectors.
avutrie, ii. 247 ; adultery.
awgrym, i. 414 ; arithmetic.
awmeneer, ii. 220 ; an almoner.
awne, i. 331 ; own.
axe, i. 381 ; to ask.
axist, ii. 69 ; thou askest.
ay, i. 267 ; always.
ayenst, i. 325 ; against.

B.

bable, ii. 244 ; to talk childishly.
bablid, i. 395, 415 ; chattered.
baffyng, ii. 53 ; barking.
baighteth, i. 323 ; baited.
bakke, ii. 216, 218 ; a bat.
baldely, i. 71 ; boldly.
bale, i. 58, 74, 75 ; evil, mischief, sorrow ; *to brewe bale*, to breed mischief.
baleys, ii. 176 ; a rod.
ballid, i. 415 ; bald.
ban, i. 83, ii. 244 ; curse.
band, i. 72, 73 ; a bond.
bar, i. 216 ; bore.
baratur, ii. 236 ; a contentious person.
bare, i. 74, 77 ; a boar.
bargenyng, ii. 77 ; contending.
baselarde, i. 331 ; a long dagger.
basonet, ii. 125 ; a bassenet, or light helmet.
bastarde, ii. 160 ; a sort of wine brought from Spain, mentioned not unfrequently in old writers.
batail, i. 82 ; an army.
batailed, ii. 9 ; warred upon.
bated, i. 389 ; fluttered.
baterid, i. 388 ; battered.
batyd, ii. 286 ; abated, diminished.
battis, i. 409 ; bats, cudgels.
baudrike, i. 331 ; the sword-belt.
bawtid, i. 380 ; abated?
bay, ii. 90 ; *brynge ȝou til a bay*, bring you to bay (as in hunting).
bayed, i. 404 ; barked.
beawperes, ii. 229 ; companions.
beddyn, ii. 280 ; remained.
bede, ii. 103 ; a prayer.

bede, i. 62 ; to proffer.
bede, i. 71 ; to abide.
bedred, ii. 22 ; bed-ridden.
been, ii. 17 ; to be.
beelsire, ii. 229 ; literally, fair lord.
beerys, ii. 219 ; bears.
behest, ii. 5 ; promise ; behestes, ii. 145 ; promises.
behote, i. 416 ; promised.
behoten, ii. 33 ; they promise.
behoveli, ii. 12 ; necessary.
beytis, ii. 219 ; baits.
beld, i. 75 ; protection, refuge.
belde, i. 379 ; to protect, to bring help.
beldid, ii. 77 ; built.
beleft, i. 381 ; left behind.
belyffe, ii. 207 ; immediately.
ben, i. 218 ; be.
bende, i. 275 ; a band.
bendes, i. 319 ; bonds.
bene, ii. 179 ; we are.
benyme, i. 372 ; to take from.
benysoun, ii. 113 ; a blessing.
benome, ii. 159 ; taken away.
bent, ii. 127 ; a field, a plain.
bent, ii. 125 ; indented.
beo, i. 216 ; by.
beo, i. 215 ; they are.
beoth, i. 218 ; are.
berde, i. 69 ; *keped hym in the berde*, a phrase which perhaps signifies to keep within bounds. The Promptorium has the word *berde* in the sense of margin or brink.
bere, i. 73 ; a bier.
bere-bag, i. 62, 84 ; a bag carrier. An injurious word, applied to the Scots, who carried their provisions, consisting of oatmeal, in bags on their backs.
berefte, ii. 179 ; taken from.
bereved, i. 387 ; deprived of.
bereward, i. 364 ; a bear-ward, or keeper of a bear.
berkyne, ii. 169 ; beer, ale.
berkyng, ii. 216 ; barking.
berlingis, i. 396 ; young bears.
berne, i. 373 ; man.
beside, ii. 19 ; aside.
besinesse, ii. 203 ; activity, earnestness ; *with besinesse*, busily.
beste, i. 371 ; beast, *i.e.*, my cattle.
bestad, ii. 6 ; arranged.
bete, ii. 125 ; to strike.
bete, i. 62 ; to amend or relieve ; *bete their bale*, to bring them relief from misfortune.
bete, i. 62 ; to walk up and down ; bete ham, ii. 94 ; to address themselves.
betid, ii. 198 ; happened.
betydyth, i. 384 ; it happens, it betides.
bett, i. 226 ; beat.
beu, i. 390 ; fine, handsome.
bid, i. 58 ; ask.
bidden, ii. 48 ; to pray.
bide, i. 68, ii. 185 ; to remain, dwell.
byde, i. 216 ; to support, bear.
byde, ii. 126 ; prayed.
bydene, i. 366 ; immediately ; *at bidene*, forthwith, at once.
bye, ii. 160 ; to buy.
bye, i. 269 ; to aby, to make amends for.
bien, ii. 177 ; they buy.
byfalle, i. 269 ; to befall ; *faire mot byfalle*, may they have good luck ; *foule mote him befall*, i. 304 ; may he have bad luck or fortune.
biforn, i. 66 ; before.

big, i. 80; to take up one's dwelling.
big, i. 77 ; prepared.
bigge, ii. 223 ; to build.
biging, i. 62 ; a dwelling.
bigly, ii. 57 ; strongly, boldly.
byheste, ii. 204 ; promise.
biker, i. 71 ; to skirmish, to fight.
byleve, i, 269 ; belief.
bilevid, i. 64 ; remained.
bylle, ii. 228 ; to write a bill against, to libel.
bylle, i. 274 ; to bell.
birde, i. 333 ; a girl, young woman.
bysom, ii. 235 ; blind.
bysyde, ii. 187 ; beside ; *to leve bysyde*, to abandon.
bit, ii. 35; biddeth.
bitake, ii. 114; give, abandon to, commit to.
bithoght, i. 74 ; bethought.
bitid, i. 61 ; befallen.
blaunchid, ii. 50; blanched, whitened.
blaw, i. 69 ; to blow.
ble, i. 269 ; colour, hue.
blent, i. 327 ; blinded.
blere, ii. 172 ; to blear, to dim one's sight.
blernyed, i. 389.
bleuȝ, i. 217; blew.
blynne, i. 266 ; blin, i. 72, 74 ; to cease, to desist.
blith, i. 78 ; joyful.
blythid, i. 396; made joyful, gave joy to.
blonder, i. 268 ; bustle, disturbance.
blwun, i. 225.
bod, ii. 155 ; remained.
bodden, ii. 23 ; bidden.
boisteous, ii. 195; boistous, i. 307, 335 ; threatening, fearful, turbulent, rude.
bokerame, ii. 171 ; buckram.
boldid, i. 379 ; emboldened.
bole, ii. 84 ; a bull.
bolgit, ii. 155; bulged.
bolle, ii. 140; a bull.
bonde, i. 216 ; bonds, fetters.
bondus, i. 225 ; bondsmen, serfs.
bone, i. 68 ; a petition, prayer.
bone, i. 58 ; a boon, a favour.
bonet, i. 415 ; a supplementary or additional sail in a ship, fastened with lacings to the feet of courses or lower sails, in moderate or fair winds, and the operation of applying it is still termed *bending*.
bonus, i. 277 ; bones.
boote, ii. 155 ; remedy.
bootid, ii. 276 ; availed, helped.
bore, i. 72 ; a boar.
borowe, i. 415 ; a borough.
bosard, ii. 219 ; a buzzard, a kind of moth.
bosse, i. 396.
bost, i. 218 ; to boast.
bot, *passim ;* but.
bot, i. 62, &c. ; without.
bote, i. 68, 218, 365 ; remedy, help, compensation.
bote, i. 65 ; a boat.
boterasse, ii. 187 ; a buttress.
bothe, ii. 226 ; a booth.
botirflyes, ii. 219 ; butterflies.
bougeth, ii. 161.
boun, i. 90 ; ready, going to do anything.
boun, i. 268 ; ready.
bountevous, ii. 145 ; bountiful.
boure, i. 81; bour, i. 265; a chamber.
bown, ii. 154 ; ready.
boxomnesse, ii. 44 ; obedience.
boy, i. 272 ; a serving lad.

boynard, i. 389 ; boynardis, i. 379 ; a low fellow.
brade, i. 71 ; broad.
brayd, i. 217 ; a stroke.
braste, i. 396 ; burst.
bredd, i, 387 ; a bird.
bredder, i. 275 ; broader.
brede, i. 369 ; breadth.
breme, i. 411 ; proud, haughty.
bremme, i. 384, 387 ; proud, swaggering.
bremli, ii. 52 ; fiercely.
brems, i. 72; (or brenis) corslets.
brene, i. 73, ii. 153 ; to burn.
brent, i. 269 ; brente, ii. 278 ; burnt.
brere, i. 78 ; a briar, bush. breris, i. 395; briars.
brese, ii. 54 ; gadflies.
brest, i. 407 ; burst.
bretylle, ii. 182 ; brittle.
bribith, ii. 40 ; begs, robs. The word is used in both senses.
brid, i. 78 ; bryd, i. 364 ; a bird.
brid, i. 61 ; a lady, a bride.
brig, i. 77 ; a bridge.
brim, i. 71 ; sea, flood.
brymme, ii. 109 ; fierce.
brin, i. 64 ; burn.
brodid, i. 387 ; spread.
broylist, ii. 61 ; bringest up confusedly, blunderest.
bromes, i. 391 ; brooms.
broud, i. 396; a bond (?).
bround, ii. 52 ; a firebrand.
brouute, i. 380 ; brought.
browet, i. 382 ; broth.
bud, i. 71 ; behoved, must.
bud, i. 85; made, compelled.
bugee, i. 265; a sort of cloth.
buystousnesse, ii. 99; boisterousness.
burgase, i. 70 ; the burghers,
burne. i. 400, 404 ; a man; burnes, i. 379; men, fellows, barons.
burnesse, i. 404 ; baronage, nobility.
burnisched, i. 395 ; smoothed (?).
burthe, ii. 244 ; a birth, the act of being born.
buserde, ii. 98 ; the buzzard, a kind of large moth.
busk, i. 62 : to go rapidly. busked, i. 395 ; hurried. buskys, ii. 237; haste you.
busshe, i. 382; to but, to push, to busk.
busshinge, i. 378; busking, pushing.
bute, i. 58, 70 ; compensation (for bote).
byse, i. 265; a fine description of silk.
by, *passim*, for be.

C.

cacche, ii. 67 ; catch.
cakked, ii. 170 ; cacaverunt.
calkyn, ii. 61 ; to calculate.
can, i. 269, ii. 131, know, knows.
can, i. 226 ; began. Used with a verb to form a sort of imperfect tense. *Can schowte*, they shouted, or were shouting—literally, they began to shout.
canst, i. 334 ; knowest thou.
cant, i. 78 ; brisk, courageous.
cantly, i. 71 ; briskly, courageously.
careckes, i. 320 ; figures, characters.
cared, ii. 4 ; been in care, or trouble.
carikkys, ii. 199 ; large ships.
carke, i. 310 ; to care.
carpe, i. 381 ; to talk, to converse.
carpist, ii. 68 ; talkest. carpynge, ii. 198 ; talking.

carpe, i. 414 ; talk, conversation.
carreys, ii. 180 ; carracks, or large ships.
carris, ii. 181 ; carts.
casse, i. 364 ; case.
cast, ii. 90 ; contrived, formed a design.
castis, i. 396 ; contrivances, machinations.
cataile, i. 84 ; goods.
catel, i. 217 ; chattels.
cautelle, i. 394 ; craft.
cautell, ii. 32 ; a stratagem, trick.
certeyne, ii. 177 ; *to certeyne*, to a limit ; *for a certeyn bi ȝere*, for so much a year.
cesse, ii. 6 ; to cause to cease, to put a stop to.
cetisence, ii. 281 ; citizens.
chaffare, ii. 160 ; merchandize.
chaffren, i. 307 ; to barter.
chafyr, ii. 110 ; to trade.
chalengen, ii. 44 ; claim.
challe, i. 249 ; shall.
chapitle, ii. 160 ; a chapter.
chargeaunt, ii. 106 ; burthensome, chargeable.
chefare, ii. 180 ; merchandize.
cheff, i. 402 ; cheffe, ii. 201 ; head, chief.
chekonys, i. 387 ; chickens.
chele, i. 387 ; cold.
chepe, i. 247 ; to purchase.
cherichen, i. 387 ; cherish.
cherliche, i. 402 ; dearly.
chese, i. 252 ; ches, ii. 5 ; to choose.
chesse, i. 378 ; chose.
chevalleris, i. 413 ; knights.
cheve, ii. 268 ; to flourish, to succeed.
chevith, ii. 132 ; bringeth to a successful issue, achieveth.
chevesaunce, ii. 169 ; bargain, agreement.
chevetan, i. 225 ; chieftain, captain.
chevyteyns, i. 378 ; chieftains.
chief, ii. 147 ; head.
chire, ii. 225 ; cheer.
chyteryng, ii. 40 ; chattering.
chowȝe, ii. 40 ; a chough (the bird).
christened, i. 306 ; a Christian.
churliche, i. 335 ; clownish, churlish.
cisme, ii. 41 ; schism.
clappid, i. 416 ; talked.
claterers, i. 271 ; chatterers.
claterist, ii. 60 ; chatterist.
clatrid, ii. 76 ; talked loudly.
claude, ii. 203 ; clothed, clad.
cleete, i. 217 ; a piece of wood (?).
clekkid, ii. 95.
cleme, i. 313 ; to claim.
clepe, ii. 32 ; call. cleped, i. 368, 395, called. clepest, ii. 148 ; callest. clepen, i. 309 ; called. clepen, i. 325 ; they call.
clip, i. 73 ; to embrace.
cliper, i. 215, 252 ; slippery.
clogge, ii. 222, 224, 232 ; a clog of wood at the end of a chain or rope.
cofren, i. 306 ; to put in coffers.
coyffes, i. 409 ; coifs.
coile, i. 402 ; choose (?).
cokil, ii. 143 ; the weed in corn.
colectis, ii. 88 ; collections.
coleres, i. 275 ; collars.
colys, i. 382 ; coals.
colis, i. 413.
coloure, ii. 185 ; pretence.
combraunce, ii. 65 ; trouble.

combred, i. 377 ; confused.
combrouseli, ii. 104; troublesomely.
come, i. 415 ; arrival, coming.
comens, ii. 280 ; to commence.
comyne, i. 416 ; the comunalty.
comynliche, i. 378; commonly.
comliche, i. 413 ; in an elegant manner, comely.
comonde, ii. 165; communed, conversed.
comonté, ii. 178, 186 ; commonalty.
comsith, i. 401 ; begins, commences, *comsid*, i. 413 ; began.
comuynes, i. 250 ; the commons.
con, i. 250 ; can.
concludist, ii. 86 ; refutest.
confect, ii. 108 ; made, composed.
conyes, ii. 186 ; rabbits.
conig, i. 82 ; a rabbit.
conne, ii. 4; are acquainted with.
constery, ii. 236 ; the consistory court.
construen, ii. 243; interpret.
constrwe, i. 378; to construe.
contynaunce, i. 264, ii. 204; behaviour, appearance.
contrarie, ii. 62; to act contrary to.
contravelde, ii. 278; laboured with(?).
cordeweyne, ii. 163; Spanish leather, brought from Cordova.
coroune, i. 86; a crown.
coroun, ii. 67; the priest's tonsure.
correcte, ii. 173.
corette, i. 371; to correct.
corrumpe, ii. 269; to corrupt.
corsed, ii. 247; cursed.
corvysers, ii. 109; shoemakers.
coste, ii. 179.
costened, i. 400; cost.
costes, ii. 184; expenses.
costious, ii. 212; costly.
costis, i. 385, 390; regions.
cot-armers, ii. 126 ; men in coat-armour.
cotis, i. 401; coats.
coude, i. 396; knew.
cougioun, i. 393; perhaps *congioun*, a coward.
couȝthe, i. 371; knew how, could.
countred, ii. 154 ; encountered.
countenance, ii. 253 ; appearance, ostentation.
countours, i. 328 ; arithmeticians.
courseers, ii. 212 ; highbred horses.
covetise, ii. 78; covaitise, i. 84 ; covetousness.
covent, i. 225; assemblage.
covent, i. 68; convent. coventis, ii. 64 ; convents.
covetour, i. 306; a coverture.
crallit, i. 308.
crasid, i. 373, 377; crushed, broken.
creaunce, i. 374; credit.
crepit, ii. 51 ; creeps.
cressetes, ii. 153, 218, cressets, frames at the ends of poles in which fires were lighted.
creste-clothe, ii. 164 ; a sort of fine linen.
croys, i. 269; a cross.
croisery, i. 317.
crok, ii. 206; to bend.
crokettes, i. 312; locks of hair.
crokk, i. 382; a pot, a pitcher.
cropun, ii. 47; crept (?).
crouche, i. 332; a cross.
crouperes, ii. 252; cruppers.
cuynde, i. 251; kind, nature.
culleth, i. 311, 321, 344; to cherish; to enforce.
culorum, i. 372, 415; the conclusion of a narrative.

cumberd, i. 78; cumbred, i. 252; troubled, encumbered, entangled.
cumen, i. 63; come.
cumly, i. 66; comely.
cunne, i. 218; can.
cure, ii. 199; care.
cure, ii. 206; service.
cure, ii. 187; remedy.
custumale, ii. 71; accustomed.
cutted, i. 332; jagged, alluding to an extravagant fashion prevalent in the reign of Richard II.

D.

dagges, i. 401; slips, shreds, the cuts in the fashionable dress.
dale, i. 87.
daliaunce, ii. 111; tittle-tattle.
dare, i. 59, 250; to stare, to be terrified, to be scared.
dareand, i. 59; staring.
dased, i. 344; confused, dazzled.
daunger, ii. 191; lordship or dominion.
dawe, ii. 44; day, daylight.
dawe, i. 323; dawis, i. 377; days.
debres, ii. 236.
ded, i. 80; deed.
dedde, i. 308; death.
dede, i. 74; death.
dede, ii. 189; dead.
dees, i. 374.
deyȝede, i. 218; died.
deyntis, i. 406; dainties.
del, i. 251; dele, i. 64; part, share.
dele, ii. 31; parts, *a thousand dele*, a thousand times.
deleated, ii. 14; delayed.
delid, i. 79; dealt.
delith, ii. 110; distribute.
delle, i. 371; part, deal.
deme, ii. 57; to judge.
demene, ii. 229; to direct, or lead.
demer, i. 383; a judge, one who demes.
demin, i. 319; they judge.
den, ii. 236; a dean.
denayyd, ii. 286; denied.
dene, i. 73; a den, or habitation.
denyene, ii. 180; to deny.
dent, ii. 126; a blow.
departe, ii. 183; to share.
departysoun, ii. 217; a distribution, a sharing.
dere, ii. 270; to injure.
dere, i. 78; dear.
derei, ii. 250; confusion, noise, disturbance.
derid, i. 386; injured, hurt, harmed.
derklich, i. 394; obscurely.
dern, i. 59; cruel, severe.
derne, i. 375, 377; secret.
derrere, ii. 89; dearer.
destrie, ii. 47; to destroy.
detecte, ii. 189; exposed, made evident.
dever, ii. 73, 98; duty.
deversité, ii. 241; change of fortune.
dewe, i. 394; due, legitimate.
diagredie, ii. 173.
dight, i. 70; prepared, made ready.
dyȝght, i. 226; arranged.
dighte, i. 76; to prepare oneself; dighteth, i. 333; arranges, prepares.
digness, i. 398; worthiness.
diking, i. 335; making ditches.

dilacioun, ii. 145 ; delay.
dyme, i. 412 ; a tenth.
dimuuir, i. 216 ; demure, quiet.
dyne, ii. 180; to dye.
dineth, i. 394; gives to dinner, feeds.
dint, i. 73; a blow ; dyntes, ii. 126; blows.
dirk, ii. 218; dark.
disclaunder, i. 336 ; to slander.
discryve, i. 374 ; to describe.
discured, ii. 174 ; discovered.
disert, ii. 64 ; a desert.
disperpiled, ii. 226 ; scattered.
dissese, i. 383 ; uneasiness.
dyssevable, ii. 173 ; deceptive.
distance, i. 83 ; distaunce, i. 339, ii. 254 ; debate or discord.
doe, ii. 31 ; done.
dokkist, ii. 27 ; curtailest.
dole, i. 79, 80 ; in the latter instance it means sorrow, grief; in the former, perhaps, a portion, from A. S. delan.
dolfyne, ii. 124 ; dolphyn, ii. 133 ; the dauphin of France.
dolosité, ii. 111 ; deceit.
dome, i. 309 ; judged, condemned.
dome, i. 308 ; judgment ; *at dome*, i. 327 ; in judgment.
domes cart, i. 398; the executioner's cart.
domes-day, i. 72 ; day of judgment.
domp, i. 88 ; to plunge, to tumble.
dongen, i. 77 ; struck.
dongen, ii. 152 ; the keep or main tower of a castle; dongoun, ii. 211; where it is applied to the place in which Christ was born.
doolis, ii. 220 ; doles, shares.
doren, ii. 107 ; dare.
doth, ii. 7 ; causeth, maketh.
dotyn, ii. 188 ; dote.
dou3teth, i. 399 ; feareth.
dout, i. 73 ; to fear.
dout, i. 69, 324 ; fear, doubt.
dowtes, i. 368 ; doubts.
dowtfulle, ii. 271 ; fearful.
drad, i. 213 ; dradde, i. 417 ; feared.
draffe, ii. 84 ; dregs, refuse.
draggee, ii. 72 ; a draught (?).
drane, ii. 219; a drone.
dray, i. 81 ; noise, tumult.
draped, ii. 162 ; made into cloth.
drapere, ii. 168 ; to make cloth.
drave, ii. 270 ; drove.
drawte, i. 403 ; draught, shot.
dresce, i. 58 ; set right ?
dressen, i. 314 ; they prepare.
drewris, i. 78 ; jewels, valuable things.
dride, i. 374 ; dread, fear.
drye, ii. 64 ; to suffer, to undergo.
drive, i. 71 ; to go quickly.
dromons, ii. 199 ; ships of war.
droupe, i. 250 ; to droop.
drouping, i. 344 ; drooping.
drow3e, i. 225 ; drew, dragged.
druy3e, i. 216 ; dry.
dubby, ii. 57 ;
dud, i. 225 ; did.
dude, i. 364 ; did.
dulfulle, ii. 206 ; grievous, doleful.
dure, i. 215 ; to endure, last.

E.

edder, i. 392 ; a snake, an adder.
eeoche, ii. 133.
eeris, i. 394 ; ears.
efte, ii. 179 ; again.

eftsoone, i. 322 ; soon again.
egallyté, ii. 285 ; equality, fairness.
egge, i. 306 ; to urge.
eghen, i. 77 ; eyes.
eyere, i. 388.
eiȝe, i. 250 ; eyes.
eylid, i. 382 ; ailed.
eyne, i. 387 ; eyes.
eyre, ii. 195 ; air.
eyren, i. 393 ; eggs.
eyrer, i. 363 ; a brood of swans.
eyris, ii. 86 ; heirs (?).
eirsyng, ii. 81 ;
elde, i. 372 ; old age.
elderne, i. 377 ; of the elders, of the men of old.
eliche, i. 377 ; alike, equally.
enbassitoures, ii. 210 ; ambassadors.
enbatailid, ii. 57 ; formed in order of battle.
encensen, ii. 44 ; to cense, to perfume with or offer incense.
encres, ii. 9; increase.
endauntid, i. 398 ; feared (?).
endely, ii. 201 ; final.
endraperyng, ii. 287 ; making into cloth.
enhaunsid, ii. 41 ; raised.
enmysse, ii. 182 ; enemies.
enoignt, ii. 12 ; anointed.
enpechest, ii. 82 ; accusest.
enplede, i. 326 ; to implead.
enquere, ii. 203 ; to seek.
ensample, ii. 6 ; an example.
enscherychyng, ii. 286; a cherishing.
enserche, ii. 203 ; to seek.
enserchise, ii. 195 ; inquiry.
ensise, i. 322 ; quality (?).
entendement, ii. 13 ; meaning.
entent, i. 372, ii. 199 ; intention, design.
entrecomon, ii. 202 ; to hold intercourse, to intercommunicate.
enviroun, ii. 157 ; round about
eorthe, i. 251 ; earth.
er, i. 266 ; before.
er, i. 59 ; are.
eron, i. 364 ; an eagle.
erste, ii. 124 ; first, before, formerly.
ert, i. 266, ii. 113 ; art.
ertou, i. 78 ; art thou.
es, *passim* ; is.
ese, i. 382 ; ease.
eth, i. 71 ; easy.
euforbe, ii. 173; a plant, spurge.
evangely, i. 306 ; the gospel.
even, ii. 39; equal ; *her even Christian*, their fellow Christian.
evene, ii. 8 ; level; *in evene*, on a firm footing ; *al in evene*, i. 11, all straight with one another.
everich, ii. 6 ; every one, *everich on live*, everybody alive.
everichone, ii. 137 ; every one.
expoune, ii. 182 ; explain, expound.
extente, ii. 193 ; stretched out, held forth.

F.

fade, ii. 7 ; sad.
faght, i. 81 ; fought.
fay, i. 215 ; faie, i. 330 ; faith.
failed, i. 395 ; deserted, abandoned.
failen, ii. 243 ; want.
fain, i. 64 ; fayn, ii. 155; glad.
faitours, i. 307 ; flatterers, deceivers.
faldynge, ii. 186 ; a sort of rough cloth.
fally, ii. 103 ; falsely.

falnes, ii. 250 ; falseness, deceit.
famed, i. 313 ; defamed.
famen, i. 74 ; foe-men.
fand, i. 73 ; to try.
fare, i. 59 ; to go ; *foule fare*, i. 25; to go ill, to misbehave, to fare foully ; 251, to be ruined.
fare, i. 73 ; *frankis fare*, the distribution of your money (?).
fare, i. 59 ; going, expedition.
fare, i. 325 ; business, affair (?).
fauȝte, i. 386 ; fault, want.
faukyn, i. 388 ; fawcon, 389 ; a falcon.
fawtis, i. 372 ; faults.
feblen, i. 391 ; become feeble.
federed, ii. 125; feathered, i. 9; pierced with arrows, the feathers of which appeared without.
feedrin, fedris, i. 388 ; feathers.
feer, ii. 241; far; *feer abowte*, far out of the way.
feet, ii, 182; deed, fact.
feet, i. 398 ; fetched.
feyned, i. 269 ; feigned, pretended.
feynt, ii. 152; to become weak.
felde, *passim;* a field.
felde, ii. 165 ; felt.
fele, i. 63 ; many.
fell, i. 61, 70; cruel.
fell, i. 77 ; to strike down.
felle whare, i. 399 ; fel-ware, feltry, skins of wild animals.
felle, i. 391 ; the skin. felles, ii. 168 ; skins.
felliche, i. 389 ; cruelly.
felliest, ii. 17 ; most cruel.
fende, i. 252 ; the fiend, the devil. fendes, ii. 184 ; devils.
feole, i. 250 ; many.
fer, i. 269; far.
fer, i. 71, 81 ; far, farther.
ferd, i. 68 ; afraid.
ferde, i. 67 ; fear.
ferde, i. 376 ; went.
fere, i. 73 ; a companion, a fellow.
fere, i. 340 ; company.
fere, i. 77 ; to frighten.
ferkyd, i. 396 ; hastened. *fferkyd hem fforth*, they rushed forwards.
ferly, ii. 252 ; strange.
ferene, i. 68 ; fern.
ferli, ii. 51 ; wonderfully.
ferme, ii. 44 ; to strengthen.
ferme, i. 313 ; farm.
ferre, ii. 194 ; fear.
ferrum, i. 77 ; *o ferrum*, afar.
fers, ii. 125 ; fierce.
fersnesse, ii. 268 ; cruelty.
ferthe, ii. 4, 56; fourth.
festne, i. 269 ; to fasten.
fete, ii. 196 ; fact.
fete, ii. 243 ; feet.
fetely, ii. 172 ; cleverly, neatly.
ficul, ii. 82 ; fickle.
fyght, ii. 252 ; *in fyght*, engaged in fighting, in strife (?).
file, i. 79, 81 ; a worthless fellow, a coward.
filowyng, ii. 133 ; following.
fyn, ii. 91 ; the end. *a fyn*, in the end.
fyne, ii. 134 ; to conclude, to put an end to.
fyne, ii. 132 ; end, result.
fyne, ii. 187 ; to refine. fynyd, ii. 286 ; refined.
finding. i. 327; board, living.
fyndyth, i. 414 ; support, keep, provide for.
figre, ii. 112 ; of figs. *figre-tree*, a fig-tree.

fyth, i. 364 ; to fight.
flagrant, ii. 232 ; fragrant.
flauré, ii. 250 ;
flie, i. 394 ; to fly.
fleand, i. 77 ; flying.
fleen, i. 64 ; fly.
flemed, ii. 40 ; flemid, i. 60 ; banished.
flex, ii. 171 ; flax.
flit, i. 88 ; to remove.
floter, i. 389 ; to flutter.
flour, i. 216 ; ii. 7 ; a flower.
flusshe, i. 389 ; to hop as a bird.
fode, i. 389 ; a child.
fodid, i. 387 ; fodid, ii. 12 ; cherished, bred up, fostered, fed.
fodith, i. 394 ; cherishes, feeds.
fode, i. 386 ; food.
fode, i. 74 ; a youth, a person.
foyne, i. 399 ; a polecat.
fold, i. 81 ; the earth, the world.
folyn, ii. 188 ; go mad, or foolish.
foltheed, i. 380 ; folly (?).
folus, i. 225 ; fools.
fomen, i. 218 ; foes.
fond, ii. 230 ; a dilemma (?).
fonde, i. 84 ; to endeavour, to attempt.
fonde, i. 266 ; invented.
fonde, ii. 252 ; found.
fondement, ii. 243 ; foundation.
fone, fune, i. 62 ; foes.
fong, ii. 247 ; to take, embrace. fongen, i. 414 ; we take. fongeth, i. 333 ; they take.
fonnedli, ii. 97 ; foolishly.
fonnest, ii. 85 ; becomest foolish.
foode, ii. 220 ; a young man, a fellow : foodis, i. 398 ; fodis, 405 ; youths.
foole, i. 395 ; fowls.
foon, ii. 127 ; foes.
forbode, i. 344 ; a forbidding.
for-by, ii. 158 ; near, past.
forckis, i. 379 ; the gallows.
fordyd, i. 371 ; apparently an error for *fondid*, endeavoured.
fordone, i, 322, ii. 39 ; destroyed, abolished, overthrown.
fordoth, i. 398 ; undoeth, ruineth, destroyeth.
foreyns, ii. 143 ; strangers, interlopers.
forewitte, ii. 200 ; foreknowledge.
forfarene ; gone into exile.
forgard, i. 344.
forgone, i. 86 ; lost.
forgrowe, i. 363 ; overgrown.
forhele, ii. 45 ; conceal, or, perhaps, withhold.
forjugid, ii. 79 ; judged to death.
forlith, ii. 7 ; violates.
forlorne, i. 365 ; lost, spoilt.
forlore, ii. 241 ; ruined, lost in a moral sense.
formed, i. 415 ; informed.
formere, ii. 42 ; informer, teacher.
formyng, ii. 42 ; informing, information.
forsings, i. 331 ; ruins by singing, sings to ruin.
forslokend, ii. 40 ; smothered, stifled.
forswore, ii. 241 ; perjured.
forthi, i. 77 ; therefore.
forthinken, ii. 73 ; repent.
forthren, i. 336 ; to further, to promote.
forward, i. 86 ; an engagement, promise.
forwarde, ii. 280 ; the front or vanguard of an army.

forweyned, i. 374 ; weaned badly, corrupted in the weaning.
forwrithen, ii. 45 ; twisted, tortuous.
foryete, i. 317, 325 ; forget.
fosse, ii. 191 ; foes.
fostrid, i. 387 ; fostered.
foule, ii. 126 ; a fowl.
foulen, i. 330 ; defoul.
foulyd, i. 388; fowled, hunted birds.
foundament, ii. 9 ; foundation.
founded, i. 59 ; tried.
fourmures, ii. 113 ; informers.
fra ; from.
fray, ii. 279 ; to fight.
fraine, ii. 38 ; to interrogate.
frankis, i. 73 ; francs, French money (?).
fre, i. 67, 395 ; free, of gentle birth.
freyneth, ii. 42 ; inquireth, questioneth.
frek, i. 59, 68 ; eager.
frele, ii. 247 ; frail.
frely, i. 74 ; of gentle blood.
frelle, i. 373 ; frail.
frentike, ii. 85 ; frenetic, frantic.
frers, i. 263 ; friars.
freted, i. 387 ; eat.
fretyd, ii. 41.
fryst, ii. 249 ; first.
frith, i. 63, 389 ; a low wood.
fuge, ii. 198 ; flight.
fuyre, i. 305 ; fire.
fules, ii. 252 ; fools.
fullefille, i. 370 ; to fill full.
fulmard, ii. 220 ; a polecat.
fumose, ii. 162 ; smoky (?).
fun, i. 83 ; found.
funden, i. 81 ; found.

G. ȝ.

gabbe, i. 269 ; to jest, to make jest of.
gabberys, ii. 237 ; jesters.
gadering, i. 326 ; gathering.
gaf, i. 69 ; gave.
gaglide, i. 396 ; gaggled.
gayes, i. 385 ;
gayne, ii. 207 ; kind, generous.
galaye, i. 64 ; a galley.
galiote, i. 65 ; a name of a particular sort of ship, a small galley.
gale, i. 74 ; song, noise (?).
gayned, i. 68 ; *gayned hym*, he got.
galonttes, ii. 251 ; gallants.
galpen, ii. 100 ; to yawn.
galwys, ii. 239 ; the gallows.
gardyng, ii. 284 ; carding (of wool)
gardoun, ii. 112 ; reward.
garnement, ii. 70 ; garment.
garner, ii. 99 ; a store-room.
gate, i. 267, way ; *so gates*, in that manner ; *went my gate*, i. 268, went my way, went away.
gate, ii. 269 ; obtained.
gate, ii. 146 ;
gaudes, i. 61, 62 ; tricks.
geete, i. 216 ; to get.
geftes, ii. 178 ; gifts.
geyn, ii. 213 ; against.
gent, ii. 125 ; gentle, noble.
ger, i. 76 ; to make, to cause.
ȝerde, ii. 285 ; a yard.
ȝere, i. 79 ;
ȝerne, i. 267 ; earnestly.
ȝers, i. 264 ; years.
gert, i. 64 ; ceased.

gery, i. 398 ; changeable, giddy.
gest, i. 326 ; a guest; gestes, i. 90, guests.
get, i. 62, gain (?) ; *bot get*, may perhaps mean without any gain (by their treachery). Ritson explains it as "an interjection of contempt."
ȝeven, ii. 67 ; to give.
gy, ii. 240 ; rule, guide.
gie, i. 406 ; gye, i. 370 ; to guide, to direct, to rule.
ȝyf, ȝif, *passim ;* if.
gigges, i. 326 ; loose women.
gild, ii. 244 ; beguiled.
gildyn, ii. 50 ; gilt.
gyle, i. 395 ; guile.
gylour, i. 374 ; a deceiver, a beguiler.
gyllorys, ii. 235 ; guilers.
gyn, i. 79 ; a trap.
gynne, ii. 141 ; begin.
gynning, ii. 143 ; beginning.
gioure, i. 370 ; giour, ii. 109 ; a ruler, leader, guide.
gyside, i. 399 ; disguised (?).
ȝiste, i. 385 ;
ȝit, i. 79 ; yet.
gyuleris, i. 398 ; guilers.
glade, i. 71 ; to gladden.
glasen, ii. 100 ; made of glass.
glaterye, ii. 240 ; flattery (?).
gle, i. 64, 68, ii. 239 ; game, mirth, gladness.
glede, i. 344 ; a kite (the bird).
gledre, ii. 173.
glee, i. 406 ; joy, pleasure.
glose, ii. 40 ; flattery.
glosinge, i. 414 ; flattering.
god, ii. 152 ; goods, property.
goldede, ii. 227 ; possessed of gold, wealthy.
gome, i. 400, 401 ; a man ; gomes, i. 388 ; men.
gong, i. 307 ; gonge, ii. 72, a privy.
gonnes, ii. 198 ; gonnys, 276 ; gunnus, 277 ; guns, cannons.
gospeleer, ii. 211 ; the evangelist.
gost, i. 370, 373 ; spirit. gostes, ii. 244 ; spirits.
gotefel, ii. 150; goat's hides.
governaile, i. 336; helm, rudder
ȝovun, ii. 98 ; given.
gowe, i. 48.
graas, i. 251 ; grace.
grayn, ii. 208 ; a scarlet dye ; *clothes in grayn*, scarlet cloth.
graythest, i. 76 ; readiest, quickest.
grame, i. 70 ; grief, harm.
grame, i. 370; to be angry.
gras, i. 252 ; grace.
greable, ii. 112 ; agreeable.
gree, i. 313 ; pleasure.
grees, ii. 140 ; degrees.
grey, ii. 171 ; badger skins or fur (?).
grennes, i. 390 ; interpreted in the margin as meaning greyhounds.
grete, ii. 125 ; a cry.
grete, i. 90; to greet, to salute.
grette, i. 377 ; great.
greves, i. 388 ; griefs.
griff, ii. 227 ; grief.
gryse, i. 250; to be terrified.
gryse, i. 265 ; a species of cloth.
groche, i. 339 ; to grudge.
gromys, i. 272 ; grooms.
gromes, i. 377 ; men.
gronde, i. 87 ; ground ; *in the see gronde ;* at the bottom of the sea.
groote, ii. 219 ; a groat, fourpence.
grost, ii. 47 ;

grott, i. 370 ; a groat.
grotus, i. 395 ; groats.
grucche, ii. 76 ; grudge.
grucchen, i. 370 ; to grudge.
grw, ii. 91 ; Greek.
gult, ii. 244 ; guilt.

H.

habilements, ii. 196 ; accoutrements.
haburjouns, ii. 54 ; breastplates.
hacchen, i. 387 ; hatch.
hay, i. 48 ;
haiit, ii. 249 ; has, possesses.
hayme, i. 266 ; them.
hairwede, ii. 230 ; harrowed, sacked.
halde, i. 74 ; to hold or keep a promise.
hale, ii. 169 ; to hawl.
halely, i. 69 ; wholly.
hales, i. 403 ; tents.
half-delle, i. 403 ; one half part.
halk, i. 318 ; a corner. halkys, ii. 279 ; corners.
halow, i. 311 ; bless, consecrate.
halowed, ii. 50 ; consecrated.
halowid, i. 403 ; halooed at, hooted.
halteth, ii. 159 ; goes lamely, totters.
ham, i, 266 ; them.
han, i. 273 ; they have.
hangulhooke, ii. 222 ; a hook for angling, a fish-hook.
hansell, i. 416 ; the first use.
happid, ii. 44 ; wrapped, covered.
haras, i. 392 ; a stud of colts.
harborow, ii. 97 ; lodging.
hardi, ii. 246 ; courageous, bold.
harys, ii. 171 ; hares.
harlotte, i. 313 ; a scamp, a vagabond. It was a term applied properly to men. *harlotes*, ii. 89.
harlotrie, ii. 99 ; ribaldry.
hassellis, i. 381 ; hasels (?).
hastyvyté, ii. 242 ; rashness, hastiness.
hat, i. 69 ; hate, i. 317 ; is called.
hauntlere, i. 387 ; antlered, or superior deer.
hauteyn, i. 268 ; high, proud, haughty.
hautesse, i. 391 ; highness.
haved, i. 85 ; had.
haves, i, 86 ; has.
havour, ii. 226 ; wealth.
hawys, ii. 191.
hed, ii. 283 ; heed, care.
heed, i. 386 ; head.
heerdes, i. 313 ; herds, keepers.
hegges, ii. 279 ; hedges.
hegh, i. 269 ; high.
heyer, i. 395 ;
heyere, ii. 242 ; higher.
heih, i. 215 ; hei3e, i. 218 ; high.
heipeth, i. 393 ; lays (?).
heire, ii. 20 ; to hire.
heyres, ii. 267 ; heirs.
heyres, i. 193 ; eggs.
hele, i. 73, ii. 69 ; to cover, to conceal.
hele, i. 372 ; health, prosperous condition.
hele, i. 392, ii. 13 ; salvation.
helys, i. 275 ; heels.
heliples, ii. 11 ; helpless.
hende, i. 388 ; gentle.
hende, i. 73 ; hinde, i. 85 ; gentlemanly.
hens, hennes, hennys, *passim* ; hence.
hent, i. 320 ; taken.

hente, i. 382 ; henten, i. 411 ; took, caught.
heore, i. 215 ; their.
herbegage, ii. 94 ; lodging.
herborowe, i. 403 ; to lodge, to give lodging, to harbour.
here, i. 73 ; to hear.
heres, i. 80 ; hear, listen to.
here, ii. 251 ; hair.
herie, 76 ; to spoil, to ravage.
hern, i. 318. herne, i. 402 ; a corner.
hernes, i. 64 ; brains.
herre, ii. 9 ; a hinge ; *out of herre*, out of hinge, unsettled.
herres, ii. 186 ; theirs.
hertis, i. 380. hertys, ii. 186 ; harts, deer.
hertly, ii. 355 ; heartily.
hestes, i. 322 ; commandments.
hete, i. 74 ; to promise. hetes, i. 62 ; promises.
hetith, i. 393 ; warmth.
heve and hale, i. 330 ; a phrase equivalent to might and main.
heved, i. 64 ; head. hevidles, i. 65 ; headless.
heved, ii. 85 ; to behead.
hevyheed, i. 394 ; heavy-head, dull-head.
hevys, ii. 219 ;
hewen, ii. 42 ; to labour.
hewsaunce, ii. 285 ; a usance, a custom.
hyand, i. 269 ; going, hieing.
hicke, i. 394 ; a familiar appellation of contempt.
hide—at hide, i. 59 ; secretly.
hye, ii. 247 ; go.
hied, i. 398 ; raised up high.
hiede, ii. 6 ; heed.
hyeghe go by, ii. 155 ; apparently a similar phrase to the modern heigh-go-mad.
hieles, ii. 7 ; heels.
hyen, ii. 86 ; to raise up.
hiere, ii. 5 ; here.
hiere, ii. 7 ; to hear.
hight, i. 75 ; was called.
hille, i. 409 : to cover.
hillyng, ii. 77 ; covering, roof.
hynderynge, ii. 181 ; hindrance.
hirte, i. 396 ; hurt.
hit, ii. 131 ; and *passim*, the original and correct form of *it*.
ho, i. 276 ; who.
hobbis, i. 378 ; clowns (?).
hobblid, i. 381 ; hobbled, gone.
hoblid, i. 391 ; hobbled.
hoby, ii. 155 ; a small kind of horse.
hode, i. 266 ; a hood.
hodove, i. 196 ; a whale.
hog-hyerd, i. 269 ; a hog-herd, a driver of pigs.
hold, ii. 23 ; holden, held.
hold, i. 317 ; a fortress, whence the word *stronghold*.
holde, ii. 4 ; held.
hole, i. 326 ; whole.
holy, ii. 131 ; wholly.
holl, i. 88 ; a hole (?).
holly, i. 215 ; wholly. holliche, i. 218.
holpen, i. 267 ; helped.
holsume, i. 402 ; wholesome.
holte, i. 391 ; holtes, i. 381 ; a wood.
hone, i. 409 ;
hongen, i. 331 ; they hang.
hongen, ii. 11 ; hung.
honsalle, i. 224 ; hansel.
hoole, i. 370 ; whole.

hoot, ii. 69; hot.
hope, ii. 199; expect, suppose, guess.
hope, i. 218; to expect.
hoppen, i. 330; they hop.
hor, i. 225; their.
hore, i. 307; a whore.
horow, i. 337; hoar, mouldy.
hortyng, i. 275; hurting.
hosel, ii. 46; to administer the eucharist.
hosyn, i. 275; hose (in the plural).
houselin, i. 340; to administer the eucharist.
houten, i. 330; they hoot.
hovyn, i. 388; to hover. hoved, i. 66; hovered, halted. hoveth, i. 393; hovereth.
howsyng, ii. 251; houses.
hue, i. 393.
hund, i. 82; a dog.
hunte, ii. 224; a hunter.
hurdis, i. 88; ropes.
hure, ii. 145; *goode hure*, represents the French word *bonheur*, happiness, prosperity.
hurle, i. 392; to jostle.

I.

icast, i. 217; cast.
ich, i. 216; I.
ich, i. 372; iche, i. 400; each.
iclepid, i. 305; called.
idoo, ii. 198; done.
idraue, ii. 182; drawn.
iȝen, ii. 55; eyes.
ileyd, i. 217; laid down.
ilka, i. 59; each, every.
ilkone, i. 82; each one, every one.
impe, i. 218; a sprout, sprig, shoot.
ine, i. 81, 86; a lodging.
ine, i. 77; eyes.
infortune, ii. 5; misfortune.
inne, i. 264; in, *the adverb*.
inne, i. 333; lodging.
inoȝe, i. 225; enough.
inomen, i. 335; taken, obtained.
insaumpulle, ii. 205; example.
interfectours, ii. 232; slayers.
intrikid, ii. 55; interlaced.
intrumpcioun, ii. 274; interruption.
ipainted, i. 307; painted.
ipearled, i. 308; adorned with pearls.
ipent, i. 332; pinned.
iradicate, ii. 204; rooted.
irk, ii. 153; slow.
iseiȝe, i. 215; seen.
ithe, ii. 161; thrive.
ivel, i. 313; evil.
iwis, i. 64; iwys, ii. 162; truly, surely.
iye, i. 330; eyes.
iyrne, ii. 153; iron.

J.

jaces, i. 398; fringes (?).
jake, i. 274; a jack, a defensive coat.
jangle, i. 327, ii. 243; to prate. jangelist, ii. 104; pratest.
jangeler, ii. 86; a prater.
jape, ii. 227; a joke.
japes, i. 67, 265, ii. 172; jeers, tricks, buffooneries (?).
jape, i. 270; futuere.

japid, ii. 75 ; mocked, deceived.
japerys, ii. 236 ; jesters.
jawdewyne, ii. 86, 101 ; a term of reproach.
jerorys, i. 273 ; jurors.
jesine, ii. 213 ; childbed.
jette, i. 399 ; fashion.
jewis, i. 410 ; justice.
jogulours, ii. 89 ; minstrels, jugglers.
joied, i. 399; rejoiced.
jolité, i. 250, 251 ; joy, mirth.
jollyng, ii. 276 ; people coming into collision with one another.
joparte, ii. 286; jeopard, risk, make a wager.
jornay, i. 64 ; a voyage.
jorney, ii. 275 ; properly a day, or a day's work, but usually applied to a battle.
jospinel, ii. 105; a term of reproach.
Juylle, ii. 139 ; Juyl, 151 ; July.
juperdye, ii. 132; jeopardy.
juparte, ii. 183 ; to jeopard, to put in risk.

K.

kayes, i. 83 ; the keys.
kayser, i. 163 ; an emperor.
kayseceris, i. 378 ; emperors.
kare, i. 225 ; care, trouble.
karekkys, ii. 172 ; carricks or carracks, large ships, galeons.
kareyne, i. 390 ; carrion.
kembe, i. 312 ; to comb.
ken, i. 73 ; to know.
ken, i. 8 ; to teach, to make to know.
kend, i. 85 ; kende, i. 318 ; taught.
kendly, ii. 65 ; kindly, naturally.
kenned, i. 390 ; knew.
kepe, ii. 285; *take kepe*, pay attention.
kepud, ii. 279 ; kept.
kepen, ii. 65 ; keep, dwell.
kere, ii. 226.
kest, i. 226. keste, ii. 252 ; cast.
kettord, i. 363 ; diminished.
kevelle, ii. 217;
kevere, i. 391, 393 ; to discover.
kevereth, ii. 71 ; covers.
kew-kaw, i. 407 ; awry.
kid, i. 61 ; known.
kydefel, ii. 160 ; kid leather.
kime, i. 324 ; a simpleton.
kyn, ii. 243 ; know.
kynde, i. 380 ; nature.
kynde, i. 394; natural.
kynrede, ii. 141 ; kindred.
kirtell, i. 82 ; kyrtelle, i. 265; a kirtle, a sort of cloak thrown over the shoulders.
kith, i. 71; to make known, to show.
kith, i. 218 ; a region.
knave, ii. 76 ; a serving lad.
knelys, i. 275; kneel.
knokelys. i. 276 ; knuckled, with knuckles.
knowlechen, ii. 43 ; acknowledge.
kogge, i. 72 ; a cock-boat.
konne, i. 393 ; to come to life, to be hatched.
kouth, i. 71 ; knew.
kowth, ii. 144 ; known, celebrated.
krevys, ii. 219 ; a crab.
kud, i. 218 ; known, celebrated.

kuyttes, i. 388 ; kites (the bird).
kun, i. 83 ; can, knows how.
kunnynge, i. 384 ; knowledge.

L.

laak, ii. 213 ; a lack, a fault (?).
lacchide, i. 377 ; blamed.
ladde, i. 377 ; led.
ladde, i. 399 ; lad, people.
laddus, i. 225 ; lads.
lade, i. 264 ; a load.
ladyn, ii. 236 ;
lafte, i. 395 ; left, deserted.
layke, i. 64 ; a game, play.
lake, ii. 177 ; lack.
langour, ii. 267 ; faintness.
lare, i. 70 ; teaching.
lasse, ii. 7, 45; less.
late, ii. 148 ; let.
late, ii. 83 ; leave.
latli, ii. 6 ; loath, hateful.
latte, i. 317 ; left.
lauȝte, i. 388 ; caught.
laurere, ii. 141 ; laurel.
law, i. 78 ; low.
leaud, i. 307, ii. 25 ; lewd, unlearned.
leauté, i. 269 ; loyalty.
leche, ii. 226 ; a physician.
ledderr, i. 90 ; a ladder.
leddyn, i. 373 ; led.
lede, i. 382 ; people.
ledeing, i. 82 ; *at his ledeing*, at his rule, at his beck.
ledres, ii. 236.
leef, i. 373 ; dear, to be desired.
leef, i. 251 ; believe.
leere, ii. 230 ; empty.
lees, ii. 161 ; lies ; *wythowght lees*, truly.
lesinge, i. 399 ; falsehood.
leete, ii. 192 ; to abandon, to lose.
leggaunce, i. 217 ; allegiance.
leggen, i. 252 ; to lie down.
leggist, ii. 41 ; allegest.
legiance, i. 374 ; allegiance.
leyfft, ii. 249 ; left.
leyne, i. 387 ; laid.
leyne, ii. 228 ; to lie (?).
leisere, ii. 170 ; leisure.
lele, i. 326 ; loyal.
lele, i. 64 ; legal.
lely, i. 77 ; faithfully, truly.
lely, i. 89 ; the lily.
lelley, i. 383 ; loyally, faithfully.
lemed, ii. 52 ; shone.
lemes, i. 388 ; rays of brightness.
lemman, i. 313, 330 ; a concubine.
len, i. 90 ; lend, give.
lend, i. 63 ; remained, dwelt.
lended, i. 81 ; remained.
lendys, i. 394 ; loins.
lene, i. 218 ; grant.
leode, i. 405 ; man, person.
leodis, i. 379 ; people, lads
leof, i. 215 ; dear.
lere, i. 70 ; to teach.
lered, i. 326. lerid, ii. 25 ; learned, educated.
lese, i. 386 ; a leash.
lese, ii. 6 ; to lose.
lesynges, ii. 40 ; falsehoods.
lesse, ii. 189 ; lose.
lesse, ii. 189 ; loss.
let, ii. 31 ; hinder. let, i, 251 ; prevented, hindered.
lete, i. 215, 217 ; to leave, to abandon, to fail.
lete, i. 217 ; to care.

letherin, i. 90 ; made of leather.
lett, i. 64, &c. ; to prevent, to put a stop to.
lette, i. 384 ; to fail.
lette, i. 383 ; hindered, prevented.
letteroun, ii. 78 ; a lectern, or reading-stand.
leud, i. 326 ; uneducated, ignorant.
leuté, i. 269 ; loyalty.
leve, i. 66, 69 ; to believe.
leve, i. 392 ; to live.
leven, i. 331 ; to believe.
leven, ii. 67 ; leave.
levene, ii. 211 ; lightning.
leverey, i. 379 ; leveré, 381 ; leverez, 383 ; livery.
levest, i. 388 ; dearest.
leved, i. 394 ; lived ?
levid, i. 60; left.
levyn, ii. 198 ; live.
leveste, i. 372 ; most willingly, especially.
leward, ii. 236.
lewde, i. 382 ; uneducated, ignorant.
lewdely, ii. 193; vilely, ill-advisedly.
lewidheed, ii. 75 ; ignorance.
libel, ii. 157, 282 ; a little book, a pamphlet.
liche, ii. 142, *et passim ;* like.
licnesse, ii. 108 ; similitude, semblance.
licue, ii. 14 ; place.
lifes, i. 66 ; lives.
liflode, i. 366 ; lyfflode, i. 405 ; food, sustenance.
lig, i. 77 ; to lie.
ligand, i. 82 ; lying.
lyȝe, i. 250 ; to lie.
ligeaunce, ii. 187 ; allegiance.
liggen, ii. 19 ; laid.
ligges, i. 65 ; lies.
lightly, ii. 10 ; lyghtlye, ii. 174 ; liȝtly, ii. 43 ; lyghtlich, i. 373 ; easily.
liȝtles, ii. 43 ; without light, in the dark.
lyke, i. 269 ; to please ; *that lyked me,* it pleased me. liketh, ii. 113 ; it pleases ; *how hem likith,* how it pleases them. likyde, i. 399 ; pleased. lykynge, ii. 173 ; pleasing.
lykyng, i. 267, 392; pleasure, lust.
likne, i. 217, 343 ; to compare, to liken. likynest, ii. 89 ; comparest. lykken, ii. 269 ; compare.
lile, ii. 226 ;
lymitour, i. 265 ; limitors, ii. 21 ; friars licensed to beg within certain limits.
list, ii. 141 ; likes, pleases.
list, i. 73; cunning, artifice (?).
liste, i. 392 ; to desire.
lite, i. 325, 369 ; little.
lith, i. 218 ; limb.
lithes, i. 58 ; listen.
livelich, i. 218 ; lively, vigorous.
lywith, ii. 249 ; lived.
loby, i. 389 ; a lubber.
loenge, ii. 14 ; praise.
loȝe, i. 225 ; laughed.
logges, ii. 50 ;
loggid, ii. 211 ; lodged.
lolle, ii. 243 ; to profess the doctrines of religious reform, to be a lollard ; literally, to idle about.
lollers, i. 305 ; vagabonds.
londlese, i. 305 ; people without settled abode.
longe, i. 217 ; to belong to. longid, i. 389; belonged. longeth, i. 333; longith, 393 ; belongs. longynge, ii. 196 ; belonging.

lonyd, i. 408 ;
loodmannage, ii. 217 ; pilotage.
loode-sterre, ii. 178 ; lodesterre, ii. 270 ; the polar star.
lordane, ii. 229 ; an idle lout.
lordyns, i. 383 ; lords, a form of familiarity.
lore, i. 325; lost.
lore, i. 252, 401 ; teaching, doctrine, lesson.
lorell, i. 314, 338, 389; a scoundrel.
lorn, i. 69 ; lost.
los, i. 218 ; lose, ii. 245 ; praise, repute.
losell, i. 342 ; a scoundrel.
losengerie, i. 322 ; losengery, ii. 27; lying and flattery.
loste, ii. 167 ; ruined.
lotby, ii. 102 ; a concubine.
lothen, ii. 246 ; hate.
loure, i. 266, 377; to look discontented or cross.
lousid, ii. 56 ; let loose.
lout, i. 73, 78; loute, i. 308 ; to stoop, to bend, to bow, to make obeisance.
love-daies, ii. 52, 255 ; meetings for arranging disputes amicably.
lovyng, ii. 281 ; praising.
lowede, ii. 165 ; loved.
lowte, i. 226; lowth, ii. 153; to bow.
luf, i. 79 ; luffe, ii. 252 ; love.
lurker, i. 394 ; an intruder (?).
lusscheburne, i. 140 ; a debased foreign coin, so named from Luxemburgh, whence they were brought.
luste, i. 393; to desire. lust, ii. 149; pleases.

M.

ma, *passim;* more.
maddid, i. 376, 387 ; drove mad.
mafey, ii. 75 ; my faith ! (an exclamation).
mafflarde, ii. 225 ; a fool.
mafflid, i. 415 ; stammered.
magré, ii. 272 ; in spite of.
maine, i. 74 ; strength, force.
maistership, i. 338 ; office of authority.
maisterfully, i. 323 ; authoritatively, by force.
maistrie, i. 338 ; authority.
male, i. 307 ; a box, a chest.
malisoun, ii. 112 ; curse.
mals, i. 379 ;
manasinge, i. 60 ; a threat.
manciple, ii. 98 ; the purveyor of provisions, or clerk of the kitchen.
mane, i. 65 ; moan, lament.
maners, i. 225 ; manors, mansion houses.
manslaught, i. 273 ; manslaughter.
marcerye, i. 264 ; mercery.
marchandes, ii. 160 ; merchants.
marchandy, ii. 160 ; merchandise.
marches, ii. 12 ; borders, border districts.
mare, i. 80 ; more.
markes, i. 267 ; marks (money).
merkis, i. 384 ; marks, signs, badges.
market-beaters, i. 330 ; swaggerers.
marmusettes, ii. 172 ; monkeys.
marren, ii. 72 ; to mar.
marternus, ii. 186 ; furs of the marten.
martis, ii. 179 ; marts, or fairs.
mase, i. 81; makes.
mastling, i. 308 ; mixed metal.

mastry, i. 328; authority, force.
matyn, ii. 50; to confound.
mater, i. 273; matter.
materas, ii. 217; a mattress.
mawfesours, ii. 85; evil-doers.
maugré, i, 330; in spite of.
mawgré, i. 60, ii. 112; bad comfort, spite, displeasure.
mawmentrie, ii. 246; idolatry.
meche, ii. 42; much.
mede, i. 71, 332; reward, bribe. medes, ii. 252; bribes.
medled, ii. 74; mixed.
megre, i. 264; meagre, thin.
meyné, ii. 196; attendants, company.
meyntenourz, i. 405; maintainers.
mekill, i. 63; much.
mele, i. 250; to meddle, to treat.
mell, i. 329; melle, ii. 243; to meddle.
mellid, i. 388; mixed.
memoriable, ii. 194; to be remembered, memorable.
mendis, i. 376, 381; amends.
mené, i. 403; household, retinue.
menzé, i. 61, 66; retinue.
menged, ii. 161; mixed.
mengid, ii. 99; reminded.
menid, i. 70; meant, intended.
meny, ii. 167; people, *mainé*.
menys, ii. 190; means.
mente, ii. 50; mint (the plant).
menuse, ii. 53; to diminish, to detract from.
menusynge, ii. 85; detracting from.
mere, ii. 68; a mare.
merk, ii. 212; dark.
merke, i. 84; a mark.
meschef, i. 48, ii. 7; mishap, misfortune.
messe, ii. 93; the mass.
messes, i. 327; dishes at table.
mete, ii. 86; boundary.
meteles, i. 264; without meat.
meuve, i. 370; move.
meve, i. 378; move.
mewe, ii. 170; a close place; strictly speaking, the place where falcons were put to moult.
mewe, ii. 228; to moult.
mych, i. 278; myche, ii. 187; much.
michel, ii. 45; great.
middis, ii. 252; the midst, the middle of.
midel-erd, i. 58; the earth, the world.
mylne, ii. 53; a mill.
mynged, i. 379; meddled, mixed; though it may be an error for *mynded*.
myngit, ii. 51; mixes.
mynys, ii. 286; mines.
myneth, ii. 58; undermines.
mynusshyth, ii. 189; diminishes.
myry, ii. 72; pleasant, merry.
mis, i. 252; error, wrong.
myschevyd, i. 272, ii. 269; plagued, injured, brought into misfortune.
miscreantz, ii. 12; unbelievers, infidels.
misfare, i. 89; to mischance, mishap.
misqueme, i. 323; to displease.
missaverynge, ii. 53; misunderstanding (?).
myssavyzyng, ii. 253; bad counsel.
myssetyme, ii. 58; to err.
myste, i. 378; might.
mistere, i. 309; need.
mystir, i. 409;
myswent, ii. 243; gone wrong, fallen into abuse.

mytird, ii. 146; mitred, had their mitres on.
myth, i. 364; mythe, ii. 187; might.
moche, ii. 243; great.
mochel, i. 268; much.
mode, i. 74; mod, ii. 7; mind, spirit.
mody, i. 71; highminded, brave.
mold, i. 80; molde, i. 391; i. 408; earth, world.
molde, i. 388;
mon, i. 251; man.
mone, ii. 208; lamentation.
moné, i. 64; money.
monest, ii. 104; lamentest, moanest.
monkuynde, i. 250; mankind.
mony, i. 252; many.
moo, ii. 188; more.
moppis, i. 406; fools.
more, ii. 21; greater.
more, i. 83; a moor.
mornynge, ii. 76; mourning.
mot, i. 59; may.
mote, i. 218; might.
moule, i. 342; to become mouldy.
moun, i. 400; may.
mouside, i. 396; mused.
mowe, i. 327; may.
mowen, ii. 269; mowed.
mowyth, ii. 250; may.
mowtynge, i. 380; moulting.
mucke, ii. 243; used commonly as a contemptuous term for *money*, or wealth.
multiphary, ii. 181; multifarious.
mun, i. 73; may.
muse, i. 372; reflect, brood over.
mutt, ii. 188; might.

N.

naker, i. 69; a musical instrument, a cornet or brass horn.
nay, ii. 126; *this is no nay*, this admits of no denial.
nayt, ii. 62; naught.
nale, i. 330; the ale.
namely, ii. 92; especially.
nathe, ii. 222; the nave of a cart.
neany, ii. 156; none, not any.
nec, i. 274; the neck.
neft, i. 376;
neghe, i. 267; closely. "The land is so closely sought by the friars, that the secular priests can hardly get any employment."
nelde, i. 327; a needle.
nempne, i. 376; to name, to mention, to tell; nempned, i. 403; called.
ner, *passim*; nor.
nere, i. 403; nearer.
nere, i. 330; for *ne were*, were not.
neres, i. 264; kidneys (?).
nevene, ii. 211, 284; name.
newe, ii. 49; anew, again.
newed, i. 373, 412; renewed.
neweth, i. 372; annoyeth.
ny, i. 392; near.
nyeth, i. 393; approacheth. *nyhed*, i. 403; approached.
nifles, ii. 172; trifles, nicknacks.
nigges, i. 326; niggards.
nyghed, i. 380; approached.
nil, i. 313; contracted from *ne will*, will not.
nis, i. 216; nys, 370; contraction of *ne is*, is not.
nyseté, i. 399; delicacy, nicety.
nyst, i. 415; knew not, for *ne wist*.

noble, ii. 159 ; the name of a coin minted under Edward III.
nodyr, ii. 271 ; neither.
nodur, i. 365 ; *no nodur*, for *non odur*, none other.
noy, ii. 182 ; injury. noyes, i. 372 ; injuries, griefs, annoyances.
noien, ii. 56 ; to injure.
nokes, i. 75 ; corners, nooks.
nold, i. 325 ; for *ne wold*, would not.
nolle, i. 374 ; the head, noddle.
nomen, i. 86 ; took.
not, i. 393 ;
nother, i. 392 ; neither.
nouther, i. 216 ; neither.
nownagis, i. 412 ; nonages.

O.

obeysaunt, i. 308 ; making obeissance.
obeisaunte, ii. 189 ; obedient.
obout, i. 61 ; about.
odur, ii. 250 ; or.
ogayn, i. 59 ; again. ogayne, i. 64 ; against.
ogaines, i. 59 ; against.
oghne, ii. 9 ; own.
oght, i. 267 ; aught.
oilles, i. 401 ;
ok, i. 216 ; oak.
olive, i. 71 ; alive.
onde, i. 84 ; an error of the press for *londe*.
one, i. 82 ; only.
onys, i. 371 ; once.
onthryfty, i. 272 ; that which counteracts or destroys thrift.
oo, i. 278 ; one.
oon, ii. 137 ; one.
oore, ii. 186 ; ore.
opon, i. 70 ; upon.
opposaile, ii. 204 ; question, inquiry, argument, for *apposaile*.
or, i. 397 ; before.
ore, ii. 197 ; an oar.
osey, ii. 163 ; a sort of wine.
osmonde, ii. 171 ; a sort of iron.
oste, ii. 177, 178, for *hoste ;* to take up lodgings (?).
ostentacioun, ii. 190 ; appearances, demonstration.
otere, ii. 186 ; the otter.
ottre, ii. 215 ; to utter.
ouches, i. 331, 334 ; jewels.
ouris, ii. 68 ; ours.
outraye, i. 216 ; to outrage, to injure.
outrayeng, ii. 143 ; erasing, expelling.
overeledynge, ii. 195 ; oppression.
oversene, ii. 205 ; overlooked, read through.
overthwarte, ii. 190 ; to cross, to embarras.
overwacche, i. 406 ; sitting up over late.
oway, i. 78 ; away.
owgly, ii. 218 ; ugly.
owyn, i. 273 ; own.

P.

paien, ii. 46 ; pay.
paiene, ii. 5 ; pagan.
paynen, i. 311 ; to labour.
paynymes, ii. 65 ; paynymys, ii. 283 ; pagans.

paishens, ii. 87 ; parishioners.
pales, ii. 205 ; a palace.
palet, i. 79 ; the head, the pate.
pall, i. 78 ; fine cloth.
panne, i. 376, 394, 409 ; pannes, i. 409 ; the skull, the head.
pans, ii. 66 ; pence.
paneris, i. 390 ; nets, snares.
paragals, i. 377 ; peers, companions.
parage, i. 218 ; peerage (?).
par-amour, ii. 280 ; by or for love (used adverbially).
parbrake, ii. 63 ; to vomit.
parceit, i. 369 ; perception.
pardé, *passim ;* an exclamation, literally *by God.*
pardonystres, ii. 78 ; pardoners.
parfettes, ii. 227.
parfit, ii. 9 ; the rule, the exemplar.
parfite, ii. 224.
paryformytee, ii. 193 ; similitude.
parishen, i. 327 ; a parishioner.
parysshens, ii. 217 ; parishioners.
parle, i. 414 ; to talk.
parlious, ii. 227 ; perilous.
paroche, ii. 72 ; a parish.
partable, ii. 220 ; sharing in.
parten, ii. 98 ; to give a share of.
pavys, ii. 152 ; a sort of large shield.
pease, i. 339 ; a pea.
pecus, ii. 227.
peedeugré, ii. 131 ; a pedigree.
peere, i. 372 ; a pear.
peynys, i. 272 ; punishment.
peynte, ii. 181 ; to paint.
peise, ii. 8 ; to weigh, to deliberate.
peked, ii. 251 ; peaked.
pelers, i. 62 ; pillars.
pelour, ii. 245 ; a plunderer, a robber. pelours, ii. 164 ; thieves.
peltre-ware, ii. 171 ; raw hides, perhaps more especially of wild beasts.
pelure, i. 265 ; fur.
pencell, i. 76 ; a streamer, or ornamental flag.
pende, i. 323 ; to confine.
penslac, i. 398 ; want of money.
peraunter, ii. 60 ; peradventure, perhaps.
perdé, ii. 125 ; an exclamation of affirmation, *par Dieu.*
perdurable, ii. 14 ; endurable, everlasting.
pere, ii. 201 ; a peer.
pere, i. 59 ; a pear.
perfit, ii. 243 ; perfect.
perlis, i. 375 ; pearls.
permagall, i. 307 ; probably a misprint for *peregal,* equal.
perrie, i. 308 ; precious stones.
persen, ii. 81 ; pierce.
persons, ii. 30 ; persownys, ii. 217 ; parsons, parish priests.
perswyaunce, ii. 242 ; continuation (?).
pertli, ii. 51 ; openly, plainly, for *apertli.*
pes, ii. 5 ; peace.
pese, ii. 251 ; peace.
pesinge, i. 400 ; piecing, joining the pieces together.
peté, *passim ;* pity.
piement, i. 316 ; a sort of mixed drink.
piereles, ii. 13 ; peerless, without equal.
pight, i. 390 ; pyȝte, ii. 152 ; raised, fixed, pitched.
piken, ii. 66 ; to steal.
pikers, ii. 66 ; thieves.

pylche, ii. 219 ; a leathern coat.
pyle, ii. 240 ; the obverse side of a coin, the other side having a cross. Hence the game of *crosse and pyle* was equivalent to our "heads and tails."
pill, i. 314 ; to plunder.
pillynge, i. 374 ; plundering.
pillour, i. 306 ; a pillow.
pine, i. 77, ii. 251 ; pain, punishment.
pined, i. 318 ; pyned, ii. 267 ; pynnyd, i. 389 ; tormented, punished.
pipoudris, i. 409 ; courts of pipoudere held at fairs and markets for the speedy trial of offences occurring there.
pirith, i. 393 ; peeps, watches.
pistles, ii. 63 ; epistles.
pitaile, i. 76 ; foot soldiers.
piteouse, pitevous, ii. 189 ; lamentable.
pyteuxly, ii. 267 ; piteously.
playn, ii. 152, 269 ; even, level.
plain, ii. 13 ; simple, candid.
playne, i. 64 ; abundant (?).
plasmacion, i. 275 ; make, formation.
plate, i. 76 ; mail, armour.
pleasaunce, ii. 254 ; pleasure.
pleigne, ii. 8 ; pleyn, i. 77 ; pleyne, i. 376 ; to complain.
pleysaunce, ii. 184 ; pleasure, *thynges of pleysaunce*, ornamental objects.
plenili, ii. 89 ; fully.
plesand, i. 265 ; pleasing, agreeable.
plentevous, plenteouse, ii. 188, 212 ; productive, producing plenty, abundant.
plentevousnesse, ii. 242 ; abundance.
plete, i. 305, 410 ; to plead, to argue.
plewme, i. 389 ; plume.
plit, ii. 13 ; plight.
plytes, i. 399 ; pleats.
plomayle, i. 381 ; feathers, plumage.
pocys, ii. 139 ;
poynt-makers, ii. 160 ; makers of the points, or laces, with which the hose were fastened.
pokes, i. 332 ; sleeves.
pol, i. 389 ; the head.
poleyn, ii. 213 ; *a poleyn steede*, may mean either a young steed, or a Polish steed.
polled, i. 79 ; shorn, shaved.
poopeholy, ii. 251, pretending to great holiness.
porayle, ii. 285 ; the poor classes of society.
port, i. 329; bearing.
portred, i. 307; pictured.
possessioners, i. 267; persons endowed with land, referring here apparently to the monks, in contradistinction to the friars.
postilles, ii. 44; apostles.
pouge, i. 276; a pouch.
poure, ii. 249; power.
poure, i. 372 ; to pore.
pover, i. 66; poor.
povert, i. 270 ; poverty.
powch, i. 274 ; a purse, a pouch.
powchers, ii. 109 ; makers of pouches.
power, ii. 25 ; poor.
praptyk, ii. 241 ; perhaps for *practyk*, or practice.
pray, i. 314 ; prey (?).
prease, ii. 33 ; to urge, to press.
prease, i. 305; prison (?).
precith, i. 393 ; presseth.

preffe, ii. 161 ; proof.
preifis, i. 369 ; proofs, experience.
preysing, i. 374 ; appraising, fixing a value on.
presciousitee, ii. 68 ; value, preciousness.
prese, i. 61; press, crowd.
preseyn, ii. 247; press (?).
presse, i. 401 ; to push.
presse, i. 250.
prest, i. 226, 326 ; ready.
prest, i. 71; pressed, in haste.
prevayle, ii. 285 (?).
prevy, ii. 285 ; private.
preve, i. 372 ; to prove.
price, ii. 198 ; a prize.
prike, i. 62; pryke, ii. 208 ; to ride.
pringnant, ii. 227 ; pregnant (?).
prynte, i. 385 ; impression (?).
prise, i. 59 ; ii. 14, 63 ; praise, value.
privyng, ii. 85 ; depriving.
privyté, ii. 75 ; privacy.
procuratour, i. 326 ; a proctor, an attorney.
procure, ii. 34 ; to act by procuration.
proesce, ii. 200; prowess.
prophete, i. 412 ; profit.
propurtés, i. 394; peculiarities, characteristics.
prove, i. 76 ; to try.
puissaunce, ii. 181 ; power.
puit, i. 215 ; put.
pulter, i. 389; poultry (?).
puple, ii. 41 ; people.
pure, i. 391 ; poor.
purraile, i. 389; the common people, the poor.
putree, i. 312 ; whoredom.
puttocke, i. 344 ; a kite (the bird).

Q.

queint, i. 334 ; ingenious, quaint.
queintise, i. 322 ; cunning.
queme, i. 400 ; qweme, ii. 142 ; to please.
quentise, i. 385, 400 ; cunning, artfulness.
querele, ii. 14 ; the complaint.
quic, ii. 74 ; alive.
quicke, i. 326 ; alive.
quite, ii. 12 ; requite.
quite, i. 78 ; quit, relieved of.
quok, i. 251 ; quaked.
quell, qwell, i. 61, 70; to kill.
qwen, i. 275 ; when.
qwere, i. 273 ; ware, beware of.
qwere, i. 274 ; where.

R.

rabeyn, i. 388 ; rapine.
rache, ii. 225 ; a scenting hound.
racheshede, ii. 187 ; carelessness. Apparently miswritten by the scribe for *racheleshede*.
rad, ii. 132 ; read (part.)
rafte, i. 373 ; taken from you, reft.
ragmanne, ii. 228 ; a catalogue or inventory.
ray, i. 398 ; array.
rayed, i. 397 ; arrayed.
rayke, i. 264 ; to wander about.
railed, i. 69 ; set, placed.
ranes, ii. 65 ; snot.
rape, i. 82 ; a rope.
rapely, i. 74, 369 ; quickly, hastily,

rascaile, i. 386; rasskayle, 387; raskalle, *ib.*; the lower orders.
rasyd, ii. 108; erased, diminished.
rasith, ii. 92; eraseth, defaceth.
ratele, ii. 64; to rattle out, to talk loudly and inconsiderately.
rathly, i. 77; speedily.
ratyn, ii. 110.
rauht, ii. 211; reached.
raunsound, i. 323; ransomed, fleeced.
ravinour, i. 326; a plunderer.
raw, i. 69; a row, a rank.
realles, i. 378; royals (*regales*).
reamys, ii. 132; realms.
rebellyous, ii. 270; rebels.
recchith, i. 397; care, reck.
recheless, ii. 133; reckless.
reclayme, i. 390; brought back, a term in falconry.
recuire, ii. 249; recover.
recure, ii. 269; to recover.
red, rede, i. 218, 252; to counsel, to advise.
rede, ii. 8; a reed.
rede, i. 63; counsel.
redeles, i. 373; counsel-less, unadvised.
redely, i. 371, 383; readily.
redles, i. 73; unadvised, foolish.
redlyd, ii. 217; twisted.
reden, i. 376; rode.
reede, i. 398; counsel.
reevelle, i. 413; revel.
refreit, ii. 211; the burthen of a song.
regaliche, ii. 196; royally.
regalie, ii. 4; regalye, ii. 142; royalty, royal position.
reght, i. 74; right.
regne, i. 266; to reign.
regne, ii. 157; a kingdom.
reyke, ii. 73; course, fling.
reynebowe, i. 404; the rainbow.
reys, ii. 175.
reisin, ii. 109; raise.
rejoise, ii. 254; to enjoy; rejoisyng, ii. 144; enjoying.
reles, ii. 47; release.
reme, ii. 282; realm.
rememoraunce, ii. 242; remembrance, mindfulness.
remene, i. 216; to call to mind (?).
remevyd, ii. 123; removed.
remossaylles, ii. 220; remnants.
ren, i. 73; to run.
renyd, ii. 77; ruined.
renk, i. 381; a man.
renne, i. 383; to run; ii. 132; run (participle). rennen, ii. 74; they run. rennyng, ii. 276; running.
renomed, ii. 133; renowned.
rent, i. 73.
renue, ii. 75; be restored.
reot, i. 413; riot, disorder.
repreff, i. 371; reproof.
repreve, i. 402; to reprove.
rere, ii. 245; to raise.
reremys, i. 406; bats.
rereth, ii. 244; raiseth.
rerewarde, ii. 57; the rear-guard of an army.
resayvid, ii. 274; received.
resceyte, i. 385; receipt.
rese, i. 76; halting (?).
reste, ii. 252; dwelling place.
resteined, ii. 14; retained (?). Perhaps it should be read *resceived.*
restid, ii. 278; arrested.
restore, i. 390;
retch, ii. 33; care, reck.
retourned, ii. 268; brought back again.

reve, ii. 51 ; to deprive, take from.
reve, ii. 245 ; to plunder. reved, i. 66 ; plundered, robbed.
reverce, i. 265 ; a term in dress-making.
revers, ii. 164 ; sea-robbers, pirates.
reward, i. 218, ii. 134 ; regard.
rewe, i. 373 ; to rue.
rewis, i. 371 ; rows, lines, or couplets.
rewleless, ii. 212 ; without rule, ungoverned.
rewme, i. 378, 398 ; a realm.
rewth, i. 369 ; ruth.
rialle, i. 398 ; royal.
rialle, ii. 207 ; royally, like a king or queen.
rybawdus, i. 225 ; ribawdes, ii. 152 ; ribalds, a low class of medieval society.
ribaudery, i. 263 ; ribaldry.
richen, i. 326 ; to enrich.
ryff, i. 380 ; rife, frequent.
ryffled, i. 374 ; rifled.
rifild, i. 62 ; plundered, rifled.
rig, i. 77 ; rigge, i. 407 ; the back.
riȝtyn, i. 369 ; to correct, to set right.
rightwys, ii. 267 ; rightwise, i. 314 ; righteous.
rightwisenesse, ii. 8 ; righteousness.
riken, ii. 228 ; reckon.
riot, ii. 244 ; tumult.
riote, i. 263, 373 ; riot ; riotous living.
riotours, i. 311 ; people who live in extravagance and riot.
rith, i. 369 ; right.
riveling, i. 62 ; a rough shoe formerly worn by the Scots.
rode, i. 74, 89 ; a cross.
rofe, ii. 126 ; clove, split.
roff, i. 404 ; roof, vault.
romee, ii. 90 ; roar (?).
ronnon, i. 364 ; run.
rood, i. 311 ; roode, ii. 127 ; a cross.
roother, i. 216 ; a rudder.
roseers, ii. 210 ; rose trees.
rote, ii. 221 ; a musical instrument resembling the hurdy-gurdy.
rotus, i. 387 ; roots.
rought, ii. 269 ; recked, cared.
rouȝt, i. 366 ;
rouȝte, i. 396 ; rout.
roune, i. 380 ; to whisper.
route, ii. 246 ; to go in company on foot.
route, ii. 167 ; assemble.
routus, i. 374 ; rowts.
roven, i. 343 ; riven, separated.
rovers, ii. 164 ; robbers on the sea, pirates.
rowyng, ii. 284 ;
rownde, ii. 193 ; encircling. *This rownde see*, this sea round us.
rowners, i. 271 ; whisperers.
rowte, i. 225, ii. 180 ; a company, a crowd.
rugh-fute, i. 62 ; rough-footed.
rumbelynge, ii. 276 ; tumult.

S.

sacrynge, ii. 234 ; the consecration of the host.
sadde, ii. 47 ; serious.
sadly, ii. 38 ; seriously.
saff, i. 373 ; safe.
saff, i. 374 ; save.
sayle, i. 216 ; to assail.
saine, i. 61 ; to say.

sakles, i. 61; blameless, guiltless.
sale, i. 75; shall.
sale, i. 307;
sall, i. 73; shall.
saltou, i. 88; shalt thou.
salve, i. 70; to save.
sample, ii. 243; example.
sand, ii. 6; the act of sending, a message.
sape, i. 265; soap.
sare, i. 59; sore.
sary, i. 60; sore.
sarri, i. 218;
satyllyn, ii. 81; settle (?).
savere, i. 371; know (?).
sauf, ii. 243; save.
sauf, ii. 8; saved, safe.
sauf, ii. 6; safe, possessing safety.
saul, i. 63; saule, i. 266; the soul.
sawd, ii. 94; payment, hire.
sawe, i. 70, 86, ii. 182; a saying, a report. sawis, i. 402, ii. 401; sayings.
sawte, ii. 277, 278; an assault.
sawtid, ii. 278; assaulted.
scant, ii. 189; to become scanty, to fail.
scaplerie, ii. 19; a scapulary, part of the ecclesiastic dress.
scathe, i. 265; loss.
schac, i. 67; to shake.
schad, ii. 7; shed.
schawes, i. 89; woods.
sched, i. 252; the division of the hair on the top of the head.
schedde, ii. 8; shed.
scheltron, i. 71; schilteroun, i. 72; a squadron or division of soldiers.
schende, i. 73; to destroy.
schene, i. 71; bright.
schent, i. 225; ruined, destroyed.
schermyn, ii. 285; shear-men, those who shear the cloth.
schew, i. 415; show.
schewe, i. 394, 413; appear.
schides, ii. 53; planks.
schiperd, i. 84; shepherd.
schone, ii. 251; shoes.
schope, ii. 63; created.
schoppe, i. 403; to chop.
schorned, i. 404; scorned.
schour, i. 216; shower.
schour, ii. 268; schowre, i. 85; battle, conflict.
schrapid, i. 394; scraped, scratched.
schrevys, i. 413; sheriffs.
schrewed, i. 392; cursed.
schrive, i. 88; confess thyself.
schroff, i. 388;
schroup, i. 388;
scole, ii. 43; school.
scomferture, ii. 278; discomfiture.
scorte, i. 401; scorn.
scredes, ii. 252; shreds, alluding to the cutting and jagging of the cloth in dresses of that period.
scrowe, ii. 165, 192; a writing, a scroll.
se, i. 63; the sea.
se, i. 378; a seat, a see.
seche, i. 392; to seek.
see, i. 410; a seat.
seggist, ii. 72; speakest.
sey, ii. 124; saw.
seie, i. 215; to say.
seye, i. 215; seen.
seiȝe, i. 216; seen.
seimtis, i. 398; girdles.
seyn, ii. 17, 181; they say
seyne, ii. 179; to see.
seist, ii. 49; speakest.
seke, ii. 125; sick.

seker, i. 321; sure.
sekir, ii. 243; sure, certain.
selcouthe, i. 368; strange, wonderful.
sele, *ii. 125*; time.
selde; i. 394; seldom.
sely, ii. 109; simple.
selle, ii. 185;
sembland, i. 78; like.
semblé, ii. 125; an assembly, a meeting together (here, in shock of battle).
sembled, i. 369; assembled.
sen, i. 60; since.
sen, ii. 9; see.
senceres, ii. 42; censers.
sendal, ii. 68; a sort of valuable cloth or silk.
sene, ii. 133; see.
senin, i. 86; since, afterwards.
seo, i. 250, &c.; see.
sere, i. 365; dry, withered.
sere, i. 86; several.
sergantes, i. 70; servants.
serpentli, ii. 49; treacherously, like a serpent.
serteyne, ii. 152; certain; *a serteyne*, in certain, for certain.
served, ii. 12; preserved.
servid, i. 381; deserved.
sesid, ii. 278; stopped.
sesse, ii. 104; cease.
severe, ii. 209; to separate.
sewde, ii. 278; seuyd, ii. 279; issued.
sewe, ii. 228; sue.
sewis, i. 310; follows.
shadwe, ii. 216; shade, shadow.
shede, i. 311; separate.
shende, i. 344, ii. 183; to ruin, to destroy.
shendship, ii. 45; shenshepe, i. 405; shenshippe, ii. 227; ruin, destruction.
shene, ii. 218; bright, shining.
shent, i. 269; shente, ii. 187; ruined, destroyed, lost.
shepen, ii. 76; a sheep-cot.
sherish, ii. 188; shires.
shewyng, ii. 109; offering.
shipun, ii. 72; a sheep-cot.
shone, i. 266; shoes.
show, i. 317; a shoe.
shryfe, i. 265; to shrive.
shryffe, ii. 207; confess.
shrift, ii. 22; confession.
shrift-fathers, ii. 22; confessors.
shulde, ii. 244; shield.
sibbe, ii. 70; kindred.
sibbe, i. 392; kin, relation.
sicerly, ii. 49; surely.
siche, ii. 67; such.
sydus, i. 277; sides.
sie, i. 327; to see.
sigh, ii. 146; saw.
signement, ii. 147; assignment, assignation.
syked, ii. 205; sighed.
siker, i. 217; sure, secure.
sykerliche, i. 252; surely.
sykernesse, ii. 241; certainty.
sympylle, ii. 284; in the sense of small.
synder, i. 216; sunder; *in synder*, asunder.
syngyn, i. 270; to sing.
sir, i. 378, 379; a lord.
sit, ii. *5*; becomes.
sitee, ii. 187; situation (?).
sytes, i. 268; sits.
sitȝh, i. 374; a sight.
sith, ii. 22; since.

sythenne, i. 225; since, afterwards.
sitte, ii. 5; becomes.
sitting, i. 393; incubation.
skall, i. 311; scab.
skamonye, ii. 173; scammony, a plant used in medicine.
skathed, i. 385; injured.
skere, i. 333.
skylle, i. 385, ii. 188. skil, ii. 42; reason, knowledge; *can thereone no skylle*, are quite ignorant in the matter.
sklendir, ii. 219; slender.
skood, ii. 219.
skry, ii. 154; cry.
skrith, i. 71; to escape (?).
slake, ii. 206; to desist, to cease.
slake, ii. 10; to be extinguished.
slaken, i. 86; to assuage, to quench.
slaveyn, i. 404; a sort of mantle.
slawe, ii. 235; slain.
sleen, ii. 134; to slay.
sleight, ii. 13; trickery, deception.
slen, ii. 10; to slay.
slent, ii. 112; slunk.
sleth, ii. 7; slayeth.
slew, i. 345; probably a misprint of the black-letter edition for *flew*, i.e. put them to flight.
slewys, i. 273; sleeves.
slyndynge, ii. 182; slipping.
slike, i. 59, 60; such.
slite, i. 335.
slode, i. 404; slided.
slogh, i. 64; slo3e, i. 225; slou3, i. 216; slew.
sloughe, sloughte, ii. 187; sloth.
slouh, ii. 13; he slew.
slowe, ii. 8; slew.
slugly, ii. 203; sluggishly.
smacchith, ii. 64; smacks, tastes of.
smere, i. 325; to smear, to daub over.
smorthering, ii. 54; smothering. Perhaps a mere error of the scribe.
snaper, i. 88; to stumble.
snarre, ii. 55; to ensnare.
snek-drawers, ii. 98; lifters of latches.
snell, i. 70; quick.
snowcrie, ii. 111.
soeffrin, ii. 10; suffer.
sofferen, ii. 206; sovereign.
softe, ii. 8; mild.
soget, i. 272, ii. 192; subject.
soile, ii. 38; to assoil, to absolve.
sojournant, i. 327; a sojourner.
soleyne, i. 415; sullen, or solemn.
somen, ii. 89; to summon.
somere, i. 380; summer.
sompne, i. 330; to summon.
sompnour, i, 313; the officer who cited offenders before the consistory court.
sonde, i. 370, ii. 202; that which is sent, a message. sondis, i. 413; messages.
sonder, i. 268; to separate; *make ham to sonder*, disperse them.
sondrid, i. 388; separated.
song, i. 267; singing.
songen, i. 79; sung.
sonne, ii. 178, 196; the sun.
sool, ii. 103; soole, ii. 190; sole, single.
sore, ii. 190; sorrow.
sorrowen, ii. 7; lament over.
sorwynge, ii. 40; lamenting.
sotelté, ii. 175; subtlety.
sothe, i. 266; truth.
sotil, ii. 85; subtle.

sottell, ii. 273 ; subtle.
souketh, ii. 174 ; sucks.
soukle, i. 304; to absorb moisture(?), said of bad seed
soule, i. 376.
soun, ii. 219 ; sound, voice.
soupe, i. 337 ; sup.
sourdid, i. 368 ; proceeded.
soure, i. 269 ; sourly.
sowed, i. 70 ; repented (?).
sowkid, i. 412 ; sucked, drunk in.
sowters, ii. 109 ; cobblers.
sowth, ii. 284 ; sought.
sparris, ii. 77 ; rafters, beams.
spas, i. 252 ; space.
specialis, i. 276 ; sweethearts.
specionus, ii. 98 ; beautiful.
spyse, i. 265; spice.
spokeles, ii. 222 ; destitute of spokes.
spone, i. 273 ; spun.
sporys, i. 275 ; spurs.
stable, ii. 8 ; to strengthen.
stable, i. 373, 404; to become strong, or firm.
stakerth, ii. 40 ; staggers.
stalle, i. 389 ; stole,
standen, ii. 202 ; to be arrested, to become stationary, not progressing.
stane, i. 62 ; stone.
stant, *passim*, stands.
stappis, ii. 102 ; steps.
stare, ii. 215 ; the starling.
stareand, i. 64 ; staring.
sted, i. 252 ; stede, i. 63, 76; ii. 14; steedes, i. 304 ; place.
steeris, i. 405 ; oxen.
stefly, ii. 239 ; stiffly, firmly.
steken, ii. 97 ; to bar the door, to shut out.
stelen, i. 386 ; stole.
stended, ii. 80 ; stinted, limited.
sterching, ii. 50; starching.
stere, ii. 6, 170 ; to stir.
stere, ii. 10 ; a steersman.
stere, ii. 125 ; stout, strong.
steren, i. 62 ; stern.
sterynge, ii. 185 ; stirring.
stern, i. 64 ; a star.
sterne, i. 304 ; fierce.
styde, i. 365 ; place.
stiede, ii. 204 ; mounted.
stiel, ii. 133 ; style.
stiere, ii. 10 ; to steer.
stiere, ii. 10 ; a steersman.
stif, i. 398 ; firm, strong.
styffe, i. 394 ; to become strong, or firm.
styffnesse, i. 405 ; strength, rigidity.
stigh, ii. 9 ; mounted, ascended.
stile, ii. 171 ; steel.
stille, i. 269 ; quietly.
stint, i. 71 ; put an end to.
stynted, i. 386; desisted, ceased.
stirid, i. 379 ; stirred.
stirt, i. 90 ; started, rushed.
stonde, ii. 111 ; stoned.
stonden, ii. 241 ; to stand.
stony, ii. 200; am astonished, am confounded.
stonyed, i. 386 ; astonished.
stont, i. 365 ; stands.
stopene, ii. 178 ; stop, hinder.
stound, i. 72, 304 ; a moment, a period of time ; *in a stound*, at once.
stour, 216 ; battle.
stoute, ii. 196 ; strongly, powerfully.
stownde, ii. 125 ; time, moment.

stowre, i. 61 ; fight, battle.
strayth, i. 275 ; straight, tight.
strake, i. 416 ; a stroke.
strate, i. 74 ; street or road (?).
streche, ii. 180 ; to go, to hasten.
strenkith, i. 89 ; strength,
strenuité, ii. 200 ; courage, force of character.
strevyn, i. 83 ; strivèn.
strie, i. 405; to destroy. stried, i. 381; destroyed.
strive, i. 71 ; strife.
stryve, ii. 6 ; to make strife.
stroye, i. 398 ; stroy, i. 64 ; to destroy. stroyed, i. 385 ; destroyed.
stronte, i. 401 ; to rant.
stronters, i. 406 ; ranters.
strountynge, i. 397, 398 ; strontynge, 400 ; ranting.
strowun, ii. 110 ; strew, scatter,
sturte, i. 330 ; struggle (?).
subdite, ii. 197; subjected.
subies, ii. 196 ; subjects.
subjit, ii. 9 ; subject.
sufferayn, ii. 208 ; sovereign.
sugre, ii. 145 ; to sugar, to sweeten.
suld, i. 63 ; should.
summyse, ii. 227 ; subject.
superflue, ii. 70 ; superfluous.
supplusage, ii. 283 ; surplus.
surquedous, ii. 213; arrogant.
surreccioun, ii. 247 ; insurrection.
sustryn, ii. 209 ; sisters.
suwit, ii. 107 ; follows.
swa, i. 266 ; so.
swage, i. 218 ; to diminish.
swayne, ii. 228 ; swan (?).
swche, i. 278 ; such.
swelt, i. 89 ; died.
swych, *passim* ; such.
swink, i. 69 ; swynk, ii. 154 ; to labour.
swire, i. 82, 341 ; neck.
swith, i. 71 ; quick.
swythe, i. 394 ; quickly, immediately.
swoch, i. 271 ; such.
swolde, ii. 230 ; sold,
swot, ii. 51 ; sweet.

T.

tabide, i. 327 ; to abide.
tables, ii. 24 ; tablets, table-books.
taburns, i. 87 ; tabors, drums.
taille, ii. 70 ; cutting, fashion.
take, i. 314 ; to give.
tale, ii. 73 ; count.
taliage, ii. 79 ; the king's tax.
tappe, ii. 95 ; to draw and sell ale.
tapsteres, ii. 95 ; ale-wives.
tarage, ii. 141 ; the flavour or character of a thing.
tarette, i. 65 ; a sort of ship, perhaps a large vessel with a tower.
targe, i. 217 ; a shield.
tary, ii. 166 ; delay.
telde, i. 388 ; told.
tempred, ii. 5 ; moderated, tempered.
tene, i. 71 ; ii. 125 ; grief, sorrow, affliction.
tene, i. 224 ; to afflict, to grieve. tenet, afflicts. tenyd, i. 395 ; injured, hurt.
tent, ii. 227 ; attend to, pay attention to.
tent, i. 384 ; tente, 385 ; entent.

tents, i. 339 ; tenths, tithes.
tentze, ii. 12 ; the game of tennis.
termyne, ii. 144 ; to end, to determine.
terre, ii. 171 ; tar.
teschue, ii. 6 ; to eschue.
thanne, ii. 41 ; *not for thanne*, nevertheless.
the, *passim;* for they.
the, ii. 159 ; to flourish, to thrive.
thee, i. 313, ii. 180 ; to thrive, to flourish.
thefly, ii. 60, by theft.
thenayle, ii. 182 (?).
thende, ii. 12 ; the end.
thenke, i. 216, 268 ; to seem, to appear ; *me thenkes*, it seems to me.
there, *passim ;* their.
thilke, ii. 37 ; that.
thynchith, i. 397 ; appears ; *me thynchith*, it seems to me.
thir ; those.
thof, i. 265 ; though.
tholde, ii. 9 ; the old.
thonckyd, ii. 281 ; thinked.
thorowghe, ii. 194 ; through.
thorwe, i. 364 ; through.
thought, ii. 182 ; tough.
thred, ii. 268 ; third.
threo, i. 252 ; three.
throff, i. 398 ; throve.
throughte, ii. 241 ; truth.
throwe, ii. 199 ; space of time.
thurgh, ii. 5 ; through.
tyde, i. 59, 269 ; time.
tyde, ii. 249 ; happen.
tiffelers, i. 309 ; busybodies.
tight, i. 72 ; turned (?).
til, i. 250 ; tyll, i. 58 ; tille, i. 264 ; to.
tille, ii. 83 ; to entice, to draw.
tiliers, i. 376 ; tillers, husbandmen.
timber, i. 72 ; destruction.
tymed, i. 395.
tyne, i. 88 ; to lose.
tint, i. 79 ; lost.
tyrie, i. 48.
tithandes, i. 64 ; tidings.
tytheth, ii. 50 ; taketh tithes.
tobarst, i. 251 ; burst to pieces.
tobrake, ii. 10 ; broken.
tobroke, ii. 10 ; broken to pieces.
todongin, i. 79 ; knocked to pieces.
todrawe, i. 341, ii. 235 ; torn to pieces.
tofalle, ii. 7 ; cuts off, crops (?).
tofore, ii. 10 ; before.
toforne, ii. 137 ; before.
toke, i. 268, ii. 165 ; gave ; *toke ham to the devel ychone*, gave them all to the devil.
tole, i. 314 ; toll.
tole, i. 331 ; a tool, an instrument.
toleye, ii. 240 ; to put forward.
tolled, i. 395 ; collected, took toll of (?).
too, ii. 158, *et passim ;* two.
toon, ii. 106 ; the one.
toothir, ii. 147 ; the other.
topull, i. 308 ; pull to pieces.
torace, i. 342 ; annihilate (?).
torent, ii. 219 ; rent to pieces, or greatly rent.
torne, ii. 162 ; turn.
toseed, ii. 161 ; picked, pulled, as wool, &c. A term used among clothiers.
tote, i. 305 ; to spy.
totere, i. 311 ; to tear to pieces.
tothrete, i, 218 ; to threaten violently.

totore, ii. 239 ; torn to pieces.
tourne, i. 340 ; to turn.
toukers, ii. 285 ; a class of dyers.
tray, i. 322 ; to betray.
tray, i. 72, ii. 125 ; grief, sorrow.
traylid, i. 376 ; trellis-worked (?).
traine, i. 322 ; they betray.
trais, i. 79 ; betray.
traiste, i. 68 ; to trust.
traitorie, ii. 28 ; treason.
trantes, i. 265 ; tricks, stratagems.
travayle, i. 218 ; to labour.
travailen, i. 335 ; laboured.
traveile, i. 371 ; to labour.
travell, ii. 23 ; labour.
travell, ii. 27 ; to labour.
trefte, i. 376.
treget, i. 79 ; deceit, imposition.
tremelyng, ii. 276 ; trembling.
trentall, ii. 21, trentel, 81 ; a service of thirty masses for the dead.
trest, l. 79 ; trust.
tretes, i. 307 ; treats (?).
trey, i. 72 ; vexation.
triacle, i. 388 ; a remedy, medicine.
trifflour, i. 397 ; a trifler (?).
tristi, i. 385 ; trusty.
tristith, i. 404 ; trust.
trompes, i. 87 ; trumpets.
troper, ii. 43 ; one of the service books, the *troparius*.
trouble, ii. 131 ; troubled, disturbed.
trought, ii. 163, 195 ; truth.
trowist, ii. 68 ; believest thou.
trowyth, i. 271 ; truth.
trumpe, i. 69 ; a trumpet.
trumpe, i. 70 ; to blow the trumpet.
trusse, i. 264, 326 ; to pack up and depart, to pack off.
turbit, ii. 173.
turmentour, i. 397 ; an executioner.
twen, ii. 214 ; between.
twye, twey, ii. 42 ; two.
twynned, i. 404 ; parted, separated.
twynte, i. 395 ; a jot.

U.

uch, i. 216 ; each.
umset, i. 77 ; surrounded.
umstride, i. 68 ; to encircle with the legs.
unability, ii. 134 ; inability, incapacity.
unboxom, ii. 42 ; disobedient.
uncod, i. 364 ; unknown.
underfongen, ii. 11 ; undertaken.
underlaide, ii. 254 ; to lay under foot, to tread down.
undermyn, ii. 84 ; undermine.
undernome, ii. 22 ; to take up, to take to task.
undernomen, ii. 85 ; examined, accused.
understont, i. 327 ; understands.
unfraught, ii. 191 ; want of freight.
unhale, i. 74 ; diseased.
unhold, i. 317 ; faithless.
unkyndly, ii. 244 ; unnatural, contrary to the nature or profession of any one.
unkunning, ii. 36 ; want of knowledge. Used as an adjective on the next page.
unmightie, ii. 37 ; wanting power.
unnethe, i. 215 ; hardly.
unpower, ii. 36 ; want of power.

unsekyrnesse, ii. 242; insecurity, uncertainty.
unsele, i. 85; unfortunate.
unsewyr, ii. 241; insecure, uncertain.
unsiker, ii. 78; unsure.
unwarenesse, ii. 190; want of caution, imprudence.
up-so-down, ii. 217, 236; upside-down. This latter is apparently only a corruption of the older phrase.
ur, i. 215; our.
urniall, i. 313.
uttere, i. 403; further out.
utterne, ii. 175; they utter.
utterwarde, ii. 157; externally.
uvel, i. 225; evil.

V.

vailable, ii. 8; profitable.
vaire, i. 265; a sort of fur.
vantith, ii. 249; boasts, vaunts.
varioure, ii. 132; a warrior.
vauwarde, ii. 57; the van of an army.
venemed, ii. 244; poisoned.
venerye, ii. 186; game, animals which were hunted.
vengeable, i. 328; revengeful.
venym, ii. 74; poison.
venyrsyne, ii. 267.
verrei, ii. 65; true,
verrie, ii. 167; for *werrie*, make war.
vierge, ii. 270; virgin.
vylis, ii. 249.
vys, i. 278; vice.
voyd, ii. 287; avoid.
voidli, ii. 103; vainly.

W.

wadmole, ii. 160; a coarse woollen cloth.
waffore, ii. 174; a wasp (?).
waginge, ii. 50; wagging, turning round.
wayke, i. 264; weak.
waykyer, ii. 276; the weaker.
waylyth, ii. 284; availeth.
waynyth, ii. 227; think, suppose (?).
wait, i. 60; to await (?).
wayt, ii. 127; watch.
waite, i. 371, 372; to watch, to consider or think on, to pay attention to.
waited, ii. 10; watched, served.
wayve, i. 378; to remove (their fears).
wake, ii. 276; to awake.
wakkin, i. 72, 86; to awaken.
waleway, i. 48; alas!
wall, i. 312; a well.
walmed, i. 397; properly boiled up, agitated.
waltrid, i. 390; weltered.
walwed, i. 374; wallowed.
wane, i. 65; plenty, frequency.
waniand, i. 70, 84, 87; the wane of the moon.
wan, i. 264, 377; won, redeemed.
wapin, i. 71; a weapon.
wapind, i. 67; armed, provided with weapons.
war, i. 59; were.
ware, i. 277. Perhaps *on ware* should be printed *onware*, in the sense of unawares.
ware, i. 275; to beware.

ware, ii. 244 ; expended.
warened, ii. 192 ; warned.
warie, i. 399 ; to curse.
warned, i. 404; forbade. warned, ii. 4 ; refused.
wast, ii. 244 ; ruined.
wastable, ii. 173 ; subject to waste.
wate, i. 268 ; know.
wate, ii. 153; to watch.
wattis, i. 414 ; men of importance.
wawes, i. 216 ; waves.
wawlis, ii. 109 ; perhaps for waves.
waxen, i. 268 ; grown.
waxus, i. 365 ; waxes, grows.
weddis, i. 408 ; pledges.
wede, i. 71, 85 ; apparel, dress.
wede, i. 269 ; to go mad.
wederes, ii. 44 ; has perhaps here the sense of tempests.
wedir, i. 387; weather.
wede, i. 397 ; dress.
weet, ii. 17 ; know.
wegges, ii. 171 ; wedges.
weie, ii. 6 ; weighed.
weythe, ii. 286 ; weight.
welde, i. 306 ; to govern, to wield.
welders, ii. 78; possessors.
wele, i. 63 ; weal, prosperity.
wele, i. 62 ; well.
weleaway, ii. 112 ; an exclamation of lamentation.
weleful, i. 81 ; prosperous.
wely, i. 267 ; prosperous, in good condition.
welldith, i. 407 ; possesseth.
welle, i. 218 ; a fountain.
wenen, i. 267; suppose, think. wened, i. 64 ; though, expected. wenynge, ii. 166 ; supposing.
went, i. 271 ; gone.
weole, i. 250 ; weal, prosperity.
weor, i. 218 ; were.
wepeand, i. 82 ; weeping.
were, ii. 44 ; to defend, to protect.
were, i. 59 ; to make war.
were, i. 77, 86 ; war ; *were man*, a man of war.
were, i. 215 ; to wear.
weryne, ii. 152 ; were.
wermode, ii. 52 ; wormwood.
werned, ii. 5 ; refused.
werre, ii. 194 ; spring, for *verre*.
werred, ii. 189 ; expended.
werrid, i. 369 ; made war.
werrynge, ii. 183 ; making war.
werreles, ii. 203 ; without war.
werryours, ii. 183 ; warriors.
werroure, ii. 199 ; a warrior.
wescheth, ii. 53 ; screameth (?).
wesshe, i. 387 ; to wash.
weten, i. 329 ; they know.
wex, ii. 163 ; wax.
wexynge, ii. 143 ; growing.
whore, i. 387 ; were.
whete-yere, ii. 223 ; the wheatear.
white, ii. 148 ; blame.
whote, i. 89 ; knowest.
wlate, i. 337; to loathe.
wlysp, i. 185 ; to lisp.
wy, i. 407; a man.
wickett, i. 404 ; the gate.
wiel, ii. 7 ; well.
wyenges, i. 269 ; wings.
wyght, i. 407 ; creature, wight.
wight, i. 69, 85 ; active, nimble.
wyghte, ii. 241 ; white.
wyghtly, i. 268 ; nimbly, quickly.
wiht, i. 250 ; a creature.
wyle, i. 369; while.
wyle, i. 273 ; will.
wylis, i. 386 ; wiles, tricks.
willerdome, ii. 247; wilfulness (?).

wilne, i. 306 ; to wish, to desire.
wynne, i. 266 ; to gain access to.
wynt, i. 216 ; wind.
wirche, ii. 4 ; to work. wirching, ii. 134 ; working.
wyrfolk, ii. 285 ; workmen, workfolk (?).
wyrkkyd, ii. 284 ; worked.
wyrlynge, ii. 187 ;
wysely, ii. 183 ; prudent.
wisith, ii. 226 ; shows, points out.
wisse, i. 310 ; warn.
wissen, i. 370 ; to teach, to warn.
wishen, i. 322 ; they knew.
wit, i. 70 ; to know.
wite, ii. 148 ; wyte, ii. 208 ; blame.
wyth, i. 364 ; for *wight*, active.
withholde, ii. 244 ; defended, protected against.
wythoutene, ii. 202 ; without (the prep.).
withsay, i. 321 ; to deny.
wytte, i. 377 ; to blame, to lay to one's blame.
witterly, i. 370, ii. 82 ; truly, certainly.
woday, i. 48 ; a day of woe (?).
wode, i. 74, ii. 167 ; mad, furious.
wolde, i. 218 ; to hold (?).
wolle, i. 273 ; wool. wollys, ii. 283 ; wools.
woltow, ii. 148 ; for *wilt thou*.
wombis, i. 391 ; bellies.
won, ii. 87 ; wone, ii. 196 ; custom.
wonand, i. 74 ; dwelling, residing.
wonde, i. 84 ; stop, stay.
wonde, i. 216. If this be the correct reading, it may mean a club.
wonder, i. 250 ; wonderful.
wonder, i. 251 ; wonderfully.
wonen, i. 77 ; won.
wones, i. 266 ; dwellings, residence.
woneth, i. 377 ; dwell.
woning, i. 66, 89 ; dwelling, residence.
wonne, ii. 224 ; one.
wonnen, i. 267 ; to dwell. wonne, i. 388.
wonnen, i. 71 ; won, gained.
wonnynges, i. 270 ; dwelling places.
woo, i. 364 ; sorrow, sorrowful.
wood, i. 312 ; mad.
woode, ii. 180 ; woad.
woodnesse, ii. 55 ; madness.
woost, ii. 104 ; knowest.
worth, i. 62 ; ii. 249 ; be, become.
worthli, i. 71 ; worthy.
wost, i. 370 ; knew.
woves, i. 390 ; waves.
wowes, ii. 244 ; walls, more especially the walls of houses.
wox, i. 251 ; waxed, grew.
wrake, i. 252, 375 ; ii. 53 ; wraak, ii. 213 ; ruin, destruction, vengeance.
wrall, i. 314 ;
wreche, ii. 227 ; wreke, i. 89 ; revenge.
wrenchis, ii. 48 ; stratagems, frauds.
wrye, i. 384 ; go aside.
wrynkels, ii. 45.
writhyn, ii. 90 ; to twist, wriggle.
writte, i. 370 ; a letter.
wro, i. 305 ; a corner.
wroken, i. 61 ; revenged.
wrote, i. 73 ; to root up, to overthrow.
wrowght, ii, 205 ; made, created.
wullus, i. 412 ; wools.
wun, i. 79 ; won.
wust, i. 337 ; protected (?).

Y.

Y, *passim*; I.
y, i. 365; high (?).
y, i. 276; they.
yafe, i. 324; gave.
yall, i. 315, 345; to yell.
yarne, i. 387; to desire eagerly.
yates, i. 305; gates.
yeve, ii. 25; to give.
yblowe, ii. 245; blown.
ycharchid, i. 403; charged.
ychone, i. 267; everyone.
yconyd, ii. 286; coined.
ydemed, i. 403; judged.
ydo, i. 391; done.
ydountid, i. 375; feared.
yef, i. 333; give.
yefts, ii. 27; gifts.
yeme, i. 378; to guide or rule.
yerles, ii. 197; earles.
yever, ii. 25; a giver.
yfeyned, i. 371; feigned.
yfourmed, ii. 43; informed.
ygon, i. 385; gone.
ygrave, i. 375; engraved, sculptured.
yheeded, i. 380; horned, headed.
yhelid, i. 402; covered, roofed.
yhotte, i. 403; bidden.
ykende, i. 319; known.
ykep, i. 365; kept.
yeveth, ii. 24; giveth.
ylafte, i. 413; left.
ylauȝte, i. 309, 409; caught.
ylyste, i. 373; listed, taken.
yloke, i. 375; locked.
yluggyd, i. 409; pulled or lugged about.
ymagynynge, ii. 270; plotting.
ympe, i. 218; a sprout, a young sprig, a graft.
ymprise, ii. 152.
ymummyd, i. 410; compelled to keep silence (?).
ynned, i. 398; harvested, brought in.
ynnere, i. 401; further in.
ynowe, i. 386; enough.
yois, i. 272; pleasure, enjoyment.
yoven, ii. 140; given.
ypynned, i. 388; fledged, penned.
ypassid, i. 381; past.
yrent, i. 311; torn.
ysoupid, i. 414; supped.
ytakyn, i. 387; taken, caught.
ytemprid, i. 374; mixed, tempered.
ytoron, i. 366; torn.
ywys, i. 365; truely, surely.
yworewid, i. 395; worried.
ywounded, i. 403; wrapped, enveloped.
ywrowte, ii. 284; made.

INDEX.

INDEX.

A.

Aile, John of, i. 71.
Albemarle, the earl of Rutland made duke of, i. 461.
Aldgate, London, attacked unsuccessfully by the followers of the bastard of Fauconberg, ii. 278.
Angelyn, Girard or Gerald, one of the commanders in the army sent to support Peter the Cruel, i. 106.
Anne of Bohemia, her marriage with Richard II. i. 458.
description of her, i. 286.
Armagh, Richard Fitz-Ralph, archbishop of, i. 259, 269.
Artois, Robert of, i. 2.
his vow, i. 8.
Arundel, Richard Fitz-Alan, earl of, beheaded, i. 364, 392, 427, 430.
Thomas Fitz-Alan, earl of, restored, i. 446.
William Fitz-Alan, earl of, ii. 223.
Asaph, Thomas, bishop of, ii. 233.
Aston, Sir John, one of the commanders in Calais in 1436, ii. 153.
Audenam, d', i. 95.
Azincourt, battle of, i. 123, 127.

B.

Badding, John, i. 71.
Badges, signs, &c.:
ape, the duke of Suffolk, ii. 222, 224.
bear, the earl of Warwick, i. 364, 392, 419; ii. 222.
Badges, signs, &c.—*cont.*
boar, Edward III., i. 27, 28, 30, *et passim.*
boar, the earl of Devon, ii. 223.
boar, the earl of Oxford, i. 420.
bull, Edward III., i. 137.
cart, the duke of Buckingham, ii. 222.
chough, Trevilian, ii. 223.
cock, Edward the Black Prince, i. 203, 204.
colt, Thomas Fitz-Alan, i. 392.
conduit, lord Norris, ii. 222.
cresset, the earl of Exeter, ii. 221.
dog, Talbot earl of Shrewsbury, ii. 222, 224.
eagle, Edward III., i. 41, 46.
eagle, duke of Lancaster, i. 364, 380.
eagle, king Henry VI., ii. 223.
falcon, the duke of Lancaster, i. 389.
falcon, Richard duke of York, ii. 223.
feather and crown, the earl marshal, i. 419.
fetterlocks, the prior of St. John's, ii. 223.
fisher, lord Fauconberg, ii. 222.
fox, the duke of Suffolk, ii. 224.
greyhound, the Beauforts, i. 386.
horse, the earl of Arundel, i. 364, 392, 419.
leopard, Edward III., i. 27, 31, 89.
lily, the king of France, i. 89.
lily, Daniel, ii. 222.
lion, Philippe king of France, i. 41.
mill-sail, lord Willoughby, ii. 222.
portcullis, the earl of Somerset, ii. 221.
"rote," the duke of Bedford, ii, 221.
sun, king Richard II., i. 419.

Badges, signs, &c.—*cont.*
swan, Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester, i. 362, 392, 419.
swan, Humphrey Plantagenet duke of Gloucester, ii. 221.
water-bouget, lord Bourchier, ii. 223.
white hart, the earl of Arundel, ii. 223.
white lion, the duke of Norfolk, ii. 222.
wheatear, the earl of Exeter, ii. 223.
wine bottle, ——, ii. 223.
Bagot, Sir William, i. 363, 367, 450, 462.
Baleares, islands, derivation of the name, i. 107.
Balle, John, the insurgent in the reign of Richard II., i. 231, 235.
Balliol, Edward, i. 83.
obtains the crown of Scotland, i. 142, 454.
his government, i. 178.
John de, king of Scotland, i. 454.
Bannockburn, battle of, i. 61, 132.
Barnet, master Richard, ii. 177.
battle of, ii. 274, 275.
Beauchamp, John lord, beheaded, i. 423.
Richard, i. 364.
Beaufort, Cardinal, the Libel of English Policy addressed to him, ii. 157, 205.
his death, ii. 221.
Beaumont, John de, i. 17, 20, 221.
John lord, lord constable of England, ii. 225.
Berwick taken by the Scots, i. 176, 177.
recovered, i. 178.
taken by the Scots and recovered, i. 457.
taken and recovered again, i. 458.
Bedford, John Plantagenet duke of, regent of France, ii. 132.
his victory at sea, ii. 199.
his death, ii. 221.
Bishopsgate, London, ii. 278.
Blois, Charles of, i. 150, 163, 176, 178.
Bohemia, king of, i. 18, 78, 456.
killed in the battle of Cressy, i. 36, 139, 157.
its articles of commerce, ii. 171.
Bolingbroke Castle, the birthplace of Henry IV., i. 99.
Botiler, killed in the battle of Sluys, i. 456.
Bourbon, duke of, made prisoner at Azincourt, ii. 126.
Bourchier, Henry lord, ii. 223.
Sir William, ii. 126.
Brabant, its articles of commerce, ii. 180.
Brambel, Nicholas, lord mayor of London, hanged, i. 423.
Bridlington, John of, his prophecies, and account of him, i. 123.
Bristol, a trade with Iceland established there at the beginning of the reign of Henry VI., ii. 191.
Brittany, the wars of, i. 150.
its articles of commerce, ii. 164.
celebrated for its rovers or pirates, *ib.*
Bruce, Robert, i. 47.
David, king of Scotland, taken prisoner at Nevile's Cross, i. 41, 46, 83, 86, 157, 456.
disgraceful anecdote of his infancy, i. 46.
his scandalous life, i. 141, 143.
obtains peace with England, i. 188.
Bruges, the "staple" of Flanders, ii. 160.
Buckingham, Thomas of Woodstock made earl of, i. 457.
his expedition into France, *ib.*
accompanies his brother to Scotland, i. 458.
Humphrey de Stafford duke of, ii. 222.
Burgundy, Philip duke of, absent from the battle of Azincourt, ii. 124.
John duke of, murdered by the dauphin, ii. 134, 149.
Philip duke of, supports the English title to France, ii. 136.
song against him on his defection from the English alliance, ii. 148.
his relations with the king of Scotland, ii. 150.
his expedition against Calais, ii. 152, 170.
Burley, Richard de, i. 109.
Simon de, beheaded, i. 422, 460,

Bury St. Edmund's, prior of, slain by the insurgents, *temp.* Richard II., i. 458.
Bushey, Sir John, i. 363, 367, 388, 436, 444, 462.

C.

Caen taken by the English, i. 155.
Calais, siege of, by Edward III., i. 80, 158, 159, 221, 456; ii. 198.
feeling of the French in regard to the English occupation, i. 301.
siege of, by the duke of Burgundy, ii. 151, 198.
relieved by the duke of Gloucester, ii. 156, 170.
the emperor Sigismund's opinion of its importance, ii. 158.
on the necessity of securing it, ii. 192.
Calet or Calot, Laurence, author of a treatise on the English title to the crown of France, ii. 133, 138, 139.
Caletrapia, baron of, i. 121.
Calverley, Hugh de, i. 107, 118, 121, 457.
Camois, lord, one of the commanders at Calais in 1436, ii. 153.
Canterbury, archbishop of, Simon de Sudbury, slain by the Kentish insurgents, i. 225, 457.
poem on that event, i. 227.
Henry Chicheley, officiated at the coronation of Henry VI., ii. 147.
Thomas de Arundel deposed and banished by Richard II., i. 425, 427, 434.
restored, i. 446.
returns with the duke of Lancaster to England, i. 462.
Thomas Bourchier, archbishop of, ii. 255.
Capet, Hughes, legends relating to him, i. 33.
Carlisle, Nicholas Close, bishop of, ii. 234.
Cavendish, Sir John, chief justice, slain by the insurgents under Richard II., i. 457.
Chandos, John, i. 95, 106, 118.
Charles, king of France, i. 35.
Charles VI., king of France, his acknowledgment of the English title, ii. 136.
his death, ii. 138.
Charles VII., king of France, ii. 130.
Cheap (Cheapside), i. 290, 398.
Cherbourg, bought of the king of Navarre, i. 457.
Chester, love of king Richard II. for, i. 461.
Chester, William Boothe, bishop of, songs against him, ii. 225, 232.
Cheviot Hills, peculiarities of the, i. 188.
Chichester, bishop of, flies into exile, i. 421.
Christopher, the, captured by the French, i. 65.
Cirencester, insurrection against Henry IV. suppressed at, i. 451.
Clarence, Lionel duke of, son of Edward III., i. 25.
George Plantagenet, duke of, reconciled with his brother Edward IV., ii. 273.
enters London with his brother after the battle of Barnet, ii. 281.
Clement, pope, his partiality to the French, i. 155, 164, 221.
Clifford, i. 134.
Clifford, Lord, ii. 255.
Clinton, Sir William, i. 71.
Clovis, king of France, i. 32.
Cobham, John lord, imprisoned by Richard II., i. 425, 433.
recalled from exile, i. 446.
Copland, John, captures king David Bruce at Nevile's Cross, i. 46, 85, 158.
Cosington, Stephen de, i. 106, 118.
Cotteswold, the wool trade connected with this district, ii. 174, 177.
Council of London in 1382, Latin song on the, i. 253.

Cresey, battle of, i. 36, 52, 77, 156, 157, 221, 456.
Crophorne, an opponent of the Wycliffites, i. 261.
Crusade, one contemplated, i. 183.

D.

Daniel, ii. 222, 229, 234.
David, king of Scotland. *See* Bruce.
Derby, Henry Plantagenet, earl of, i. 10, 15, 151.
Henry Plantagenet, earl of, afterwards Henry IV., i. 419.
banished by king Richard II., i. 437, 440, 441.
made duke of Hereford, i. 461.
Deschamps, Eustace, his poem on the truce of 1394, i. 300.
Despencer, Thomas lord, his death, i. 451.
made earl of Gloucester, i. 461.
Despenser, Hugh de, father and son, i. 133, 134, 135, 136.
Devon, Thomas Courtenay, earl of, ii. 223.
Doncaster, John of, his bravery in the siege of Guisnes, i. 90.
Dorset, John Beaufort, marquis of, i. 386.
Douglas, earl of, killed at Otterburn, i. 460.
Douglas, William, i. 49, 50.
Dover, its importance, ii. 158.
Dublin, duke of. *See* Vere.
Dudley, John de Sutton, baron of, a commander in Calais, ii. 153.
one of the court party, ii. 234.
Dunbar, George earl of, i. 460.
Dundee, i. 60.
Dymmok, Philip, champion at the coronation of Henry VI., ii. 147.

E.

Earthquake of 1832, i. 250, 253, 254.
Easterlings (people of the Hanse Towns), their articles of commerce, ii. 169.
Edgar, king, his policy for the protection of England within and without, ii. 193–198.
Edward II., king of England, his character, i. 131.
the place and time of his birth, i. 132.
his disastrous wars with the Scots, i. 132.
scandalous story relating to his birth, i. 133.
his death, i. 136.
Edward III., vows to make war on France, i. 6, 7.
expedition to Flanders, i. 24.
his virtues enumerated, i. 39, 40.
born at Windsor, i. 40.
his expeditions to Brabant, i. 63, 66, 455.
his sons, i. 96.
his character, i. 99.
place and date of his birth, i. 135.
how he obtained the kingdom, i. 135, 136.
character of, i. 137, et seq.
his Scottish wars, i. 141.
his sister married to David king of Scotland, i. 141, 142.
his claims to the crown of France discussed, i. 144, et seq.
his first expedition to France, i. 147.
second expedition to France, i. 154.
his last expedition to France, i. 179.
English song on his death, i. 215.
Latin poem on the same subject, i. 219.
his piety, i. 220.
his accession to the throne, i. 454.
his death, i. 457.
his policy towards Brittany, ii. 165.
his care to be master of the sea, ii. 198.
Edward the Black Prince, his expedition to Spain, i. 94, 97, 456.

Edward the Black Prince—*cont.*
his conduct in the battle of Najara, i. 114.
victor at Poitiers, i. 174, 456.
lamentation for, i. 220.
born, i. 455.
his death, i. 456.
Edward IV., king of England, ii. 257.
succeeds his father as duke of York, and marches against the Lancastrians, ii. 263; and defeats them, 264,
his claims to the crown, ii. 264, 265.
praise of his government, ii. 265, 269.
poem on his return from Flanders and recovery of the throne, ii. 271.
his triumphal entry into London after the battle of Barnet, ii. 279.
Egremont, Thomas Percy lord, ii. 255.
Elizabeth, queen of Edward IV., her reception of her husband after his victory at Barnet, ii. 281.
Elmham, Thomas of, account of him, ii. 118.
Enrique, don, king of Castile, i. 101, 121.
Erghom, John, i. 123.
Erpingham, Thomas, i. 126, 462.
Essex, Henry Bourchier, earl of, ii. 278.
Exeter, the earl of Huntingdon, made duke of, i. 461.
John Holland, duke of, his death, ii. 221, 223.

F.

Falkirk, battle of, i. 141.
Fauconberg, William Neville lord, ii. 222.
the bastard of, his attack on London, ii. 277.
Faukemont, Jean de, i. 19.
Fay, Godemars de, i. 14.
Felton, William de, i. 110.
Ferrières, the baron de, slain at Najara, i. 115.
Ferrybridge, battle of, ii. 264.
Flanders, insurrection of the Flemings, i. 150.
their character, i. 205.
its articles of commerce, ii. 160.
Flanders, Louis count of, i. 15.
slain at Crecy, i. 157.
count of, refuses king Edward's daughter, i. 161.
Flemings, fought against the English at Azincourt, ii. 127.
their contempt of the English, ii. 159.
Fleur-de-lis of France, legend of them, ii. 142.
Florentines, their articles of commerce, ii. 172.
Fois, the count de, i. 104.
France, arms of, assumed by Philippe de Valois, i. 26.
invective against, *ib.*
epigram on the assumption of the arms of, by Henry VI., ii. 130.
metrical declaration of the English claims to the crown of, 131.
French, character of the, i. 153, 173, 174.
their sufferings under their king John, i. 173, 175.
assist the Scots, i. 459.
dispute between the Englishman and the Frenchman, i. 91.
verses against the English, and reply, ii. 127.
Friars, the mendicants, their character, i. 255.
friars minors, i. 256, 268.
the grey friars, or Franciscans, i. 256.
pied friars, i. 262,
song against the friars, i. 263.
their conduct and opinions discussed popularly, ii. 16–114.
satire on them, ii. 249.
the Augustine friars in London, i. 430.

G.

Garter, order of the, established, i. 150.
Gaunt, John of, duke of Lancaster, i. 97.
Gaveston, Peter de, i. 133.

Genoese, their articles of commerce, ii. 172.
Gloucester, Thomas of Woodstock, duke of, murdered, i. 363, 392, 461.
arrested at Plescy and murdered at Calais, i. 427, 428, 429.
Thomas of Woodstock made duke of, i. 459.
Humphrey Plantagenet, duke of, at Azincourt, ii. 125.
rescued Calais, ii. 156, 170.
his expedition into Flanders, ii. 168.
his death, ii. 221, 224, 268.
Richard Plantagenet, duke of, ii. 280.
Eleanor, duchess of, ballad on her condemnation and penance, ii. 205.
Gloucester, Hugh de Audley, earl of, i. 71.
Gloucester, lord Despenser made earl of, i. 461.
Gloucester, abbot of, ii. 232.
Godericus, i. 39.
Gold procured from Ireland, ii. 187.
Gower, John, poems by him, i. 346, 356, 360, 417 ; ii 1, 4.
Goydoun, an opponent of the Wycliffites, i. 260,
Greene, Sir Henry, i. 363, 388, 436, 444, 462.
Groine, the, i. 112.
Guesclin, Bertrand du, i. 95, 121.
Guisnes taken by Edward III., i. 89.
Gurney, Matthew de, i. 107.

H.

Hainault, its articles of commerce, ii. 181.
Hales, Sir Robert, slaughtered in Jack Straw's rebellion, i. 226, 457.
Halidon Hill, battle of, i. 41, 58, 143, 221, 455.
Hastings, Ralph de, i. 110.
Helmebrigge, an active man among the grey friars, i. 256.
Henry IV., King of England, elected, 447 ; and crowned, 448.
poems by Gower addressed to him, ii. 1, 4.
Elmham's poem on his death, ii. 118.
his death in the Bethlehem chamber at Westminster, i. 122.
branded as an usurper, i. 267.
See Derby, Hereford, Lancaster.
Henry V., created prince of Wales, i. 449.
Elmham's poem addressed to him, ii. 118.
his father's advice to the prince, ii. 120.
his expedition into France, ii. 123.
Latin verses on his death, ii. 129.
his great ships, and care of the sea, ii. 199.
his resolution to enforce his title to France, ii. 214.
his character by a Yorkist, ii. 268.
Henry VI., king of England, his marriage, ii. 136.
Lydgate's roundel on him, ii. 140.
poem on his coronation, ii. 141.
description of his coronation, ii. 146.
Latin verses addressed to him, ii. 248.
his party defeated by the Yorkists, ii. 265.
his miserable government, ii. 268.
captured by Edward IV., ii. 274.
Henry the bastard, king of Castile, i. 94. *See* Enrique.
Hereford, Humphrey de Bohun, earl of, i. 123, 197.
Henry, earl of Derby, made duke of, i. 461.
accuses the duke of Norfolk of treason, and is banished, i. 461.
returns to England, i. 462.
afterwards Henry IV.
Hereford, Reginald Baker, bishop of, ii. 232.
Hereford, Nicholas, a leader of the Wycliffite party, i. 260, 262, 263.
Herminiac, count of, i. 107, 113.
Heron, the vows of the, i. 1.

Holderness, Edward IV. lands there, his reception, ii. 272.
Holland (John de Holland, earl of Huntingdon), rises against Henry IV., i. 451,
Hospitalers, master of the, slain at Crecy, i. 157.
Humphrey Plantagenet, son of Thomas, duke of Gloucester, imprisoned in Ireland, i. 364.
his death, i. 446, 447.
Hungary, its articles of commerce, ii. 171.
Hungerford, Robert lord, his opinion of the Libel of English Policy, ii. 205.
Huntingdon, Guichard de Angoulême made earl of, i. 457.
John de Holland, earl of, made duke of Exeter, i. 461.
John Holland, earl of, present at Azincourt, ii. 125.
at the coronation of Henry VI., ii. 147.

I.

Iceland, its trade chiefly in stockfish, ii. 191.
Ireland, duke of. *See* Vere.
Ireland, expeditions of Richard II. to, i. 443, 460, 462.
its products, and its importance, ii. 185–190.
Isabella, queen of Edward II., i. 34, 136.
Isabella of France, queen of Richard II., brought to England and crowned, i. 460.

J.

James I., king of Scotland, his relations with the duke of Burgundy, ii. 150.
John, king of France, i. 75, 76, 77.
ascends the throne, i. 168, 169.
taken prisoner at Poitiers, i. 177.
Judges, six appointed by Edward III., i. 187.

K.

Keightley, Sir Richard, slain at Azincourt, ii. 126.
Kent, Thomas Holland, earl of, beheaded at Cirencester, i. 451
made duke of Surrey, i. 461.
King's evil, Philippe of Valois not able to cure it, i. 32.
Knollis, Robert, i. 95, 108, 457.
Kyret, Hugh, commands the French at the battle of the Sluys, i. 70.

L.

Lancaster, Thomas duke of, i. 132.
rebelled against the king, i. 133.
his death, 134.
Lancaster, Henry Plantagenet, duke of, i. 71.
the second Henry Plantagenet, duke of, i. 95, 163.
his death, i. 182, 217.
John of Gaunt, duke of, i. 97, 99, 100, 106, 108, 110, 113, 118, 120, 437.
his expedition to Scotland, i. 458.
his expedition to Spain, i. 459.
his death, i. 442, 461.
Henry Plantagenet, duke of, i. 365, 366, 367, 380.
returns to England to assume the crown, i. 438, 442, 462.
See Henry IV., king of England.
Latimer, killed in the battle of Sluys, i. 456.
Liart, Walter. *See* Norwich, bishop of.
Libel of English Policy, ii. 157.
a second "libel" on the same subject, ii. 282.
Lidford, the law of, i. 399.
Lincoln, earl of, one of the titles of the duke of Lancaster, i. 99.

Lollards, poem against them, i. 231.
poem in their defence, i. 253.
Gower's account of them, i. 347.
Latin verses for and against them, ii. 128.
hostility to them, ii. 143.
English ballad against them, 243.
Lombards, Edward III.'s statute concerning them, ii. 167.
their behaviour, ii. 184, 185.
London, fidelity of the citizens to king Henry IV., i. 451.
attacked by the bastard of Fauconberg, ii. 277.
Louis of Bavaria, the emperor, i. 63.
Louis, king of France, i. 35.
Ludgate, pageantry at, i. 293.
Lusheburnes (Luxemburg), money brought from Flanders, i. 140.
Lydgate, John, his poem on the English title to the crown of France, ii. 131.
his poems on the prospect of peace, ii. 209.
and on the truce of 1444, ii. 215.
Lyons, Hankin, the pirate, ii. 183.

M.

Maidstone, Richard of, account of him, i. 282.
Majorca, the king of, i. 107.
March, Roger de Mortimer, earl of, his death, i. 182.
March, Edmund de Mortimer, earl of, accompanies Richard II. to Ireland, i. 460.
Margaret, queen of Henry VI., her character, ii. 268.
Marshal, Thomas de Mowbray, earl. *See* Norfolk, duke of
Marton (Merton ?), John de, i. 97.
Mauny, Walter de, i. 13, 71.
Menteith, i. 50.
Mertoun, Dr., an opponent of the Wycliffites, i. 261.
Minot, Laurence, his songs on the wars of Edward III., i. 58.
Molines, lord, ii. 234.
Money, alterations in, in the reign of Edward III., i. 139.
false, i. 140.
Monks, the Benedictines, i. 258, 334.
Montagu, John Nevill, marquis of, opposed to Edward IV., ii. 272.
slain at Barnet field, ii. 276.
Montford, count of Brittany, i. 150.
Monthermer, Thomas de, killed at the battle of the Sluys, i. 456.
Morlay, Sir Robert de, i. 70.
Mortaign, earl of, ii. 153, 155.
Mortimer, Roger de, his character and death, i. 139, 140.
Mortimers, rise against Edward II. in Shropshire, i. 133.
Mortimer's Cross, battle of, ii. 269.

N.

Najara, battle of, i. 95, 113, 114, 456.
Navarre, king of, i. 108.
taken prisoner, i. 110.
Nevile's Cross, battle of, i. 40, 41, 44, 52, 83, 157, 158, 221, 456.
Noble, the English coin, description of it, ii. 159.
Norfolk, the countess of, made duchess of, i. 461.
Thomas de Mowbray, duke of, i. 396, 419, 461.
John de Mowbray, second duke of, officiated as lord marshal at the coronation of Henry VI., ii. 147.
John de Mowbray, third duke of, ii. 222.
Norreis, ii. 222.

Northampton, William de Bohun, earl of, i. 71.
his death, i. 182.
Northampton, battle of, ii. 269.
Northbury, John, i. 462.
Northumberland, Henry de Percy, earl of, i. 419, 457.
condemned for the loss of Berwick, i. 458.
joins the duke of Lancaster, i. 462.
Henry Percy, second earl of, slain at St. Alban's, ii. 258.
Henry Percy, third earl of, ii. 254.
Norwich, Henry Spencer, bishop of, his crusade against the heretics of Flanders, i. 459.
Walter Liart [or Hart], bishop of, ii. 233.
Notingham, Thomas de Mowbray made earl of, i. 457.
accompanies Richard II. to Ireland, i. 460.

O.

Oil, the holy, not furnished for the coronation of Philippe of Valois, i. 32.
Oldcastle, Sir John, the Lollard, ii. 243.
Onallus, i. 50.
Orleans, duke of, made prisoner at Azincourt, ii. 126.
Ormond, James Butler, earl of, his opinion on the conquest of Ireland, ii. 189.
Otterburn, battle of, i. 460.
Oxford, Robert de Vere, earl of, his defeat and flight, i. 420. *See* Vere.
Richard de Vere, earl of, engaged at Azincourt, ii. 125.

P.

Paris, the Porte de l'Enfer, there, i. 212.
Paul's, St., cathedral, in London, i. 292, 293.
Palaces, list of the royal, ii. 78.
Pembroke, William Herbert, earl of, ii. 280.
Penda, i. 98.
Pepin, king, i. 34.
Percy, Henry lord, i. 45, 158, 178. *See* Northumberland.
Henry, junr., and Ralph, taken by the Scots at Otterburn, i. 460.
Thomas, i. 457.
made earl of Westmoreland, 461.
Perrers, Alice, the mistress of Edward III., proscribed, i. 457.
Pestilence, the great, i. 170.
the second, i. 180, 181.
in reign of Richard II., i. 252, 253, 279.
Peter the Cruel, king of Spain, i. 94, 95, 101, 107, 110.
Peterborough, Walter of, his poem on the expedition of the Black Prince into Spain, i. 97.
mentioned, i. 122.
Philippa of Hainault, queen of Edward III., i. 18.
her vow, i. 23.
her marriage, i. 455.
Philippe le Bel, king of France, legend relating to him, i. 207.
Philippe de Valois, king of France, his treatment of Robert of Artois, i. 3.
abused, i. 26, 27, 38.
incapable of curing the king's evil, i. 32.
defeated at Crecy, i. 157, 221.
made a threat of relieving Calais, i. 166.
his death, i. 168.
Picts, why the Scots were so called, i. 51.
Ploughman, complaint of the, i. 300.
Poitiers, battle of, i. 169, 176, 456.
Pole, William atte, i. 147.
Pomières, the sire de, i. 104.

Portugal, its articles of commerce, ii. 162.
Prussia, its articles of commerce, ii. 169. 171.
Purveyors, statute against the, i. 222.
Pynson, Pety, the pirate, ii. 183.

R.

Ratclif, Sir John, lieutenant-governor of Calais, ii. 153.
Reading, abbot of, ii. 233.
Repingdon, Philip, a supporter of the Wycliffites, i. 262, 263.
Relics, given to the religious houses in London by Edward III., i. 220.
Richard II., king of England, i. 219.
accession and coronation, i. 457.
his reconciliation with the Londoners, and solemn entry into the city, i. 282.
poem by Gower on him, i. 360.
English song on his ministers, i. 363.
poem on his deposition, i. 368.
his errors, i. 418.
agrees with the three great chiefs and calls a parliament, i. 422.
his proceedings against the three lords, i. 425–436.
his blank charters, i. 439, 461.
his last expedition to Ireland, i. 443, 462.
returns to Wales, i. 444, 462; and surrenders to the duke of Lancaster, i. 445.
carried to London, and deposed, i. 446, 447.
his death, i. 452, 462.
his expedition into Scotland, i. 459.
his first expedition to Ireland, i. 460.
his extortions, i. 461.
praise of his government by a later Yorkist writer, ii. 267.
Richard of Maidstone. *See* Maidstone.
Rivers, Anthony Widvile, earl, ii. 278.
Robert of Artois, ii. 2.
Rochelle, La, battle of, i. 164.
Rochester, abbot of, ii. 233.
Roland, one of the douze pairs of Charlemagne, i. 105.
Roncesvalles, battle of, i. 105.
Ros, Thomas, baron de, ii. 234.
Rouen, recovered by the French, ii. 221.
Round table, festival of the, i. 150.
Russell, one of the creatures of Richard II., i. 462.
Rutland, earl of, accompanies Richard II. to Ireland, i. 460.
made duke of Albemarle, 461.

S.

Saint Alban's, abbot of, ii. 233.
first battle of, ii. 258.
second battle of, ii. 261.
Saint David's, John Delamere, bishop of, ii. 234.
St. John's, prior of, ii. 223.
St. Malo, a great harbour of pirates, ii. 164, 166.
St. Michel, Mont, in Brittany, a harbour of pirates, ii. 166.
Saint Paul's, procession to, in 1458, ii. 254.
Salic law of French succession, legends relating to its origin, i. 33, 207.
the subject discussed, i. 144, et seq.
Salisbury, William de Montacute, earl of, i. 10, 11.
John de Montacute, earl of, beheaded at Cirencester, i. 451.
Thomas de Montacute, earl of, officiated at the coronation of Henry VI., ii. 147.
Richard Neville, earl of, ii. 224, 254.
Richard Beauchamp, bishop of, ii. 232.

Salvador, San, town of, surrenders to Peter the Cruel, i. 109.
Sancho, illegitimate son of Alphonso, king of Castile, i. 101, 121.
Savoy palace burnt by the Kentish insurgents, i. 226.
Say, John, ii. 229, 234.
Saye, James Fienes, lord, his unpopularity, ii. 230, 234.
Scarborough, its trade with Iceland, ii. 191.
Scotland, its articles of commerce, ii. 168.
Scots, their evil qualities, i. 42.
infest the English borders in the reign of Edward II., 132.
Scrope, Sir William, earl of Wiltshire, i. 367, 388, 436, 444, 461, 462.
Ships built for Henry V. at Southampton, ii. 199.
Sigismond, emperor of Germany, ii. 143.
his visit to England, and opinion of the importance of Calais, ii. 158, 192.
Sluys, battle of, i. 35, 70, 148, 456; ii. 199.
Somerset, the earl of, made marquis of, i. 461.
Edmund Beaufort, earl of, in disgrace, ii. 221.
one of the leaders of the court party, ii. 234.
Henry Beaufort, duke of, ii. 254.
slain at St. Alban's, ii. 258, 259.
Southampton, attacked by the French, i. 64.
Southwark, i. 288.
Spain, its articles of commerce, ii. 160.
Spaniards attack the English coast and are defeated by Edward III., i. 222.
Stafford, Humphrey, earl of, officiated at the coronation of Henry VI., ii. 147.
Stanbury, friar, ii. 233.
Stokes, an opponent of the Wycliffites, i. 261.
Straw, Jack, poem on his rebellion, i. 224.
names of the most active insurgents, i. 230.
his insurrection, i. 458.
Suffolk, Michael de la Pole, earl of, i. 270.
flies into exile, i. 421, 460.
made earl of, i. 459.
Michael de la Pole, third earl of, slain at Azincourt, ii. 126.
William de la Pole, duke of, ii. 222.
arrested, ii. 224.
the popular feeling against him, ii. 228.
accused of selling Normandy to the French, ii. 230.
verses against him, ii. 231.
ballad on his death, ii. 232.
Surrey, the earl of Kent, made duke of, i. 461.
Swyn. *See* Sluys.

T.

Tails, the English reproached with having, i. 177.
Talbot, John, earl of Shrewsbury, ii. 222, 224.
Tello, illegitimate son of Alphonso, king of Castile, i. 101, 121, 122.
Templars, an allusion to their offences, i. 267.
Temple Bar, i. 294.
Tirel, Hugh, governor of the Isle of Wight, i. 457.
Tournay, siege of, i. 72.
Tower Hill, abbot of, ii. 233.
Towton, battle of, ii. 264.
Trades, the, of London in the reign of Richard II., i. 284, 285.
Tressilian, Sir Robert, chief judge of the king's bench, hanged, i. 423 460.
Trevilian, ii. 223, 227, 234.

Trois, treaty of, ii. 136.
Truce of 1347, poem on, i. 53; truce with France in 1394, i. 300; in 1444, ii. 215.

U.

Ufford, Sir Thomas, i. 95.

V.

Vannes, siege of, i. 150.
Venetians, their articles of commerce, ii. 172.
Vere, Robert de, duke of Ireland, i. 270, 367, 420, 459.
Verneuil, battle of, ii. 132.
Vienne, Sir John de, governor of Calais, i. 83.
sent to resist the Scots, i. 459.

W.

Wakefield, battle of, ii. 257, 260.
Waleri, St., battle of, 456.
Wales, needful to be held in subjection, ii. 190.
Walsingham, John, the author of an alliterative poem against the Lollards, ii. 114.
Walworth, Sir William, lord mayor of London, i. 227, 228.
Warbuldon (Warburton ?), Sir Jeffrey, one of the commanders in Calais in 1436, ii. 153.
Warwick, Thomas de Beauchamp, earl of, banished to the Isle of Man, i. 364, 392.
Warwick, Thomas de Beauchamp—*cont.*
imprisoned, i. 428.
banished, i. 431.
set at liberty, i. 446.
employed Lydgate to write on the English title to France, ii. 131, 132, 139.
bore the king's train at his coronation, ii. 146.
Richard Neville, first earl of, ii. 222.
Richard Neville, earl of, the king-maker, ii. 254.
a great supporter of Edward IV., 270.
opposed to Edward IV., 272.
slain in the battle of Barnet, 276.
Wells, John, an enemy of the Wycliffites, i. 260.
Westminster, abbot of, ii. 233.
Westminster Hall, i. 297.
Westmoreland, Sir Ralph de Neville made earl of, i. 461.
joins the duke of Lancaster, i. 462.
Whappelode, an opponent of the Wycliffites, i. 261.
Whethamsted, John de, his poems on the wars of the Roses, ii. 258.
Whittington, Richard, the merchant of London, ii. 178.
Wight, Isle of, taken by the French, i. 457.
Willoughby, Robert lord, ii. 222.
Wiltshire, Sir William Scrope made earl of, i. 461. *See* Scrope.
Winchester, William de Wainfleet, bishop of, ii. 255.
Windsor, William, i. 457.
Worcester, Sir Thomas Percy made earl of, i. 461.
Worcester, John Carpenter, bishop of, ii. 233.
Wycliffe, John, i. 235, 258, 259, 260, 458; ii. 45, 52, 53, 107.

Y.

York, Edmund Plantagenet made duke of, i. 459.
Edward Plantagenet duke of, slain at Azincourt, ii. 125.
Richard duke of, retires to Ireland, ii. 223.
reconciled with the court, ii. 254.
epitaph on him, ii. 256.
York, archbishops of :
William de la Zouche, i. 158.
Alexander de Neville, flies into exile, i. 421, 460.
York, archbishops of—*cont.*
Richard Scrope, poem on his execution, ii. 114.
his death lamented, 267.
John Kemp, cardinal, ii. 233.

Z.

Zealand, its articles of commerce, ii. 180.
Zouche, William de la, archbishop of York, i. 158.

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